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THE NATIONAL

GEORGE WESTON

writes a heart-warming tale of trouble and triumph

"Buried Treasure"

More than 1,600,000 Circulation

APRIL 28, 1928

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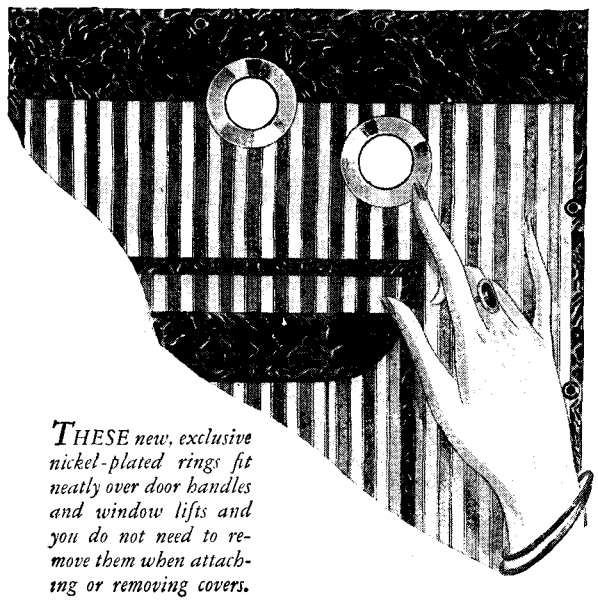

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*Name of Car*_____ *Year of Car*_____

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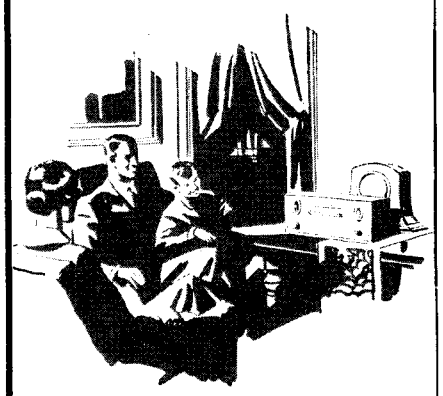

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By
GEORGE
WESTON

The best laugh comes at the end—and something more

Illustrated by
JOHN A.
HAELEN

"I wish you would solve the problem by keeping the $400," she said

Buried Treasure

AT HALF past six Mrs. Crossley said, "All right, Leila," and Leila opened the door and rang the bell. Mrs. Siemens was the first to enter the dining-room. She was going to hear a lecturer that evening—a blue-tinted Hindu who claimed that he had succeeded in taking moving pictures of the human soul.

Mr. Berkoff, entering next, asked if they were slow-motion pictures, but the answer, if any, was drowned by the noise of Miss Hannis and Mr. Heeby racing to see who would be seated first and then cutting up further by drinking each other's glass of water. Miss Hannis and Mr. Heeby were both over forty, but the year before they had read a book, Youth the Age of Exuberance, and ever since that they had certainly been exuberant.

Then came Dr. Wardwell, the chiropractor, and his wife, both of whom looked as though they had never read the book.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was the next to appear, wearing her pansy hat and looking as plump and comfortable as ever. She had silvery hair and pink cheeks—at both of which Mrs. Wardwell sometimes gazed in her skeptical manner. Then came two new boarders, Mr. and Mrs. Perelli, who had just come up from the Canal Zone and looked as though they hadn't been married long. ("If indeed. . . ." Mrs. Wardwell said later, with what the novelists like to describe as an indescribable look.)

"The commodore's late tonight," said the doctor as Leila started setting the soup around.

"Yes," said Mr. Crossley with a reflective glance at his chair. "He came in late, and I thought he looked tired."

"I hope he had good luck today," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick. "Poor dear, I've felt sorry for him lately."

AND yet if you had been there when the commodore entered a few moments later, you could hardly have imagined a less likely looking subject for pity. Indeed, there was more than a touch of the grand manner in him—in his beaky old nose and his high stand-up collar, to say nothing of the silk tape of his eyeglasses and the impressive lines of his frock coat.

"You are late tonight, Commodore," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

"Er—yes—" he replied in a voice which seemed to account at once for his eyeglass tape and his stand-up collar. "An old friend whom I hadn't met for yeahs. Time passes quickly—er—in retrospection. I trust I kept nobody waiting?"

Miss Hannis and Mr. Heeby exchanged one of those glances which sometimes end unexpectedly in a snort.

"We have two additions to our family tonight," said Mrs. Crossley. "Mr. and Mrs. Perelli of the Canal Zone—Commodore Murchison."

They all bowed together, but the commodore started first and ended last.

"You follow the sea?" asked Mr. Perelli.

"Er—no," replied the commodore. "My title is one of courtesy, sir. For many yeahs I was associated more or less closely with the—er—sport of yachting. In fact, I think I may say that in its time my firm outfitted more yachtsmen than all the other houses of its kind in New York. Commodore Vanderbilt—you may have heard of him, sir—I had the pleasure of his friendship for many yeahs. Colonel Astor—you may have heard of him too, sir—of late lamented memory. I have a letter from him which I may some day show you. Although, in a way, I was manager of the establishment, he would let no one serve him but me."

"And Mr. Morgan," said Mr. Heeby, trying to look as though Miss Hannis hadn't kicked him under the table.

"A splendid type of American gentleman," said the commodore, always speaking in his grand manner, "and one who was not above asking my advice on troubled financial questions."

"Do you ever see any of these old friends of yours nowadays?" Mrs. Wardwell asked.

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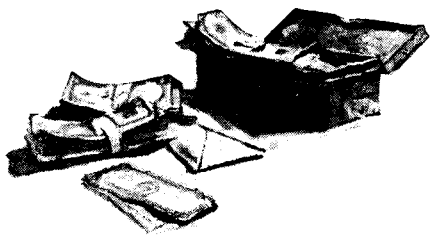

"Er—occasionally," he said. "A rather extraordinary thing happened today, for instance. Er—our establishment was the first in this country to make a specialty of red riding coats—pink coats, as they call them on Sackville Street. We hadn't made many when the ladies began to admire them and, as a great favor, we made a few for the wives and daughters of our leading clients. Well, today, walking along Park Avenue and thinking of this and that, I saw a town car starting away from a magnificent new apartment house and in it was a gray-haired dowager who most graciously bowed to me. Then like a flash I recognized her. She was Mrs. De Forest Grosvenor—one of my most charming clients of other days—and she hadn't forgotten me."

"She'll be calling to see you next," said Mr. Berkoff, digging away at his chicken.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was one of the last to leave the table.

"Mrs. Siemens is going to a lecture," she said to the commodore in her comfortable way. "Some Hindu who's going to show moving pictures of the soul." And with a certain archness which went well with her silvery hair and pink cheeks, she added, "I don't suppose you'd want to take me—if I could get two tickets?"

At the last six words the commodore bridled—but then he remembered that Mrs. Fitzpatrick was one of those who never laughed at his mighty friends and his magnificent memories.

"I'm very sorry, madam," he said, "but—er—I have letters to write—considerable arrears of correspondence which I can neglect no longer."

"Oh, you must attend to your correspondence." She nodded brightly. "And if you have any more socks that need attention, remember you promised to let me darn them for you."

She too left the dining-room, and only the commodore and Mrs. Crossley were left. Mrs. Crossley arose and closed the door and then returned to her chair at the head of the table.

"Mrs. Fitzpatrick thinks a lot of you," she said.

"You imagine so, dear madam," replied the commodore, but he stroked his drooping mustache nevertheless.

"Why don't you marry her?" continued Mrs. Crossley in a lower voice. "She's well off. She has plenty for both of you. And I'm sure you'd both be happier."

FOR just a moment the commodore was obviously fussed. "Quite impossible!" he said then with a touch of finality. "Oh, utterly out of the question!"

"But why?" she asked.

"For the simple reason," he told her, looking at her over his high collar with returning dignity, "that a man can't marry when he has less than nothing—when—God help him!—he would even have to borrow money to buy his wife the ring!"

"You had bad luck again today," she said.

"I'm too old," he told her, his lips with difficulty forming the words. "They want younger men. And—I think they want different men. They—they laugh at me, I find, behind my back. Not that it matters, of course," he added. "But it is, perhaps, significant. A straw, if you like, showing which way the wind blows."

"I'll tell you what I've been thinking," said Mrs. Crossley. "I have a darling little room in the basement, and if you would like it down there, and would care to help me and Leila in the mornings, at least it would stop your bill from growing larger, and you wouldn't have to worry so much—about that or anything else."

The commodore rubbed his hand across his forehead, and with just the least unsteadiness he arose.

"I will think of it, madam," he told her. "You mean to be kind, I'm sure."

Slowly, his fashionable air temporarily gone from him, he started up the stairs to his room.

"A chore man? . . . An errand boy at my age? . . . A dishwasher?" he almost tragically asked himself. And, with that touch of drama which had been falling on him more and more frequently the last few weeks, he continued: "To peel potatoes in a cellar? . . . To sweep the sidewalk and sleep in a kennel? . . . To be assistant to—er—er—to a female Senegambian?" And with even sharper emphasis than he had asked these questions, he answered them: "No, sir! . . . Never! . . . And when they read the morning papers, they can laugh again . . . if they wish!"

Dimly, vaguely, for some weeks back, the commodore had seen the picture—had even imagined the items which would be served with the following morning's news:

"Evidently mistaking the traffic signals on Fifth Avenue last evening, an elderly, well-dressed man of distinguished appearance stepped off the sidewalk in front of a hurrying bus. The driver tried to stop, but it was too late. From his papers it was learned that this last unfortunate victim of the city's congested traffic was Arnold W. Murchison, formerly associated with Grosvenor & Sons of New York and London. Among the letters in his pocket was a friendly note from the late Colonel John J. Astor. . . ."

Reaching his room, the commodore unlocked his trunk and took the precious letter from its hiding place. It was an undated note, written on the stationery of the New York Yacht Club, and it read: "Dear Murchison: I shall be ready for you at ten o'clock on Friday, and for Heaven's sake don't keep me waiting. Yours, John J. Astor."

"Friday," mused the commodore—" . . . and today is Friday. . . . 'I shall be ready for you at ten o'clock on Friday.' That too will probably be mentioned in the papers, especially if it happens at ten o'clock. . . ."

Moving slowly, he shaved—although he had shaved that morning—and then he took a bath. He dressed slowly too—there was plenty of time—choosing his best linen and studs. He wasn't altogether satisfied with his shoes. The heels were run down, and one of the uppers was cracked. Still, by rubbing in plenty of paste— But when he held his coat to the light, in order to brush it better, his heart failed him.

"SHABBY. . . . There's no other word for it," he mourned to himself. "'A shabbily dressed man stepped off the sidewalk in front of a hurrying bus. . . .' Not much of a requiem after all these yeahs. If there was only some way in which I could afford a complete new outfit—with spats, say, and a gold-headed walking stick—"

Outside he walked to the avenue and started downtown. These upper blocks had hardly been built in his day. But down near the arch every house number reminded him of a page in history.

"This is where the Jays lived," he told himself. "And there, around the corner, was their stable. And here is where the Burroweses lived—Cornelius Burrowes, who was always a little jealous of his wife. And there, where the moving pictures are now—that's where the MacCullochs lived."

He crossed the street to where the sidewalk in front of a dark old mansion had lately been covered with a wooden tunnel.

"The old Scrymser house!" he thought. "And they're going to pull it down! I can remember when old Cortlandt Scrymser built it; he used to tell how thick the walls were and how the place would stand for a thousand years. . . . I remember he gave it to his wife. . . . And now—hardly six months after his death—"

He paused at the entrance, looking in at a half-open doorway which had once been the goal of many a breathless social climber, and as he stood there he heard two men talking in the dim interior.

"Damn that night vatchman for not showin' up!" said one. "Does he expect us to stay here all night yet?"

"He's probably stewed," said the

One after another they sarcastically suggested big names until Miss Hannis covered her laughter with coughing

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other. "I wouldn't be surprised if he found a few bottles in the cellar last night. They had grand cellars in them days."

They came to the doorway then—two modern guardians of the portals—and they saw the commodore standing there—the commodore, whose heart was still pumping from the sudden inspiration which had come to him.

"Looking for someone?" demanded one of the guardians.

"Er-yes," said the commodore. "I heard you speaking about—about a man who hadn't showed up. Is there, by any chance, a possibility that I might do his work?"

"What you doing? Kidding us?" asked the other guardian.

"Not at all, sir," said the commodore earnestly. "Even a gentleman at times, you know, may be down on his luck."

The two above looked at each other.

"An old guy down on his luck," muttered the second. "It's all right with me."

"Me too," echoed the first.

"The wages is twenty-one dollars a week—seven nights a week," said the other, looking more severely at the commodore. "You keep the lanterns burning, you watch out for fires, and you keep thieves and bums away. The job will probably last till spring. And the hours are from eight till eight. All right?"

"Er—satisfactory in every particular, sir," said the commodore. "Now, if you'll wait while I go for more suitable raiment, I'll bring my other things in a suitcase and change in one of the dressing-rooms heah."

He stopped a north-bound bus with a commanding wave of his stick. Twenty-one dollars a week—till spring. He could do it in style with that . . . even perhaps to the spats and the gold-headed walking stick. . . .

AT FIRST the commodore enjoyed the run of the whole house—the wreckers starting their work on the roof—but room by room and floor by floor they cut down his field of philosophical contemplation till only the first story was left.

"Here again," he told himself one evening, "events—er—seem to conspire to work me down into the cellar. Ha! a wonderful house. A pity to pull it down. I'll wager that old Cortlandt Scrymser is turning in his grave if he knows what's going on. 'Built, sir, to outlast the Rock of Gibraltar.' And here he's hardly cold yet! The drawing-room. . . . I can imagine it in its palmy days: 'Mr. Sage. . . . Mr. Gibbs. . . . Mr. Blagden. . . . I would like you to meet Commodore Murchison. Er—Commodore Murchison, like ourselves, is a gentleman of the old school, a wit, a bon vivant, a raconteur of no mean caliber. Commodore, allow me to present you.' "

At that the commodore arose from the windowsill and made a gracious bow at the company, and at that his glasses fell from his nose and disappeared between two boards of the partly dismantled floor.

"Dammit!" he muttered, the comedy at once forgotten. "I can't afford to buy new glasses now."

He found a small crowbar, and carefully started prying at the floor boards. At his third attempt he came to a length which was only held down by two short nails, and underneath that he not only found his glasses but a long tin box as well—a long tin box which evidently had been there for years, so thickly had the dust settled upon it in its hiding place between the floor of the study and the ceiling of the room below.

"Hello!" breathed the commodore, the muffled drumsticks of excitement beginning to beat upon his heart. "Wouldn't it be queer now if—if—"

He carefully lifted the box and found that it was locked.

"I'll take it downstairs—to the butler's pantry," he told himself. "There aren't any windows there."

Down in the butler's pantry the commodore found himself gazing thoughtfully at the crowbar—an unmistakable look of annoyance on his beaky old phiz.

"I wonder if I ought to open it?" he uneasily asked himself; and, as though to preserve the balance upon which the equilibrium of the human race is said to depend, he sharply added: "Don't be a fool! That's been your trouble all your life. And you can easily open it. All you have to do is stand it on end and give it a blow with the crowbar. And then, when you see what you find inside, you'll know what to do with it.

"Ha!" muttered the commodore as the box opened. "I had hoped there would be some money!"

THIS item of the inventory consisted of a flat package of ten-dollar bills, labeled "$500," but some of the bills had evidently been removed.

"Four hundred dollars," he mused. "I certainly wouldn't have to work any more if this were mine."

The next item was a pocket check book, marked "Private," on the cover and containing the stubs of eight checks. All these checks had been drawn to the order of Cash and ranged in amounts from $250 to $1,000.

"Mmm," thought the commodore. "They used to tell stories, I remember, about old Cortlandt Scrymser—but, then, nearly every gentleman in those days had a private side to his life—"

The third and last item was a long linen envelope, carefully sealed, and on it was written, "Last Will and Testament, Cortlandt Scrymser, December 12, 1914. Not to be opened until my death."

Whatever the commodore's thoughts may have been during the rest of the night, as soon as he could get away in the morning, he first found Mrs. Scrymser's new address in the telephone book, and then, returning to Mrs. Crossley's he wrote the following letter:

"Mr. Arnold W. Murchison's compliments to Mrs. Scrymser. He has found a valuable paper closely concerning her family and would be pleased to place it in her hands at any time convenient to her."

The letter was mailed on a Tuesday morning, but it wasn't until Friday that a reply was received—an indirect response from a law

(*Continued on page 52*)

The commodore rose, and the symptoms subsided. "I'm pleased you all find it amusing," he said with chilly dignity

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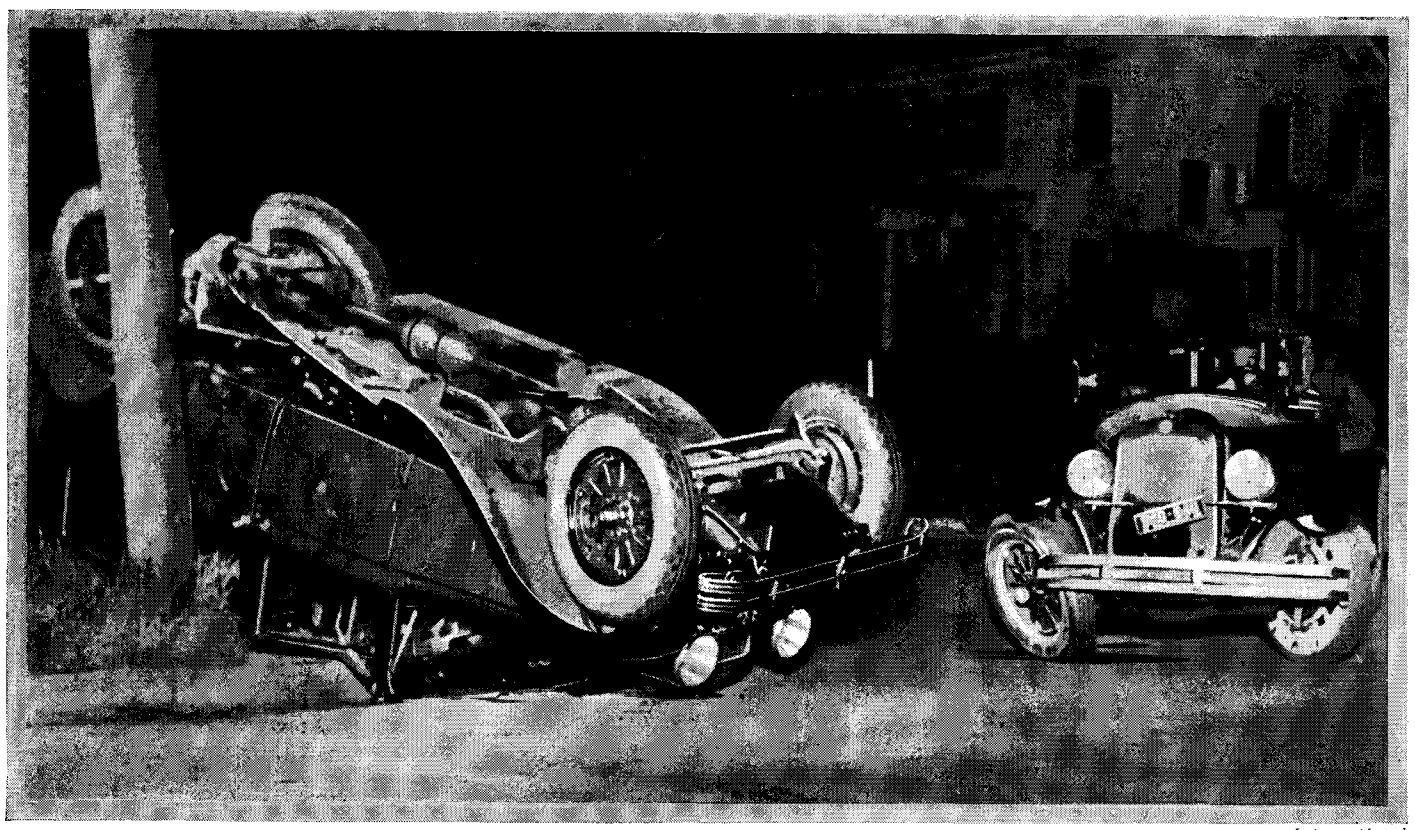
Pay First—then Blame

By



International

In this inevitable and fatal accident about 1/5 second was all the time the victims had to avert it

TO get into a motor-car accident doesn't mean you're a villain; nor the other fellow either. Accidents usually happen because none of us can act so rapidly as we think we can. Yet, if you're hurt in the machinery of our highways, you usually can't collect even doctor's bills unless you can prove in court that you were a harmless angel and the other fellow practically a blood-seeking villain. That is stupid. It keeps hundreds of thousands of us from recovering compensation to which we are entitled. William G. Shepherd shows in this article how we can crowd cruelty off our highways.

YOU'RE driving your car at about thirty miles an hour. That isn't fast these days. They ORDER you to move that rapidly under certain conditions on the highways of some of our states. Another car is coming toward you at the same rate.

You're moving 44 feet a second, so is he.

He's 88 feet from you. A lot of unexpected things can happen on 88 feet of roadway. Someone may step into the highway and cause either you or the oncoming driver to swerve into the center of the road; a cinder may drop into your eye or his; a tire blowout may upset the steering of either of you.

But 88 feet is a good distance; it's a quarter of an average city block; plenty of space for maneuvering a car, you say.

But is it?

How quickly will your two cars meet at this distance?

The answer is one second.

You require almost two seconds to take a single breath. One single beat of your heart requires three quarters of a second. How much quick thinking, unexpected planning or quick action can you perform in one second?

And the chances are that if either of these two cars headed toward a collision with the other, you two drivers would have far less time than one second in which to save yourselves.

Accidents happen in split seconds these days. The smallest practical fraction of a second used in racing is one fifth of a second; it's about as small a fraction as an expert timekeeper can catch with his eye and his stop-watch finger.

Yet in one fifth of a second your two cars cover more than 17 feet moving toward each other.

If something goes wrong with either car within that 17 feet, what chance will either of you have to act for safety? Absolutely none. No human being can act quickly enough to prevent an accident in that space of time.

"Let someone touch you on the skin," Professor C. J. Warden, of the animal laboratory at Columbia University, told me, "and it will require about one fifth of a second for you to realize and act on that fact. The response of the nerves and muscles to vision is less rapid than their response to the sense of touch. In other words, it requires about two fifths of a second for your muscles to respond, not studiedly but unconsciously and automatically, to an emergency which you discover through your sense of sight."

Just Try to Get It

THE point is: How can you fix blame in the average collision accident unless one car is purposely on the wrong side of the road, a driver is drunk or some very obvious fault has been committed? How can you measure split-second actions? And, as I said, nearly all accidents occur in fractions of seconds.

I was talking the other day with Victor Dowling, justice of the New York Supreme Court, about fixing blame in accidents. He considered the matter from the viewpoint of the victim who has suffered damages in loss of time, doctor's bills and other expenses. He has heard thousands of such cases.

"A suit for damages in a highway accident goes about like this," he said. "Let us imagine you are struck severely by an automobile. There you lie helpless; you cannot obtain the names of witnesses who might help you fix the blame. While you're waiting for the ambulance the man who hit you—unless he runs away—is likely to be busy getting the names of witnesses and telling everyone that you are to blame. A policeman comes to the scene. He takes names and addresses and probably hears some of the driver's story. Nearly always the driver says, 'He stepped right in front of my car.'

"You go to the hospital. Two different sets of attorneys begin to call on you. One, the ambulance chaser, wants you to give him permission to sue on your behalf, he to take fifty per cent of the profit. The other may be a lawyer for an insurance company, trying to get you to sign some paper that will let the company out easily, with only a small payment to you.

"You decide to sue. The lawyer goes to work for you. You may be on your back, earning nothing, for weeks or months, with a family dependent on you.

"Two and a half years you must wait in this state before your case comes before a jury, because of the crowded courts. To keep witnesses lined up, as well as to keep in view the man you are suing, for a period of over two years is difficult.

"But here you are in court at last. The man you are suing has witnesses to prove that you were at least partly to blame. And, unless you and your witnesses in this almost undecidable quarrel can prove that you were absolutely blameless, the jury, under the law, should give you nothing, and it probably will."

Also the collection of money, even if you win damages, is difficult.

"The man who hit you, or his insurance company," explained the judge, "will appeal the case. That will require three or four months. If you are sustained, it is possible that the case may be taken to a still higher court. That will bring the time up to three years. If this higher court finds no error in the previous proceedings, you may consider that you have won your suit.

"But you are not through with your trouble, by any means. You next face the problem of collecting the money from the defendant. He may have no property; he may be what lawyers call, because of his comparative poverty, 'suit-proof.' And there you are! Our courts are blocked with such cases, year in and year out!"

Justice Dowling meant New York courts. But courts throughout the land spend the major part of their time settling these long-drawn-out motor-car accident cases, which occur at the rate of almost 700,000 a year. They are jammed with efforts to fix blame which very often cannot possibly be fixed.

Suing is not a satisfactory method of easing the financial strain on the victims of such accidents. When the three quarters of a million persons who are injured on our highways annually—and, in many cases, rendered wageless for varying lengths of time—must wait years with their families and dependents for greatly needed financial assistance, we are putting an even more cruel edge of suffering on highway accidents than is at all necessary. We are, indeed, guilty of stupidity.

Let's help the sufferers in our highway accidents financially BEFORE we try to fix the blame. This is an idea which is spreading rapidly.

It may seem like a startlingly new and impracticable idea, at first glance. But it already operates in connection with workmen's COMPENSATION, a system which is less than fifteen years old in America.

Carnage on the Highway

IN POINTS of danger our highways resemble our machinery-filled factories. Injustice, cruelty and much suffering have been removed from factory life by workmen's compensation. We can remove them from highway accidents by a similar scheme.

In the old days, before the establishment of workmen's compensation, it was necessary for an injured employee practically to prove that the employer was a cold, heartless, merciless villain before the employee could collect one cent of damages by court processes.

Factories were desperately cruel places. Boys and girls had to quit school and mothers had to take in washing because the father of the household had been crippled.

But we kicked this kind of factory out of American life about thirteen years ago. We haven't been able to stop factory killings or maimings, of course, because machinery, high-geared, fast-moving, linked with human frailties, will always be more or less dangerous. But we have cut down factory accidents considerably. And we have taken the mercilessness of the after effects of accidents out of the scheme of things. Men who are hurt—and their families—are no longer turned adrift, jobless and penniless.

But another institution has arisen in the United States which is just as dangerous, just as deadly and—here's

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WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

the main point!—just as pitiless and unyielding of help and financial aid AFTER an accident as the most cold-blooded of the factories used to be.

You and I enter this hard-hearted institution every day; so do all the rest of the 120,000,000 of us. This cruel institution is our system of highways, with the machinery that operates on it.

Mighty proud we are of it—our growing system of public roads (more than 3,000,000 miles) with its hundreds of thousands of miles of smooth, gleaming cement piercing and linking our cities and towns. But please remember this:

One person is injured annually for just about every 4 1/6 miles of highway.

As for deaths—have you ever chanced to tour through the state of Ohio? There all along the highways you see white crosses marking spots where people have been killed. You feel, finally, as if you were on a battle field; you become amazed at the number of white symbols of fatal accidents. Of course they are the accumulated signs of years.

One person is killed annually for about every 125-mile stretch of our roads: 26,000 fatalities in all.

One dead to every 29 injured—that's about the proportion.

Thus, you see, a 125-mile stretch of roadway (a mere four-hour run) with its average of 29 injured persons and one dead man, woman or child every year, is probably as dangerous as any average-sized factory or coal mine in the United States.

Great Loss of Productive Power

LOOK at the matter in another way. Five dollars a mile damage measured in terms of physical injury is done annually for every mile of our highways. This damage falls on simple homes.

"To make matters worse," says Professor Harry J. Loman, of the University of Pennsylvania, "in most accidents the individuals and families who are least able to afford the loss of a productive member of a family are the hardest hit, especially since precious few of them find it possible to collect adequate damages."

Four fifths of the persons killed, says Professor Loman, an expert in insurance, have twenty years of productive life before them. Wherefore—436,000 years of productive effort were wiped out by the machinery of our highways during the year 1927.

These are years of earning that would have meant more comfort, more decency, more education in every stricken home.

Many of these injuries are literally forced upon us. There are roadways, for example, that almost compel accidents, for which the driver cannot always be held responsible.

"One of the most dangerous pieces of roadway in the United States," said an expert who has toured tens of thousands of miles, "is at Wood's bridge, in Westchester County, New York. A new concrete highway, recently built across a hill on the way north from Bedford Hills to Wood's bridge, turns abruptly at the foot of the hill at an angle of 90 degrees to the left and crosses the bridge. Several motorists have already plunged into the river at this point. They can't stop in time."

Another stretch of notoriously dangerous road took such a toll of damages that it was eliminated. It was called the Great Despair road—around Great Despair Mountain, near Wilkesbarre, Pa. The state of Pennsylvania took possession of part of a private estate to cut out this death trap of curves and hills.

Drivers are almost helpless in sudden situations which develop in such spots.

For another thing, our automobile junk heaps are TOO SMALL. There is the menace—for which you and I are not responsible—of the car which, by its very age, is a perambulating threat. The man or boy who runs it is usually uninsured. If you took his entire car in recompense for any injury he inflicted upon you, you couldn't sell it to pay the wages of a nurse for a week, to say nothing of satisfying the doctor and buying liniment.

"Who Was to Blame?"

SOME day, surely, we shall be better able to control motor-car accidents than we are today, just as factory owners, with the aid of legislation, are getting better control of conditions which produce factory accidents. The problem is one of machinery linked up with human nerves and human muscles. However, right now we can control what happens after the accident.

"Who was to blame?" That's the question which the factory employer always raised back in those old days. It helped him to dodge payment.

"Who was to blame?" doesn't block the processes of kindness and mercy in most factory accidents today. Financial help is not now delayed. No one worries about where the money for food, rent, fuel, medicines and, perhaps, nurses is coming from. RIGHT AWAY MONEY IS PAID INTO THE UNFORTUNATE HOME.

Workmen's compensation acts in various states provide that employees shall either contribute to a large state fund from which compensation may be drawn or it requires them to take out compensation insurance with insurance companies; some states give the employer a choice between the two methods.

Private companies own the factories. But who owns these highways which are more pitiless than the factories? The answer is the state. And who gives permission for dangerous machinery, often operated by dangerous persons, to move along these roads?

Answer: The state.

We can't stop the highway machinery. Our very civilization is built on it, just as much as upon our factory machinery. We can't decrease its use any more than we can decrease the use of any other method of transportation. Indeed, its use must increase as time goes on.

Forty per cent of those killed (*Cont'd on page 38*)

On the Lincoln Highway in Pennsylvania they expect accidents — and prepare for them

Ewing Galloway

Wide World

Compulsory insurance is making Massachusetts' highways safer. Cars fit for the dump go there

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On Your Toes

Shoes affect your appearance, carriage, health and character. It pays to pick them carefully.

By ELIZABETH MacDONALD OSBORNE

FASHION—or is it custom?—plays some rather mean tricks on women. They are expected to have small, dainty feet: lighter and more twinkling than men. And so, in spite of the fact that nature made them both on the same plan, a woman's foot is cramped into a pointed toe and then lifted high above the ground at the heel end. Her balance is thus distributed between the crowded toes and a long, thin spike of wood which presents a half-inch area somewhere under the middle of the heel as a rear support.

Of course a woman should always look as dainty and feminine as she can, but when this interferes with her health or a free carriage, the latter should receive first attention.

Comfortable shoes may be procured in attractive models, and a foot can now look extremely well shod in a sensible shoe. The middle-aged woman cannot do better than choose a well-cut Oxford with a medium Cuban heel. It pays to buy a good last. It always pays to buy good shoes—and then take good care of them. Taking care of shoes means: (1) Wear rubbers when the pavements are wet. Toe rubbers are not disfiguring when they match the shoe in color, and even galoshes have a certain swagger when they stop at the ankle, match the stocking and are made of unobtrusive fabric. (2) Insert shoe trees as soon as the shoe is taken off and while it is still warm. (3) Keep them well polished and well brushed.

Footache Makes Backache

OXFORDS are better for fall and winter than for spring and summer because they look best when worn with a dark stocking. The almost straight line at the ankle formed by the top of the shoe against the stocking is too severe when hosiery is light. With light hose the one-strap shoe makes a far more graceful line. The strap shoe too can be bought with a medium Cuban heel. If the foot is normal and the last is correct, this type of shoe can be walked in all day without tiring the feet.

Some of the long-established shoe houses make an Oxford with carefully balanced lines and a large heel not more than half an inch in height. This, with a cashmere stocking, is the smartest footwear a school girl can have. It has a thousand times more chic than a fancier shoe and silk hosiery. The girl with a high instep, however, cannot wear it successfully and should not try. It will bulge at the instep and have a tendency to break down her arch. For her the one-strap shoe with the Cuban heel is best and is preferable to the Oxford with the same Cuban heel, since it is more youthful.

Choosing a heel that will give correct balance is extremely important. It is not exaggerating to say that the choice of your shoe will affect your health, your style and your disposition. Many a backache has come from wearing too high heels or from arches that have fallen because flat-soled shoes have been worn too much at the beach or in the country.

One of the first evidences of damage to the arches is callous spots on the ball of the foot. As soon as you notice these go to a chiropodist and do as he tells you. A great deal of trouble can be avoided if this advice is taken in time. But the wise plan is to take such good care of your feet that no little calluses will form. Corns and bunions may come from either too tight or too loose shoes. It is far wiser to throw away unsatisfactory shoes than to pay the price of a new pair to a chiropodist who can perhaps alleviate the pain, but cannot change the disfigured joint.

There is still more damage done by incorrect shoes, for they affect posture, and many of the ills that women fall heir to are the result of incorrect posture.

Under this heading, too, more can be said about the part which one's carriage plays in producing style—what we sometimes call "an air"—which is one of the greatest assets a woman can possess. Look out of your window and watch the gait of various women. Ten will pass by as just human beings, and the eleventh will interest you.

Tragedies in Shoes

IT IS the way she holds herself which has attracted your attention, and she couldn't have walked that way if she wasn't wearing well-fitting shoes.

Still more do shoes affect one's dancing. A naturally graceful and rhythmic woman cannot appear so in shoes that are not well balanced. If you've ever wondered why you don't dance as well as you used to, look to your slippers. They may be the cause.

Of course dispositions can be completely ruined by tight shoes. An Australian doctor has published an interesting book called Post-Mortem on the different diseases from which various noted men and women have suffered. He points out that it is not wars which settle the fate of a country but arteriosclerosis or some other disease from which the general, king or whoever holds the power at that moment is suffering. And I am quite sure that some of the important tragedies of this world have been the direct result of aching corns incased in tight shoes.

Walking is one of the best exercises there is, and it is great fun when one is dressed for it.

Some women should never wear high heels. These should resign themselves to the inevitable and make the best of it by choosing their shoes carefully and dressing to match them. The flat-heeled day shoe is always as smart-looking as the high-heeled one and often gives added distinction. The temptation comes with evening slippers, for high heels do make the foot look smaller and lighter. But well-cut low-heeled slippers can be purchased in white satin and dyed to match any color. (*Continued on page 40*)

John O. Trowern

Below: The spike heel with a ½-inch base is the road to ruin

Left: Attractive and safe is the one-strap alligator shoe with modified Cuban heel

Below: Most women like one pair of slightly frivolous slippers

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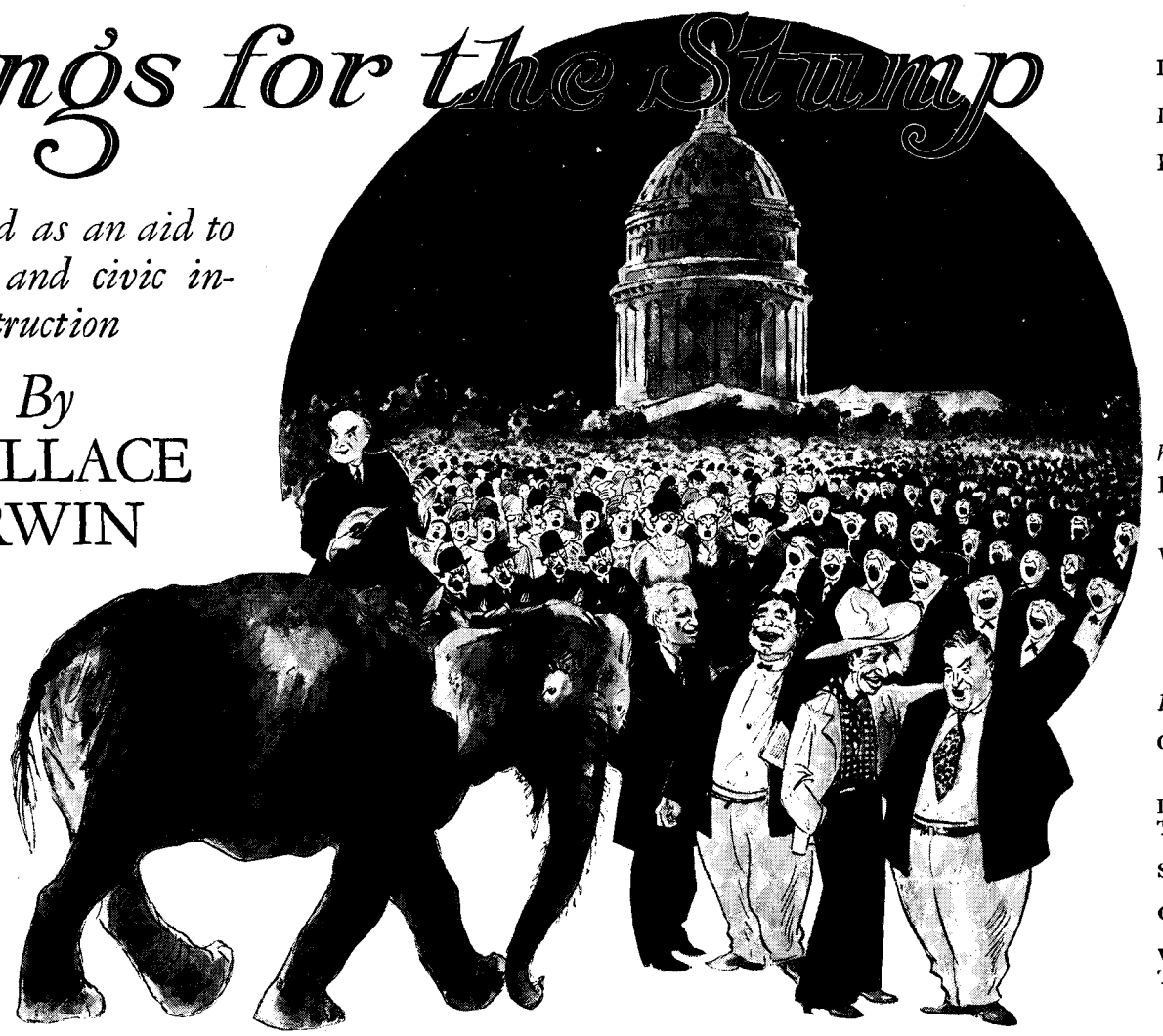
Songs for the Stump

Composed as an aid to hilarity and civic instruction

By
WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by
KURT WIESE



On a saddened old elephant, loose of skin, Senator Fess comes charging in

Curtains of Mystery

A Rhymed Thriller

ACT I

('Tis midnight by the Capitol at Washington, D. C. The lights are green and on the scene a shadowy G. O. P., composed of heavy senators and Middle-Western governors and women's clubs and common dubs and mayors three times three. These mostly are tragedians, but we must have comedians—Mayor Bill Thompson acts as one, Mayor Will Rogers two—the latter is a Democrat, but what of this and what of that? The stage is sot. On with the plot, our dirty deeds to do.)

CHORUS OF MIDDLE-AGED CONSPIRATORS

We're solid Republicans up to the neck
And down from the hair to the socks.
Our party conviction amounts to affliction,
Our faith is constructed of rocks.
Though on Roosevelt and Taft and McKinley we're daft
And Harding we slightly revere,
We've come as a mob to keep Cal on the job
Though he tries to evade us.
(Hear, hear!)

TENOR SOLO

We've gone to him with wooing rhymes,
His heart with love to strike it.
He's told us No a dozen times—
Or something rather like it.

BASS SOLO

Ho! Jolly men! We'll seize him now
And draft him in his slumber.
Though he says No a hundred times,
We'll pick a lucky number.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE WOMAN

He's the Ladies' Choice, Tra-la-la.
Tra-la.
To him are our hearts inclined.
We'll nominate
The feminine trait
Of suddenly changing the mind.
If a woman's No is a woman's Yes
Then the feminine vote is Cal's—

These mostly are tragedians, but we must have comedians

MAYOR THOMPSON *(with a sort of mean look like a history book):*

Hist! Hark! Who comes? 'Tis Senator Fess!
Cut out the sob stuff, gals!

(On a saddened old elephant, loose of skin, Senator Fess comes charging in.)

SENATOR FESS

Cal doesn't seem inclined to run—
Or is it just a bluff?

ENSEMBLE

He's only said it ninety times—
And that is not enough.

SENATOR FESS *(mandolins tinkle and tears are a-sprinkle):*

I went to the White House
A half an hour past
To ask if Our Calvin
Would see me at last.
His Private Physician,
He came to the door
And said, "Mr. Coolidge
Ain't home any more."

COMMITTEEMAN HILLES

From the Black, Black Hills to the White, White House
Is a long, long mileage trail;
And from Wash., D. C., to Cuba free
Is a right extensive sail.
It's given him time, if he's worth a dime,
To think of the duties aft him;
So if he won't run, by the favorite son,
We'll toss up his hat and draft him!

ALL

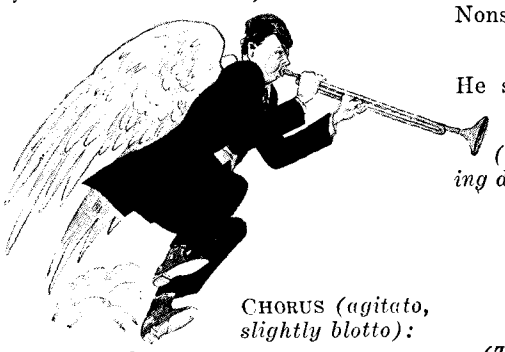
We'll draft him, we'll draft him,
To a party plank we'll graft him. . . .
Boom, boom, boom-boom-boom. . . .

(The walls divide, earth opens wide and a big brass band appears as the gang starts out with many a shout and a few original cheers. All of them know that their He-ro stands firm—but they aren't so certain. So with lively zeal for the common weal they all march on. . . .)

SLOW CURTAIN

Act II

('Tis the White House lawn, some hours ere dawn; uncanny the scene and magic. For over a side of the mansion wide hang Velvet Curtains tragic; they're covered with stars and pictures of Mars and symbols cabalistic; flames spark blue and the owls go Whooo—it's quite unrealistic. The mob stands there with a frozen stare. They register hope and doubt, afraid as sin that he isn't in, afraid that he isn't out.)



CHORUS *(agitato, slightly blotto):*

Are you there?
Mysterious one!
Serious one,
A word from you.
We've heard from you
So little lately.
O Silence Stately!
Our curiosity grows to monstrosity,
Put more velocity
Into your speed.
All that we need
Is a dose of verbosity.
We know and *you* know
That you are sitting pretty
Until the Twelfth of June-oh
Arrives at Kansas City.

(Young Mr. La Follette appears in the sky with pretty white wings, virile blood in his eye and a golden trombone with a strenuous tone.)

YOUNG MR. LA FOLLETTE

A Senatorial Resolution has been drawn by me;
It says a President's term of residence shall not stretch to three.
If you agree to it, want to see to it, shake your pens and sign
Right on the pliable, undeniable good old dotted line.

ALL

We'll sign, we'll sign
Upon the dotted line.
We dote on Constitutions,
We do not want a King.
We sign all Resolutions
FOR
They never mean a thing.

COMMITTEEMAN HILLES *(doffing his hat like a deft-handed Phyllis):*

In the name of the Party, its bud and its blossom,
This interlude has no connection.
We're here, I believe, for to smoke out the possum—
Girls, can't you sing a selection?

SIREN SONG

(For this we're in debt to the Ladies' Republican Schubert Quartette.)

Cal! Cal! Sweet be thy dreams,
Weaving through Wonderland stranger than Alice's.
Darling, why not
Tell us the plot?
We have been studying psychoanalysis.
Secret desire,
Suppressed in the day,
Oft may conspire
With your slumbers to play.
When you're asleep inhibitions you lose—
Then don't you catch yourself sighing, "I choose"?

VOICE *(sharp and certain, speaking through curtain):*

The answer is Nope.

WILL ROGERS

Gimme my rope.
Now listen to me, Mr. C. C.
Don't you have nightmares you just sort o' hate
Of the Government Moving Van backed on the gate,
In charge of a mover
Named Herbert C. Hoover?

VOICE *(less certain behind the big curtain):*

Nonsense and bosh.

FULL CHORUS

He speaketh of Bosh, O seven times gosh!

(The big curtain bulges but nothing divulges.)

SENATOR FESS

Hark! He comes!
Still the lute!
Park the drums!
Kill the flute!

(The drapes come apart and a queer Apparition, something designed to inspire superstition, steps into view in a bathrobe of blue and a beard very false. His feet are of lead and so is his head, yet his walk is a waltz.)

ENSEMBLE

Oh, fudge! Oh, fish! It isn't Cal, our choice.
It's just the White House Spokesman with his old mechanical voice.

WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN *(his accent emphatic, though speaking in static):*

I am the brother of Ask Me Another.
Anything I'll explain
Ready and quick by a clickety-click
Of my patent mechanical brain.
Too-hoo to you—choo-choo to you—
We do not choo—
We do not choo—
We do not choose to run!

(Continued on page 56)

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Sally in an Apron

By RUTH

Proving once more that efficiency is no way to a young man's heart

It was at this point that Thomas Brandon laid aside his paper and gave all his attention to the young person in the doorway

ONE dozen oranges, one dozen lemons, one bottle maraschino cherries, one pair of tears . . . Silly. Silly! She wasn't crying. She was *not*.

All the same, Sally Boyd was glad, when the door came open, that she had pulled down the drop light so that it shone full on the red and yellow of the fruit and left her face in shadow. A tall young man was standing in the doorway, a tall, brown-headed young man with a curiously easy way of moving, as if he could have walked a thousand miles, and the nicest smile in the world. He had a pleasant voice, deep-pitched. "Are you—the maid?"

Sally Boyd flared right up; Sally's hair was red. Her voice choked a little, so that it was not quite Sally's voice, but it was plain enough. "Well, I'm not your maid, anyway, Mr. Thomas Rogers Brandon," she said.

For an instant Thomas Brandon stood quite still, the smile suddenly gone. "I'm sorry," he said slowly. "I didn't mean any harm. . . ."

From outside they heard someone calling, "Oh, Thomas!"

"Yes, Miss Embury, I'm coming," he said. And the door closed behind him.

"He didn't mean any harm!" cried Sally in a fury. "He didn't mean any *harm!*" And Sally Boyd caught up the blue bowl with which she had been working and threw it very capably to the floor and smashed it all to flinders. The fruit juice splashed on the linen apron that buttoned under her chin. "There!" cried Sally Boyd, kicking the pieces with the toe of a gold slipper.

"*That* for being capable!"

Sally Boyd had always had a reputation for being capable. When she was a little thing it had been discovered that she could joggle a baby carriage in a manner highly acceptable to its occupant, and from that day she had been appointed joggler in chief to the entire neighborhood. Afterward Sally's memories of childhood were all memories of joggling somebody's baby in somebody's baby carriage.

After she grew up Sally said her life had been one long committee meeting. But she laughed when she said it, and so nobody paid much attention. People took Sally Boyd pretty much for granted.

Even Sally's beauty was taken for granted by the time she was twenty; she was much lovelier, really, than Luella Embury, though not so carefully pretty. Sally had red hair—red, red hair that curled up in short ends where she swept it back from her forehead; she had that fragile, clear, pale skin that ought always to go with red, red hair and that almost never does. Sally had a little tipped-up nose, as pert as a March morning. Sally had a little tipped-up chin, as pert as—Sally's nose. When Sally laughed other people laughed too, just for the sake of laughing.

All the same it was Luella's prettiness that people talked about—even while those who did not like her said that the inside of her fair head was just as light and fluffy as the outside. Other girls were always being jealous of Luella. But no one was jealous of Sally Boyd. And that is a very bad sign indeed.

It was not that men did not like Sally. They did. But no man wants to take a girl to a dance if she is going to spend the first half of the evening seeing that the refreshments are all right and the second half seeing that the borrowed dishes are returned. People fall into habits after a time. It was so with Sally Boyd.

That was why, very secretly, Sally had been pleased when she heard that Thomas Brandon, Katherine Brandon's cousin, was coming to Linfield for a week-end. Sally did not stop to think that habits are contagious.

There was a great to-do from the beginning over Thomas Brandon's coming. Perhaps Katherine talked about him more than was necessary—but, then, everyone does not have a cousin like Thomas to talk about. It was not simply that he was rich and handsome and popular and all those other funny, fascinating words that mean so little once you pin them down.

Kate poured out details in panting bursts of speech. Tom had run away to the war when he was a perfect *child*, and got himself into the Royal Air Force and won a D. S. O. and a Croix de Guerre with palms. Tom had ridden to hounds with the Prince of Wales or some of those people. Tom had a garret full of cups and things for polo.

HE'D been round the world a dozen times and up the Nile and the Amazon; he didn't need to work, but he wasn't the kind to do nothing; he took pictures for some big movie corporation, and went to the most *fascinating* places that nobody else had seen. In the fall he was going out to Kenya—

"Of course he's only a *third* cousin," Katherine was saying one minute. Katherine was twenty-six and not yet engaged to be married.

And the next minute: "Of course he's a *cousin*, and naturally he will want to spend most of his time with his own family. But we thought we'd have a dinner Friday night, and afterward—"

"And afterward," drawled Luella Embury, "the league will give a dance."

Two questions of prime importance after that occupied the mind of femi-

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BURR SANBORN

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

Sally Boyd looked straight at Thomas Brandon. Thomas Brandon looked straight at Sally—and he grinned

nine Linfield. The first was, "Shall I be invited to Kate's dinner?" For Sally this was settled favorably.

"I'm going to ask you for Frank," Kate told her. Frank was Katherine's younger brother. "And if he begins any of his foolishness with Thomas, you say something quick and stop him."

"All right," agreed Sally. She spoke absently, because her mind had already leaped ahead to that next question, "What shall I wear?"

At first she had intended to wear her blue flat crêpe. But in the end she went crazy—or so Aunt Sarah said—and bought such a dress as she had sometimes dreamed of buying: white, all embroidered over with little satin flowers outlined in gold thread the color of Sally's hair. She bought a pair of gold slippers to go with it—fifteen dollars right out at Haggerty's and a great lot of foolishness according to Aunt Sarah.

But when the night of Katherine's dinner came and Sally was dressed for it it would have made you catch your breath just to see the loveliness of Sally Boyd . . . if you had stopped to look.

Sally was a little late. She had waited for Frank to call for her, and Frank had telephoned to say that he had had to go downtown about the ice cream—and so why didn't Sally skip right over by herself, as long as it wasn't far?

Sally was very reasonable. She hid her grandeur under last year's brown coat—of course she'd take her coat off as soon as she got there, anyway—and skipped right over.

She was surprised when Katherine opened the door and, catching her by the wrist, dragged her quickly past the living-room as if she were afraid that somebody would see them.

"Sally," cried Katherine in a loud, strained whisper. "Benjy's got toothache. He's simply roaring his head off, and Mother and Maggie and I can't do a thing with him. Won't you go up just a minute?"

"Well—just a minute," said Sally.

Benjy, the youngest of the Brandons, was sprawled in a big chair, uttering stifled sounds; his head was wrapped in a towel, and Maggie was clutching the ends firmly behind his ear—whether for the relief of the tooth or the more complete choking of his cries it would be hard to say. Sally smiled a little more brightly than, somehow, she felt like smiling; she said the first thing that popped into her red head:

"As I was coming up the stairs I heard a dreadful howl; and it was Benjy, playing Turk, in a great big Turkish tow'l."

Benjy's cries stopped as suddenly as if they had been shut off by a tap. Maggie let go the towel and slapped out of the room, muttering: "As if we didn't have enough on our hands without him tunin' in . . ."

"Say some more," demanded Benjy, "or else I'll yell again. I *did* have toothache, though," he added defensively.

SALLY leaned against the arm of his chair, laughing, talking. . . . Once she started up, thinking she heard a step in the shadows of the hall. But it was a long time before Kate came, hot and flurried, in her green dress.

"Oh, Sally, I ran up to tell you—ask you. You don't mind, do you? We can't have Benjy start up again like an off-stage murder. Frank said he didn't mind not sitting down, and that would make the number right—just taking out two places. I told them Frank had been called away, and you couldn't come. . . ."

Sally had her dinner upstairs with Benjy. "I got you," Benjy exulted from time to time. "I got you."

"Yes," said Sally. She turned over a bit of chicken on her plate so it should not look quite so untouched. "The whole of Linfield's got me." She laughed, a little strangely, listening to the sounds downstairs of dinner being over. Voices moving to the living-room. Voices moving to the door.

Kate came again, hotter and more flurried than ever. "Sally, Dot just called up—she's doing refreshments, you know—and she's lost the recipe for the punch. She wants you to come right down quick." She stuck her head in again as she was going away. "We're using the car, but Frank can take you in the truck. You don't mind, do you?" She was gone before Sally could answer.

"If you go," announced Benjy, "I shall yell."

"Well, yell, then," said Sally in a still voice. "Sometimes I think that I shall yell myself."

Sally Boyd did not yell that night, but she threw the blue bowl on the floor and smashed it all to flinders. Thomas and Luella Embury found it when they came in after their punch.

It was two mornings after that night when Sally had run home alone so fast from the league dance on little twinkling gold slippers, and tiptoed so softly up the stairs past Aunt Sarah's door and locked herself into her room and cried so hard into her pillow. Sally had not slept that night. But she had reached a decision.

"The more incapable you are," said Sally to herself, "the better people like you. And I'm through being capable. *Through.* Forever and ever." She added something, not quite intelligible even to herself, about Thomas Rogers Brandon.

That was why things had happened just the way they had—that and Luella Embury. Luella had telephoned to say that her cousin at Lake Calm—a resort a dozen miles away where youthful Linfield had its fling in summer—had offered her The Cottage for a week. Luella was going to have a house party. Thomas had promised to stay down; and she was asking Kate, of course, and Frank, because they were Thomas' cousins; and Dot and Andy Carpenter, because she had to ask *somebody* else, and they were so newly married that they wouldn't be in anybody's way; and she should simply *die* of disappointment if Sally said she couldn't be there too.

Out of all the fluff of words Sally picked the facts as unerringly as if they were set before her on a page. The house party was Luella's device for keeping a hold on Tom. She wanted someone to get the meals. Pack the lunches. Look after the ordering. See that things ran smoothly. Why, she wasn't even asking another man for Sally. . . . Sally opened her mouth to say no. And it was just then that she had that perfectly stupendous idea.

"Thank you very much," said Sally. "I'd love to come."

IF LUELLA could have seen Sally at that moment, she might have been warned. For there was something in the look of Sally's blue eyes, in the very upwardness of Sally's tilted nose, that should have been a warning to anyone. It was with this look that Sally in her youth had ground up her Sunday hat in the meat chopper because she did not like it, and poured a bucket of gravel into the inside of the piano because she did not care for practice. It was a look of determination beyond the ordinary.

There was something of this look still in Sally's eyes on the first morning of the house party, when she trailed slowly down the stairs. The rest of Luella's house party was already gathered, rattling over the morning papers, and looking hollow-eyed and cross, the way house parties always do look before they have their morning coffee. All, that is, except Thomas. Thomas looked like an energetic young man who had risen at five o'clock for a swim in the lake and a tramp in the woods, and who was now briskly engaged in starving to death.

"Good morning," said Sally. "Is breakfast ready?" (*Continued on page 54*)

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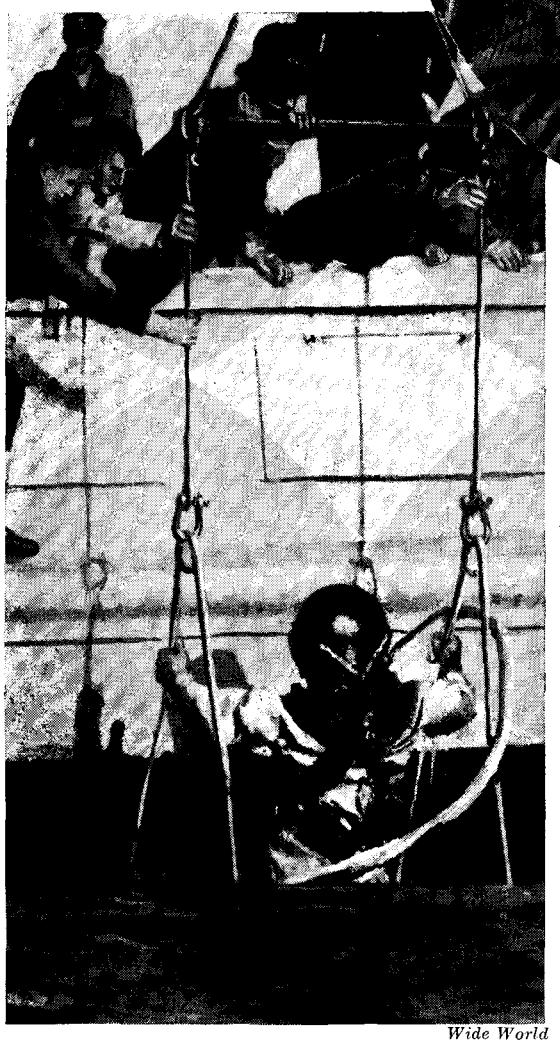
Going Down!

"I AM safer under the sea than my wife is trying to cross a busy street," says William Wickwire, the deep-sea diver who was summoned by the navy when the S-4 sank. This story of his exploits, however, proves his statement to be somewhat inaccurate.

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

Thomas Eadie, the veteran, first down, who hammered out signals in code to the men on the S-4

Wide World



Wide World

Wickwire finds the S-4 has broken loose

U. S. SUBMARINE S-51 lay clotted with barnacles in twenty fathoms of water off Block Island. Deep in sea slime was her grave. Thirty-four men locked in that iron egg had perished when the City of Rome, kicking the ocean from Savannah to Boston, had plowed dead across the semisubmerged craft and rived her amidships. Crane ships had failed to raise her.

For months foul wintry weather had prevented further attempts. Then twenty-eight of the most experienced deep-sea divers in the country assembled for the job. For weeks on end they made perilous descents to the broken hull.

For days the divers succeeded one another in squads of four lowered to both sides of the wreck. They tunneled vainly, striving to belt the hulk with rope and pontoon chains. Something always went wrong.

Each of the six compartments of the submarine was pierced by drills and tapped by hose. Divers, risking their lives at every move, dropped between the sharp jaws of the rip and tore their way with torches into the bowels of the boat. Water was driven out through sliced openings by ceaseless volleys of compressed air, and the openings were sealed. Finally, after days and nights of unremitting labor, the men at guide ropes and ear boxes, who lowered and raised the gnome-like toilers of the sea dripping and slipping on the decks, heard the signal that pontoon chains had been locked about the hull. Up came the S-51 with the ponderous heave, drop and heave again of a sea beast being dragged to captivity, only to drop again.

But finally her jagged maw bit through the surface of the water and bustling tugs prodded and straightened her. Pontoon chains were tightened, and she was hitched for a painfully slow haul to dry dock. On the Falcon's decks divers gathered to gaze at the steel charnel house they had brought to the light of day. It was not a pleasing sight. Ripped and jagged like a huge can, shaggy with barnacles and seaweed, the gray monster of war was a floating chamber of horrors.

Stubbornly she wallowed after the puffing tugboat. A harsh snap of metal and a cry of alarm from the Falcon's crew! The chain of the left rear pontoon had broken. The links grated at each jog of the hulk. The 80-ton iron air tank was loosening. In two minutes it would have slipped from its chain and bedeviled a job that seemed ended.

Curses came from the Falcon. Then the flight of a figure through air. Wickwire, the star deep-sea diver, had demonstrated that he needed neither guide ropes nor air lines to tackle the deep. He vanished. Then his doused head emerged beside the floundering pontoon. He grappled with its ribs, clambered up its water-washed side, hauled in the slack of the broken chain and fastened it. Later the S-51 went grudgingly on her way to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Even in that grim moment cheers arose. This exploit earned for him the Navy Cross for exceptional heroism.

Is it any wonder that when the Submarine S-4 was sent to the bottom of Provincetown Harbor by the destroyer Paulding, the Navy Department sent an S O S over every available air wave for William S. Wickwire? It became known that six living men, trapped in the submarine's torpedo chamber, might be saved if rescue were prompt.

Diving Under False Pretenses

WICKWIRE, who at thirty-four is a recognized master of that trade by which men earn their livelihood where no other men can live, has been fighting the sea for more than ten years. Stockily built, with the rolling gait of the sailor born and bred, his eyes—fittingly ultramarine—are undimmed by stark adventure at the bottom of the world.

"I began diving as a prank," he told me in a dry, quick voice that takes in its stride all manner of technical terms. "I was a gunner's mate at the naval base in New London. I'd been in the navy for about seven years then.

"For a gunner's mate the second five years are the hardest. Then the monotony of the job gets a fellow to thinking that a gunner's mate's life is only interesting when there's something to do besides acting as day nurse to a gun.

"I was fascinated by the work of divers sent to rescue a man caught in an air chamber of a caisson of a bridge. Three divers went down, one after the other, and reported no sign of a man imprisoned anywhere. They were exhausted. The officer in charge was impatient. I was helping at the air lines while the divers worked below, and when the last man returned to the deck there was no other diver to send down.

"Rashly I told the officer that I was a diver. He was new to the station and there wasn't time to check up.

"Nervously, I stepped into lead shoes and a rubber suit with an iron helmet strapped to my neck—like being fettered in the electric chair or decorated with a hangman's noose.

"A diver doesn't just change from sea togs into glorified overalls, as many people think. He wears a cumbersome and complicated mechanism. Always quick to grasp practical mechanics, I had become acquainted with the operations of a diver's rig. I knew the speaking tube and air hose and life line, the strings on which the diver's very life dangles when he's submerged. I knew the location and purpose of the main valves in the helmet: the air control, which regulates pressure of feed for breathing; the exhalation control, which releases the dioxide gas expelled from the diver's lungs, and the motion-control valves operated by pressure of the chin on either side of the face plate, much like a steering wheel.

"Yet this knowledge did not prevent the sensation of being imprisoned when the 35-pound helmet was screwed into place. I took a long breath of fresh air, thinking it might be my last. The face plate—a barred glass panel—was shut, and I was alone.

"Fortunately the depth of this dive was little more than 40 feet. Anything less than 66 feet isn't considered dangerous work. Below that depth water pressure increases so that the total shove is like having hundreds of prods pushed against you all over. The diver must regulate the air in helmet and togs to prevent himself from being crushed or 'molded.' That last is an elegant term to describe the body being sucked up or forced up into the helmet, which has happened to more than one good diver who mismanaged his controls.

"I dropped and kept dropping, it seemed, for hours. Really it took three or four minutes to lower me an inch at a time.

"I sank waist-deep in mud. Signaling to lift, I was hoisted above the mud. In mid-water I circled with the torch and found the caisson, which I thought was buried face down in the mud. I was right, but I spent a long time confirming this hunch—so long that the signal to rise came as a shock. I signaled back that I hadn't really started. The retort was brusque—'Up you come'—and up I went.

"'Where'd you get the idea you're a diver, Wickwire?' demanded the young officer in charge. 'This boat's been circling like a Ferris wheel to keep up with you.'

"I had hoped to be heroic. Instead they rushed me off deck with the surprising statement that I had been below only eleven (*Continued on page 40*)

H. Stein

W. S. Wickwire, star deep-sea diver, hero of two submarine wrecks

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The Sooper Speaking

By EDGAR WALLACE

The moral is, never count your wedding presents till after the wedding!

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

Miss Pinder, a very pretty girl, called at my lodgings one night

WHEN people get short on topics of conversation they say to me, "Sooper, you ought to write a book." And I always say, "I got no time." Anyway, superintendents of police don't write books. They know too much. And, besides, I can't spell. Never could. There was a woman down at Wembley who used to throw my uneducation in my face every time I pinched her husband. He *was* educated. Wrote five hands, all different. And there was a lady down in Kent who used to report me regular to the chief commissioner because I didn't say "my lady" to her—wife of a city sheriff or something. Anyway, she never asked me why I didn't write a book. She knew I was low.

In my young days police constables didn't have to do much more than read and write. The only etiquette they were supposed to know was never to give backchat to their superiors or argue with a man who threatened to punch 'em on the nose. But nowadays, when everybody's gone scientific and lots of policemen speak French, a chap like me would have no chance of promotion.

I got where I got on merit, as I was explaining to Mr. Frank Dewsbury one night. I often tell people this, otherwise they wouldn't know, but would be thinking I got my promotion because the chief was sorry for me.

Mr. Dewsbury is a man I respect very highly. Once upon a time I didn't respect him, because he was a stockbroker and wasn't rich. I used to think he drank or abused other good habits, but apparently there was nothing wrong with him. He had a house in Elsmere Gardens, and some nights when I had nothing better to do I used to go in and have a chat with him. That's how I discovered he didn't drink—I'd take four whiskies to his two. So you might say he was almost a teetotaler. He was a tall young man, nearly as tall as me, a good looker, a bit of a boxer, and he was an officer in the Territorials. He had a high respect for me—in fact, he was as intelligent a young man as you could wish to meet.

BUT he wasn't rich. So far as I could discover, there are quite a lot of people on the Stock Exchange who haven't got a million. He was one of them. His uncle was Mr. Elijah Larmer. I was sorry to hear this, because Larmer and I have never been boy friends. He is a man as old as me, but he hasn't worn as well.

Larmer owns most of West Kensington—land and estates to him are what back gardens are to me and you. He lives on the outskirts of my division in a big, dirty-looking house that is so surrounded by shrubs and trees that you can hardly see it from the roadway. Rich? That man could buy the Bank of England and still have enough money left to buy a lunch.

The first time I met him professionally was twelve years ago. He was the kind of man who liked to have a lot of ready money at his hand. I don't say that he distrusted banks, but in the estate agent's business, especially in his early days, most of the deals were done with ready money. He had a big strongroom built in his basement, and he often had as much currency as a hundred thousand pounds in that saferoom of his. And naturally, being the mean old fellow, when he had that strongroom made he got the cheapest builder and the cheapest safe maker and used cut-price material.

Mean? He was so mean he used to count the pits in an orange. When they put the new heating into St. Asaph's Church he went twice a day to save his own gas.

As I say, I came into touch with him over this new strongroom of his. It was only a strongroom to a child with a wooden spade. When Harry Pinford went after it with a kit of tools it was the weakest strongroom you could imagine. They cut a hole through the strongest part of it one night and got away with eight thousand pounds.

"What are the police for?" he says to me (I was acting inspector at the time) when I went to see the job. "Are they ornaments? I pay rates and taxes to be protected. Look at that strongroom! Burgled under the nose of the police!"

I pointed out that it was under his own nose too. I showed him the rotten lock on the kitchen door and the cheap fastenings on the pantry window and the burglar alarm that didn't go off because he'd been too mean to keep the batteries in order. He reported me for impertinence and threatened to have me broken. He got so that he used to think I was responsible. I took Harry about three weeks afterward, but he'd planted the money. Larmer was like a lunatic when he didn't get his eight thousand back. He had a new steel door fitted and new burglar alarms.

"My uncle," said Mr. Dewsbury, "is difficult."

He was being very difficult with young Dewsbury, who was his uncle's broker. Larmer did quite a lot of speculating on the Stock Exchange and made money. And he had quite a number of friends who also did their business through Frank Dewsbury.

Frank was doing well when he met a girl, Miss Margaret Pinder, the daughter of a man who had once caught old Larmer over a law deal. Larmer didn't know anything about the engagement for a long time. When he did he sent for Frank.

"What's this dam' nonsense about the Pinder girl?" he said. "I'd sooner see you dead than married to the daughter of that old crook Joe Pinder."

"I'm very fond of her," said Frank. "In fact, I'd sooner be dead than not marry her. Be reasonable, Uncle Elijah—Betty is not responsible for her father's actions. Besides, he's dead."

"Naturally he's dead," snarled old Larmer, who had a working arrangement with Providence, "but his daughter's alive! Didn't Joe Pinder play the dirtiest trick on me? Wasn't he a crooked-minded twister? . . . " And so forth and so on.

I HAPPENED to drop in to dinner the night after. There was Frank pretending not to care, and there was Betty, a very pretty, straight-backed girl who wasn't crying over the business but was looking rather serious. There was a sort of aunt there too. She spoke at intervals, saying the things she'd like to do to Mr. Larmer. Most of 'em were strictly illegal.

"He's taking his business away from me, and I suppose his friends will do the same," said Frank. "He's also cutting me out of his will—"

"That doesn't mean a lot," said Betty. "He told you he was only leaving you a thousand pounds—all his money is going to mental hospitals."

"If I had my way with him," said the aunt, who was a God-fearing woman who wore a gold cross around her neck and a copper cross on her waist, "I'd boil him in oil. A man like that doesn't deserve to live."

She was Betty's aunt.

I've naturally got a very soft place for young people. They want all the sympathy that we old chaps can give 'em. They're so darned foolish. I never see a young man that I don't think of him as an oyster who's mislaid his shell. At the same time, I never thought I should lower myself to be sorry for a stockbroker. He was a good soldier—he was in the war at sixteen—and a good amateur theatrical player, and they tell me the way he handled a tennis racket would make Lenglen look like Cousin Jane from the country. But I doubt if he was a good stockbroker. I don't know what kind of brain you've got to have to be a good stockbroker, but he

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hadn't got it. I knew that the minute he told me he wasn't a millionaire.

I didn't see him again for nearly a month, but I heard through my sergeant, who wastes time picking up items about honest people that he ought to be using in the pursuit of his duty, that young Mr. Dewsbury was having a bad time.

My sergeant—it was Martin at the time—got very friendly with Mr. Dewsbury and used to call in every other night—not that that meant anything: he'd go almost anywhere for a free drink.

"He knows quite a lot about police work," Martin told me. "I've never seen a man so interested—I think he's going to write a book."

About a week after this I saw Mr. Dewsbury and Martin up west. It appeared that Dewsbury was very anxious to see some of the underworld. There's a special brand of underworld round the Tottenham Court Road that's just there to be seen. It doesn't mean anything, and whenever I show visitors round and take 'em to this exhibition, I always feel as though I'm deceiving innocent children. It's like being asked to take a man to see the dangerous snakes at the zoo and showing him the lizard house.

"But he knows as much about the game as I do," said Martin.

"Soho didn't mean anything to him, so I took him along to the Grandes and let him take a look at one or two of the boys. And, Sooper, Jim Mosker is in town—he slipped out as I went into the bar, but I saw him."

Now, where Jim Mosker is "Dowsy" Lightfoot is, and naturally all my interest in Mr. Dewsbury's first course in criminal jurisprudence got off the car and made way for Jim and his snaky friend.

Jim Mosker was one of the cleverest safe blowers in Europe: a nice, quiet-spoken man who could prove an alibi in three languages. He hadn't been in town for I don't know how long. Jim wasn't one of these vulgar, haphazard burglars that only go after the stuff when they're short of money and generally get caught with the goods because they haven't taken the trouble to reconnoiter the ground. Jim went after the big money in a big way. He'd take a year to prepare, and preparation with Jim meant the last button on the last gaiter, as Napoleon said. If it wasn't Napoleon it was Bismarck.

BEFORE Jim Mosker did the actual work he knew the Christian names and family history of every clerk, cashier, messenger and office boy at the bank—he generally worked banks. He knew just what the manager's private trouble was, her name and what worried her.

His partner was another kind. "Dowsy" Lightfoot supplied any violence that the combination required. He had no conscience, no pity and no eyelashes. He was a pale, hairless man without feeling.

At the earliest opportunity I looked up Jim and found him at the Grandes which is a sort of high-class club for low-class people. It was run by Wilkie Meed, an old-time boxer, and it was very well conducted, for Wilkie still packed a punch that hurt. In a way, it was rather a healthy sort of place: you never saw funny people there, and a fellow who strolled in one night and asked for a shot of dope was taken to the hospital under the impression he'd had it. Just honest-to-God thieves, confidence men, screwsmen, but always the élite of the profession.

I found Jim sitting at a corner table in the big bar, and of course that clever sergeant of mine was all wrong when he said that Jim thought he had missed being seen.

"How are you, Sooper?" said Jim, getting up and shaking me by the hand. "Sit down and have a drink." And, when the waiter had come over, he said: "Vermouth, with just two drops of absinthe and a little water."

And mind you, he hadn't seen me for six years—what a memory!

"I saw a fellow here the other night: they tell me he's your sergeant, Martin. I didn't like to talk to him because he had a friend of mine with him."

"How's Dowsy?" I asked, for there was no sign of the snake man.

Jim smiled. He was a chubby little man who wore rimless glasses.

"Dowsy? He's coming over tomorrow night. I'm getting rather tired of Paris, Sooper. This is the good little town, only you people won't leave me alone. All the time you think I am doing something unlawful."

"I don't know what this fellow hit him with, but I think it had iron in it"

He went on in this way for a long time, and I let him have his spiel. I knew he'd been in France and Berlin, but he was not on the books, and it was no business of mine to connect him with that big jewel robbery in Friedrichstrasse or an unpleasant little affair in Lyons.

"What's this joke about the gentleman who was with Martin being a friend of yours?" I asked.

Jim smiled quickly.

"He's a man named Dewsbury. I met him three months ago in Paris. A very nice fellow." He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't care two hoots whether he knows my sad story or not," he said, "but it might hurt his feelings if he had a heart-to-heart talk with you and heard I was a naughty boy."

"Where did you meet this Mr. Dewsbury?" I asked.

He'd met him at a big restaurant just off the Bois. Somebody introduced him, and they had driven out in Jim's car to Enghien and had a little gamble at the tables.

"It was a very mild affair," said Jim, "and there was no private séance afterward. No, I liked the lad; there's something very straightforward and English about him."

Which was Jim's way of saying that he thought Frank Dewsbury was a fool.

Now, I knew Jim's method as well as I know the road to Clapham Common. That wasn't an accidental meeting in Paris. Jim was after big money—he'd never have come to England unless.

After we'd had a couple of drinks Jim began to get truthful and surprising.

"I don't know why I lie to you, Sooper," he said, in his frank, boyish way, "but here's the whole strength of Dewsbury and how we met him. It was in a restaurant, but nobody introduced us. Dowsy had had four drinks and was full of danger. When we got to the restaurant we found Dewsbury sitting at our table. We were so late that the head waiter had handed over our park and told him he could sit there. And then Dowsy got a bit unpleasant and whipped in a quick one.

"It wasn't quick enough for this Dewsbury man, who ducked and landed Dowsy a short-arm jab under the heart that laid him out. Naturally enough, when the tumult and the shouting died, we got together like brothers, and that's how we come to meet him. And that's a fact. Of course the head waiter said he didn't put Dewsbury at our table at all, but he'd just sat down and wouldn't be moved. The whole proceedings were very queer."

I KNEW Mr. Dewsbury often went to Paris. He had a great friend there, an estate agent who did a lot of business with old Larmer, his uncle. Just about then trade was brisk, for some of the Russian nobility who had saved a bit of money were buying estates in England. Dewsbury told me this when I saw him the next night.

He was very cheerful except that he spoke about his uncle and Betty Pinder. He had already bought a house at Purley when old man Larmer came.

"The moral is, Sooper," he said, with a little laugh, "never count your wedding presents till after the wedding!"

He told me his business had dropped to nothing and that every time he met Elijah, as he frequently did, the old man got him by the buttonhole and told him a new one against Joe Pinder.

"I should hate to hang for Uncle Elijah," he said.

I asked him where he got his interest in crime, and he took me by the arm and led me back to his house. I'd never examined his library before, and I was surprised to find the number of books he had on the subject—almost as many as that bird I got hung over the Big Foot murder.

He told me that when he was in the trenches during the war he read nothing else, and he proved that he wasn't talking stuff when he told me the full history of Jim Mosker.

"Oh, yes, I knew them the moment I spotted them in Paris. I liked Jim, but the skinned one—ugh!"

"You didn't by any chance sit down at that table knowing they were coming and that Dowsy would start something?" I asked.

"Maybe I did," said Mr. Frank Dewsbury very carelessly. "I thought it was a good way of getting acquainted. I tried the Sullivans first, but they're halfwits. Jim Mosker's got brains."

I didn't ask him why he tried to get acquainted with the Sullivans, who are just second-class thieves.

I'd already reported Mosker's presence in my district. He came twice to see Dewsbury. Miss Pinder evidently heard about it because she called at my lodgings one night.

"You're a great friend of Frank's, aren't you? And I'm a little worried, Superintendent. Frank is the dearest fellow in the world, but he's awfully generous and broad-minded, and I've got a feeling that it isn't good for him to be seen about with Mr. Mosker."

"You've met Mosker?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Yes; I don't (*Continued on page 36*)

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Illustrated by OTHO CUSHING

The Decoration

A Short Short Story

By EDMUND LEAMY

The mail arrived and Toddles grabbed excitedly at a letter addressed to himself

TODDLES wanted a decoration, a military decoration. He dreamed of the Victoria Cross—the highest honor England confers on her fighting sons—or the Military Cross, a lesser glory. Of course it was ridiculous, for Toddles was corpulent and sweaty under the African sun.

He had a plantation in Uganda, but six months after the World War broke out he abandoned his place and sailed for England. A few of his friends saw him off and laughed. Fancy "Fat Sow" going to London to enlist!

But we who laughed didn't know his dreams.

You see, there was a girl—there usually is—and Toddles wanted to be a hero in her eyes. Which is the way of young men, fat or lean, or in between.

He arrived in England and joined the colors, a tear in his eyes as he took the oath. And then short leave. And a girl proud and smiling.

Old Fat Sow a soldier—laughable! She kissed Toddles. "When you win your spurs you'll find me waiting," she said a little hysterically, the last night they were together before he went to camp, and kissed him again.

And Toddles took that—rightly—to mean a decoration.

He was too late for the much prized Mons Star—but no man is ever too late for the V. C. or the M. C.

He got a commission, suddenly found himself singled out for detail to an officers' training school and there got his star as a second lieutenant.

Then the British War Office—which sometimes did rational things—ordered him back to Uganda.

"You know the language and the ways of the black men out there," said the pompous individual who gave him his marching orders, "and you're a good parade-ground officer. We are transferring you to the depot at Bombo, promoting you to first lieutenant, and there you will be occupied drilling and training recruits."

"But I don't want to—to drill or tr—train recruits," stammered Toddles. "I came all the way from there to fight."

He might as well have saved his breath. The next issue of the Official Gazette contained the news of Toddles' transfer and his promotion.

The night before he sailed he got slightly blotto. His vain girl had been unnecessarily cruel: "I should think if you had argued your case well enough they would have let you go to France."

That stung. Toddles took it as a reflection on his personal courage. But with the able assistance of "Johnny Walker" he later cheered up. He had plenty of friends in Africa. There was fighting out there too. He'd do a little wangling and in no time he'd find himself attached to a combatant unit. He tumbled into bed later to dream of capturing, single-handed, German positions, and awoke with a bad head the next morning, just as the M. C. was being pinned on his now not quite so fat chest.

It must be said that the regimental headquarters at Bombo, Uganda, is a nice post. There is comfort there and good food and better wines. Also it is not too far from the club in Kampala and the flesh pots. Many a lad would have been glad to be assigned to the post, war or no war. But Toddles had no sooner arrived than he began pulling wires. Among those whom he approached was myself. "Help me," said Toddles, "to get in the war."

"M'lad," said I, "what's the matter with Bombo?"

"Don't be an ass!" said Toddles.

So I did what I could, and in due course Toddles was sent down into the field resplendent in new khaki and flushed with high hopes.

To everyone's amazement he proved to be a good soldier, always ready for dirty jobs, and they couldn't keep him from volunteering for every bit of extra-dangerous work which cropped up.

"In fact," said his colonel one night at the club, "I think the chap's a bit batty."

Batty or not, Toddles was a brave man. Once he led a charge, with only a walking stick as a weapon, and came through miraculously. Another time, alone and single-handed, he captured a machine-gun nest and took five prisoners. Still another time, when the battalion was cornered, he slipped through the enemy lines, disguised as a Shenzi native, and brought reënforcements. For this last he won his captaincy and a spell of leave.

He came up to my place to spend his furlough, and one night he waxed bitter.

"Damn it all," said Toddles, in his cups, "does a blighter have to get himself blotted to get a ribbon on his chest?" (And so I learned what was bothering Fat Sow.)

In the morning he did not remember that he had shown his hand. . . .

THE following night a young captain named Weekes dropped in for dinner. He was the man who had succeeded Toddles at Bombo.

I didn't care particularly for Weekes, but in Africa one ran an open house, especially during the days of the war. Toddles and he didn't hit it off.

"Fawncy," said Weekes, adjusting his monocle and peering at Toddles—"fawncy your jumping out of Bombo—to muck it in the *gubba*."

"Yes," said Toddles, unconsciously imitating him—"just fawncy." . . .

I was glad that Weekes went home early. . . .

Two days later Toddles returned to his regiment. But before he left he told me something I had not known about Weekes up to that time. Weekes was also a friend of Toddles' girl.

"I know she likes me," said Fat Sow, "and I know she likes him. But I'm afraid she may like him more."

I answered him with his own favorite expression. "Don't be an ass," I said. He grinned.

"Why," I said, "what girl would prefer him to you?" (I meant it.)

Toddles eased along. I went with him to the boat which was to take him across Victoria Nyanza to Kisumu. "If you don't watch out, when you get back into things down there, they'll be pinning the M. C. on you," I said.

He didn't answer. He thought I was being facetious. He didn't like it.

"Well, so long," I said.

"Kwa heri," said Fat Sow. . . .

The next news I had of him he was dreadfully wounded. He had been on a reconnaissance patrol. And, as was usual with him, he had left his men behind in safety. He had walked blindly into a trap. Carrying a couple of Mills bombs and a rifle, he had taken cover and had returned the fire of forty men.

Somehow he had driven them off. They had never guessed there was no one with him. And a black corporal of his own battalion had found him later.

Toddles had been shot through the shoulder, several times through the left arm, once in the right leg, and a bullet had plowed its way along his chest.

He was not expected to live. But live Toddles did, and survived to be sent back to Bombo with only one arm and a waistline considerably shrunken. There he found himself subordinate to Weekes, who was now acting adjutant.

The situation, of course, was intolerable, and I went out one night to dinner with him at the mess to talk things over. He wanted more than anything else to be returned to the field, where lay that decoration.

"Hang it all," he said, "the left arm's nothing. I don't have to hold a rifle. It'd be different if I were an askari on special duty."

The mail arrived while we were at dinner. Toddles grabbed excitedly at an envelope addressed to himself, tore it across, skimmed through it hurriedly, then handed it to me and sort of slumped in his chair.

Dully I read it. Toddles was being retired from the service. On his breast would never shine the decoration he had craved! As I sat silently biting into my cigar, wondering what to say, a shrill, excited voice made us all look up—Weekes speaking:

"I say, chaps, what do you know!" Quoting from a letter: "'For meritorious service in drilling and equipping native recruits for the field,' I've been awarded the Military Cross!"

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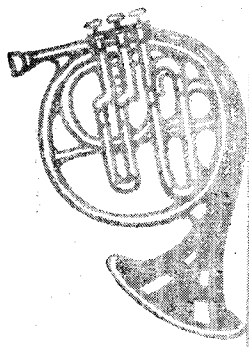
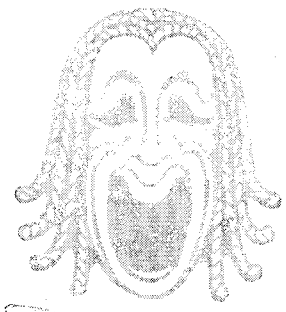
Nothing to do but Play



Even a street-corner harmonica assumes dignity in the skillful hands of Borrah Minnevitch, who gets as much for playing a solo or two as would keep you and me in mouth organs for life

Kern Polk

It all depends on the point of view. For instance, this is rare sport, no doubt, to the lads who play the rodeos but it's nothing to take up if your doctor has advised rest and quiet



Of course he does, you might say, work for a living on the side. But the most alluring of G. K. Chesterton's posts is that of Ale Taster to the Manor of Beaconsfield. The salary isn't much but who'd care?

Keystone View

Wide World

Famous clowns who never smelt the tanbark are Nick Altrock (right) and Al Schacht. They get paid for cutting capers to amuse the ball-park crowds. Although they do their share of coaching, too

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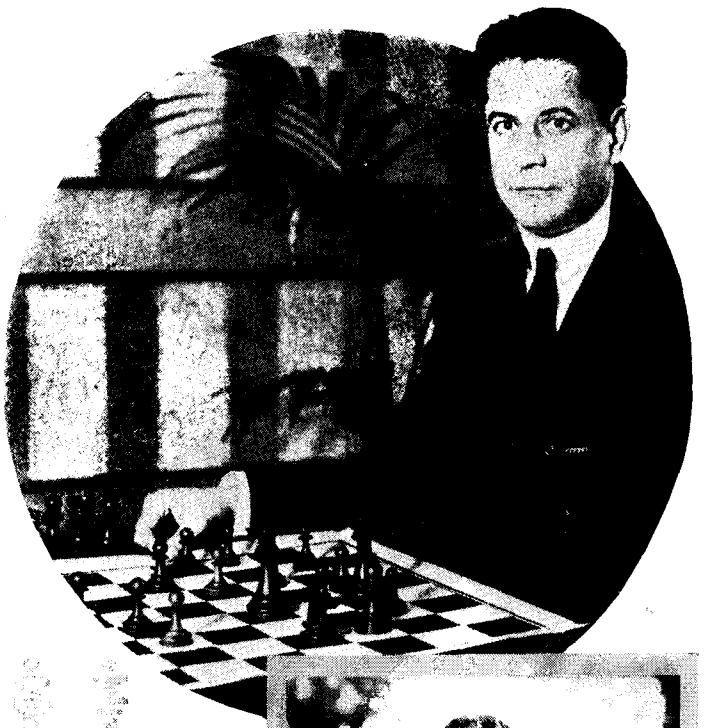
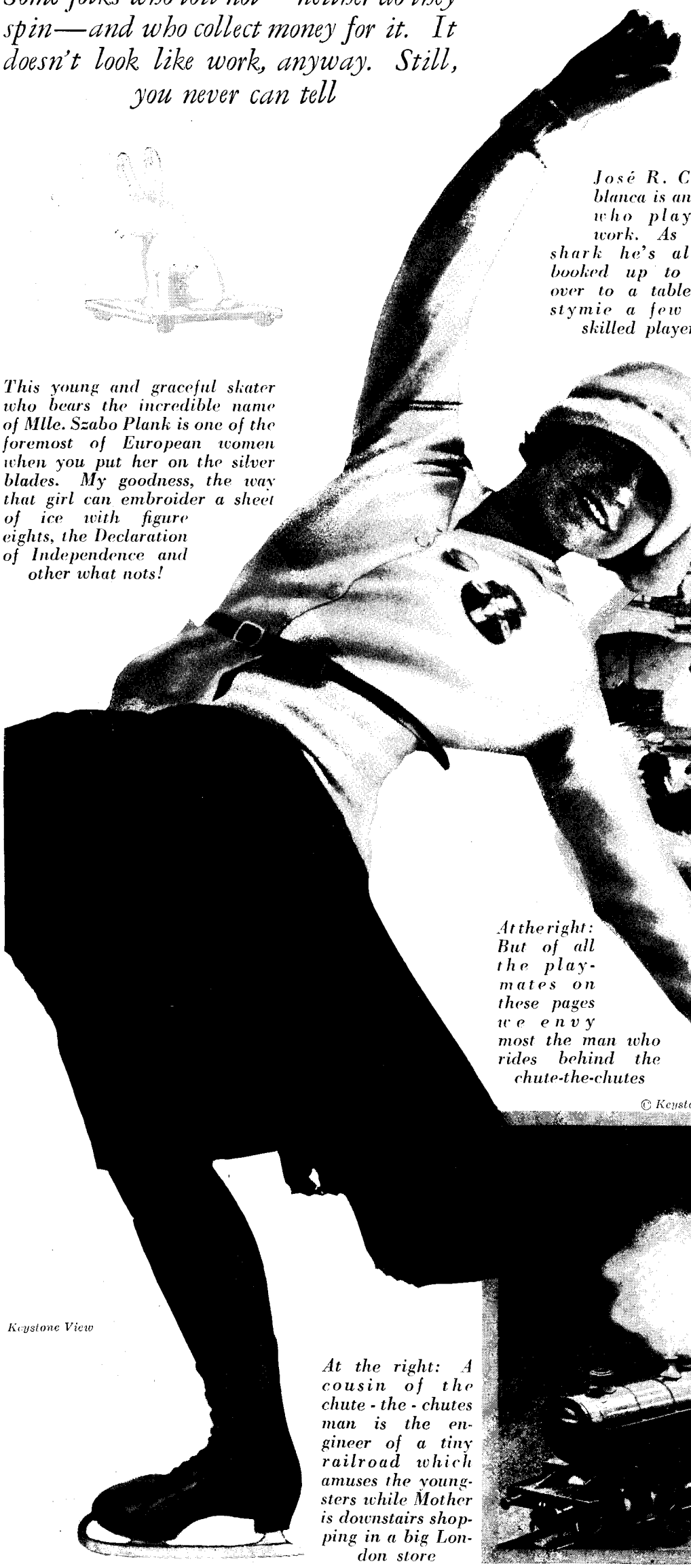
Some folks who toil not—neither do they spin—and who collect money for it. It doesn't look like work, anyway. Still, you never can tell

This young and graceful skater who bears the incredible name of Mlle. Szabo Plank is one of the foremost of European women when you put her on the silver blades. My goodness, the way that girl can embroider a sheet of ice with figure eights, the Declaration of Independence and other what nots!



Wide World

José R. Capablanca is another who plays at work. As chess shark he's always booked up to dash over to a table and stymie a few less-skilled players



Keystone View

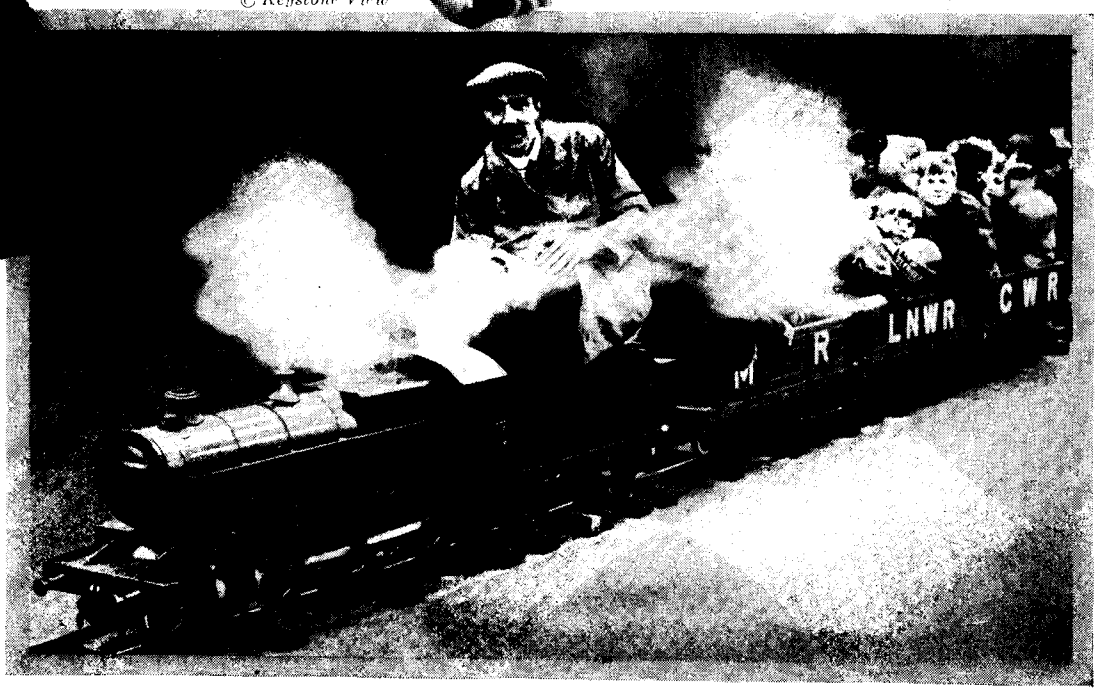
Edwin Levick

At the right: But of all the playmates on these pages we envy most the man who rides behind the chute-the-chutes

© Keystone View

Herbert Photos

It may not be all play, at that. For instance, don't you suppose so gifted a golfer as Walter Hagen gets weary of dubs?



At the right: A cousin of the chute-the-chutes man is the engineer of a tiny railroad which amuses the youngsters while Mother is downstairs shopping in a big London store

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Great Grief!

News of a still more amazing

The Story Thus Far:

THE one thing in life that Vicky Bond really wanted was Dolly Tillinghast, but he proved to be the one unconquerable man, so they quarreled, though he was still known as her ever-faithful adorer.

In connection with the sale of the Bond home—or so she says—Vicky returns to Chatfield from Europe and is welcomed by Helen Vaughn, her great friend, and others of their circle, but is disgusted to find that Mrs. Edith Viereck, prospective divorcée, whom she has always detested, has made their circle. Worse still, she is told that Dolly has been nice to Edith.

Vicky teases Dolly about Edith till he rages. He calls her the most infuriating woman in the world and says if she doesn't marry him within a week it will be the last chance she will ever get. Vicky refuses to be bulldozed—to be cheated out of the last word. Dolly vows he'll go on a yachting trip. She thinks he's bluffing, but when she finds out that he has sailed she is prepared to give in. On her way to the telegraph office she reads this staring headline on a bulletin board: "Adolphus Tillinghast Married at Sea."

"Well, Donald, I'll tell you in absolute confidence: he's a bootlegger—an awfully important one"

Illustrated by HENRY DAVIS

"I'M NOT going to faint," Vicky said to herself; "I'm not the type."

She didn't. She had no idea how she got back into the car, but she remembered starting it with great difficulty, almost stripping the gears in her urgent clumsiness.

When she got outside the town she began repeating the news to herself:

"Dolly Tillinghast is married. Dolly Tillinghast is married."

She wasn't going to cry. That was bad.

"How can I have been such a fool?" She asked herself. "It's just what I deserve, but what am I going to do?"

She found an unfrequented road, and at last parked in a little grove hatefully cheerful with spring.

"What do you do when you feel like this?" she said aloud once or twice. It was a question without any answer.

Facing people would be a dreadful thing. She'd have to go back and tell Hester, and Hester would be mournful.

After what seemed hours she looked at her watch. It was only a little after one o'clock. She must get home for luncheon. The thought of eating it choked her, but Hester would be waiting.

Hester opened the door. Vicky decided not to tell her just then.

"I don't want anything to eat," she said. "I'm going to my room."

"Cook's made some very nice chicken salad."

"Not hungry."

"And, Miss Vicky, I've heard from my sister. She's been taken ill again, and I thought perhaps this was as good a time as any other—"

"Oh, it is," Vicky said. It was a perfect time to have Hester away. Perhaps she wouldn't have to tell her until she could talk about it with some decency.

"IF IT'S convenient for you, Miss Vicky, I'm going on today. I thought I could get Lizzie in. Lizzie is rather hit-or-miss, and she won't stay after eight at night no matter what, but I thought, as you were rather camping out—"

"Yes, Lizzie's all right."

If Hester hadn't been so blessedly absorbed, she'd have noticed, but Hester went right on:

"The only thing is, with cook not staying at night either, won't you be afraid in the house alone? Couldn't you perhaps get Miss Vaughn to come over and stay with you?"

"I won't be afraid. I'll be glad to be alone."

"There's a train at 4:40 I'll take if that's quite convenient for you. I've sent no word as yet."

"That's quite all right for me. You'll want some money: I'll write a check."

"But first won't you think better about some luncheon?" . . .

In her room Vicky found herself repeating an old phrase whose discouragement gave her some comfort:

"I don't care whether school keeps or not. I don't care whether school keeps or not."

She got Dolly's picture and sat with it in her hands, thinking how kind he was and how strong, and of the funny vein of poetry that ran through his nature. How empty her life was going to be! She realized that she was trying to make herself cry, but she couldn't cry.

Hester came to say good-by.

"Well, Lizzie's here, Miss Vicky, and I'm off, though I'm very worried at deserting you. If anything comes up, you wire me at once, Miss Vicky. After all, Sister is just babying herself."

"I'll be all right."

"It's time now that you were dressing for that Mrs. Viereck's. I'll send Lizzie up to you, though I'm afraid she'll not be much help."

Edith Viereck's! To go and be clawed by all those women! Well, it was something which must be faced. She certainly couldn't make the admission of telephoning that she wouldn't come.

Vicky supposed, as she thought of it, that they were discussing her now. It wasn't a pleasant thought. Vicky was used to being discussed as the brilliant Miss Bond, not as the girl Dolly Tillinghast had jilted.

Lizzie came sidling to the door, a comedy slavey, with one gray lock that never stayed combed and a chronic trick of pushing one shoulder ahead of her and holding the other back so that she always looked on the bias.

"Whatcha want, huh?"

"Nothing, Lizzie."

Vicky dressed herself and chose a hat that came over her eyes.

"I mustn't look stary," she warned the reflection in her mirror. "I must look just as I always look."

She parked her car in Edith Viereck's drive. In Edith's hall she heard the gabble-gabble-gabble of women talking excitedly. The maid showed her to the drawing-room door. Edith Viereck, Zona Lee, Glory Fisk and Helen Vaughn were sitting around a bridge table. On the appearance of Vicky the hubbub died a sudden, embarrassed death.

After a second they all called little feminine greetings at her.

"Vicky!"

"Why, hello, Vixie Bond!"

"You nice person to come!"

"Finished bridge so early?" Vicky asked, her tone a miracle of the casual.

"We got talking and stopped for a minute. I suppose we'd better finish this one little rubber," Edith Viereck said. "It won't take a second."

"It was my play," Glory Fisk remarked. "Now, remember what's gone before, Zona."

THE bright cardboards dropped to the black brocade with which the table was covered.

Helen Vaughn was dummy.

"Dear Vicky," she said quietly, and she held out her hand, intending evidenly to hold Vicky's. Vicky felt any such contact would be unendurable.

"Edith's redecorated," she said, and walked about the room, ostensibly to see the changes. It now looked like the lobby of a quite modern hotel instead of like the lobby of the newest hotel of ten years ago which was the appearance Vicky remembered.

On a long Italianate table lay a copy of Coventry Patmore's poems. . . . Dolly Tillinghast had given it to Edith, of course. Coventry Patmore was Vicky's favorite poet. How sweet and pathetic it was of Dolly to think a fool like Edith could appreciate him! He probably married a little fool like Edith.

Edith's maid came in with tea things. The rubber was over at last.

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marriage wakes up sleepy Chatfield By CHARLES BRACKETT

"What a sweet dress!" Edith Viereck said to Vicky, fairly wriggling with tact. "That has Paris written all over it, hasn't it, girls?"

"Oh, but I thought the one you had on the other night," Glory Fisk said, "was absolutely divine."

"The one with the little ribbon intestines," Zona Lee squealed: "that's the one I want."

It was all excruciatingly unimportant. Vicky wondered if they were getting some feline pleasure in seeing whether she would bring up the subject they must all be thinking about. She wanted desperately to say, "What do you think of the news about Dolly Tillinghast?" but she didn't trust her voice.

"How do you take your tea? Two lumps? Aren't you brave? I have to be so careful!"

Soft little patter fell with as little weight as a first flurry of snow.

Vicky could have screamed.

THEN Edith Viereck put an end to the dreadful period, but she did it with another wriggle of elaborate tactfulness, the tact of casualness this time:

"Isn't it too surprising about Adolphus Tillinghast?"

"I'm sure it isn't to Vicky," Helen Vaughn said abruptly. "She's probably known about it for ages."

"I certainly haven't," Vicky managed.

"Who's Myrna Foster, anyway?" Glory Fisk questioned. "Lord! What a terrible name!"

"I haven't an idea." Vicky had to concentrate on not letting her hand tremble. If her hand trembled, the cup she was holding would chatter in its saucer.

"I can't understand it about Dolly Tillinghast," Zona Lee clucked. "He's always been so well-balanced."

"I never could call that dreat big man 'Dolly,'" Edith Viereck remarked; then she paraded forth a third kind of tact, the tact of making Vicky's situation common to all of them: "Well, it's been a crushing blow for all of us, hasn't it?"

"Hasn't it?" Vicky echoed.

Where were her wits, she wondered—where in the world were her wits?

"What I think," Zona Lee said, "is that you turned Dolly down once too often, Vicky. I suppose it was fun, but I always thought it was dangerous. Heavens! I snatched Nat Lee the first word he uttered that gave me an excuse.

"You had to," Helen Vaughn snapped more sharply than Vicky had ever heard her speak.

"Well, anyway, I got him."

"Well, don't act as though Vicky were heartbroken about Dolly Tillinghast. She doesn't care a rap."

"I never said any such thing. Did I, Vicky?"

Edith Viereck didn't allow Vicky time to answer.

"I don't see why anybody cares about any man," she spread the tact of another of her generalities. "They wouldn't if they'd been through what I've been through."

"Really?" Vicky inquired.

"Oh, I've been through awful things. Dreat big finger marks on my arms sometimes that lasted two or three days."

The asinine woman was trying to be kind to her, Vicky Bond!

Vicky could stand no more. She'd got to stop these women or die, and suddenly in one creative flash she knew how to do it.

"Of course I'm hideously upset by Dolly's marriage," she proceeded—"principally because I feel responsible for it."

"You mean he was what they call 'caught on the rebound'?" Edith Viereck said, and because of her stupidity Vicky acquitted her of sarcasm.

"Of course not," Vicky said quickly.

"Then how are you responsible in any way?"

"Had you quarreled?"

"No," replied Vicky; I merely set him the example for this very thing that he's done."

"You what?"

"What thing?"

"I was married myself on the Vercingetorix coming over here to an almost total stranger."

It was a gloriously successful lie.

"Vicky Bond!"

"My dear!"

"And Dolly was just trying to show he didn't care?"

"That's the only conclusion I can draw," said Vicky. "I hadn't intended to tell a soul about the affair. I don't know why I do now."

"I never have been so astonished in my life!" Zona Lee declared. "Who's the man?"

"Someone I met on board."

"What's his name?"

"Clovis," Vicky answered—"Clovis d'Auvergnat." As she pronounced the words, Vicky thought what a ridiculously romantic person she must have suppressed some place within her to have made such a choice.

"What a divine name!" Glory Fisk cried.

"Isn't it too beautiful!" Vicky agreed with her. "That's one of the reasons why I married him."

IT WAS rather fun, now that she'd begun. It was much better than being all knotted with the silent misery of Dolly.

"Is he a foreigner?" Zona Lee demanded.

"A Frenchman."

"I don't see how you've kept from using it so long?" Glory Fisk harked back to the name.

"Oh, I don't want it for myself. I just meant that being called Clovis d'Auvergnat was part of the flashing fascination of the man. I like to be Vicky Bond."

"But is there some reason why you kept the marriage a secret?"

It was then that Vicky experienced the disadvantage of always having been a truthful person. A liar would have said, "I just wanted to," or something vague, but Vicky's mind, faced with a question, reached out, as it was accustomed to do, for a perfectly solid, logical answer. There being none for it to seize, Vicky made up an excellent one.

"It has to be secret," she explained, "because an American wife might interfere seriously with his career. He's connected with the expansion of French commerce. It's all very complicated. Can I rely on you not to speak of it?"

"Absolutely," they all promised.

"A diplomat named Clovis d'Auvergnat!" Glory Fisk groaned. "He sounds too luscious. If he only had a title!"

"I believe he's a count, or something, only he thinks it's silly to use titles in a republic."

"Why didn't you tell us that?"

"One doesn't think about that sort of thing in connection with Clovis."

"Is he good-looking?"

"In a dark, devil-may-care-way." Vicky thought that while she was ridding herself of her lady-novelist inhibitions she might as well make a good job of it. "He looks like a profligate St. Michael. No woman could possibly trust a man with his eyes."

"Yet you married him!" Helen Vaughn marveled.

"Any one of" (*Continued on page 46*)

"He looks like a profligate St. Michael. No woman could possibly trust a man with his eyes"

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Husbands Courageous

Here's a fresh slant on our American younger set from an unbiased, unprejudiced visitor on his first trip to the United States. The distinguished Caliph of Bagdad, who couldn't possibly be wrong on anything, gives his views on marriage, courage and frankness

By SINBAD

"At the age of 23 I had six wives and eleven children"

AS I entered the parlor the Commander of the Faithful looked up from his Louis Quinze divan and smiled. It was a smile in which welcome blended with expectation.

"Perhaps Sinbad can help us out," he said. "Draw near, friend of my early middle age. And thou, C. P. R., make room."

This was the Principal Censor, now accompanying His Majesty on his American tour in the capacity of Counsel on Public Relations. As such it was his duty to read to his master from the daily papers before dinner and so keep the Descendant of the Prophet in touch with the progress of the world between the 3:15 Wall Street Closing Prices and the Six-Star Final.

"We are puzzled, Sinbad, by your Younger Generation," said the Caliph.

I looked up in wonder.

"Luminary," I said, "why should the August Mind be at a loss? The Younger Generation is adequately dealt with on the editorial page, in the Heart-to-Heart column, in the Health Hints column, in the Housewives' column and in the Letters to the Editor. There is an article on the subject in every one of the current monthlies, and in most of them there is a symposium. The Younger Generation was recently debated at the annual meeting of the Academy of Political and Social Science, the Reforestation Congress, the Hands-Off-Nicaragua Conference, and the spring convention of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. Every aspect of the problem has received exhaustive treatment over the radio, including short-wave and beam."

"No doubt it is our own obtuseness," said the Caliph. "Tell me this: Is it true that the young people today are more frank and courageous than they were twenty-five years ago?"

"It is true," I said.

"Both frank *and* courageous?"

I stared.

"Majesty, naturally," I said. "These things always go in pairs. Always it is thick and thin, short and sweet, high and mighty, ham and eggs, fair and warmer, Jack and Jill, true and tried, down and out. If you say frank, you are bound to say courageous."

"But that is just what troubles us in the present instance," he said. "C. P. R. has just been reading to me the story of a youth of 20 and a maiden of 17 who proclaim their intention to contract a new form of marriage. They expect to be supported by their parents, to abstain from raising a family, and to dissolve their union by mutual consent if the arrangement fails to work out. This they state in advance and with a maximum of publicity."

I nodded intelligently.

"Surely it is frankness," I said.

"That is not in dispute," said the Caliph. "Frankness today is true not only of the Young Generation but of all the generations. It is as true of us at Bagdad as of you here. Everywhere people are now saying out loud what once upon a time everybody knew without saying. I admit it is frank to state in advance that you expect your parents to support you after marriage. It is frank to give warning that there will be no babies. It is frank to admit that after a while you expect to get tired of each other. But is it courage, Sinbad?"

"Glorious One," I said, "what do I know of courage? Back in Roosevelt's first administration I married at the age of 23 and on $19 a week, and I have had little time for reflection."

Tough at $19 a Week

HE SMILED up at me quizzically, but not without kindliness.

"At the age of 23," he said, "I was the husband of six wives and the father of eleven children. But, then, our economic and social positions were, perhaps, not to be compared. But in your own case, Sinbad, one might almost speak of marrying on $19 a week as an act of courage, what?"

"Jewel of the Oxus," I said, "please to remember. Beef in 1902 was 14 cents a pound, and girls were, perhaps, a bit different."

"Are you sure? You married courageously on $19 a week—"

"Highness," I said, "please do not insist on 'courageously.' It was really nothing like that. We married. If you wish, instinctively perhaps. We had neither expectations nor anticipations."

"But you certainly were not afraid?"

"No, Highness."

"Well," he said, "that is why I am bewildered. We know that in every way the young people today face life ever so more boldly than you did in 1902."

"Quite true," I said. "That point was made at the recent congress of the Ichthyological Association and at the annual convention of the Linoleum Manufacturers of the United States."

"Exactly," he said. "Then it would appear that the only thing they are afraid of is to get married when they fall in love.

"You were two young people of the early Rooseveltian era. That is to say, you were inhibited, inarticulate, acquiescent. You did not fling your challenge in the face of life. All you did, when you loved a woman and the woman loved you, was to marry on $19 a week."

"Gorgeous One," I entreated, "please don't stress the $19. Since 1902 my salary has been raised several times."

But he was afloat on the tide of his own oratory, and he would not listen.

"Today," he said, "when a challenging youth loves a courageous young woman, he thus addresses her: 'Give ear, Fatima, O Light of My Heart! I yearn for thee and thou for me. But I cannot take thee without a parental subsidy. Star of My Existence, we love, but four rooms with two baths in a decent neighborhood is at least $185 a month. Dream of My Wakeful Hours, we must suffer until I can support thee in the Miami suite with a view of the sea to which you have been accustomed, or until the old man comes across.' That, Sinbad, would be courage, what?"

I looked up abruptly, for I had been thinking back.

"Majesty," I said, "we have been through some tough times, my wife and I."

"Very likely," he said, quite gently. "But this is what puzzles me: When you love a woman and want to marry her, which is the greater compliment you can pay her: wait for her until you can afford a town car or take her at the risk that while you are busy in the shop she might have to help out at the washtub?"

"Your Majesty, it never got to that."

"I am glad it did not," he said. "But if it had, I should not pity you overmuch. Today, Sinbad, the young people apparently do not love hard enough to take a chance. Is this true?"

"Where shall the truth be found, Glorious One?" I said.

The Cold Official Truth

HE REACHED behind the silken cushions and drew forth a thick volume.

"Let us look for the truth," he said, "in the Abstract of the Fourteenth Census of the United States, for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington; cloth: $1.50. I turn to pages 222-5, entitled Marital Status. There I find that of all males between the ages of 20 and 24 the married ones in the year 1910 were 24 per cent, but in 1920 they were 28.3 per cent. Of boys between the ages of 15 and 19 the married ones in 1910 were 1.1 per cent, but in 1920 they were 2.1 per cent."

I stared at him.

"Your Majesty suggests that young people today are marrying faster than ever before?"

"If the United States Census does not lie," he said, "young men of 20 are marrying 16 per cent more instinctively than they did before the war, and boys under 20 are marrying nearly 100 per cent more instinctively."

"Then the young people today are courageous as well as frank?" I said. "What, then, is all this ballyhoo about new forms of marriage to encourage the young to marry?"

"I suspect, Sinbad," he said, "it is like most of the noise about the Young Generation. It is manufactured and distributed by members of the Old Generation who have nothing else to do."

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"We're not sick, Daddy. Why are you taking us to the Doctor?"
"Why? To do all we can to keep you from ever getting sick."

YOUR children will probably never forget the odd experience of being taken to the doctor when they are perfectly well. Perhaps no other act of yours could stamp more indelibly on their minds the wisdom of preventing sickness.

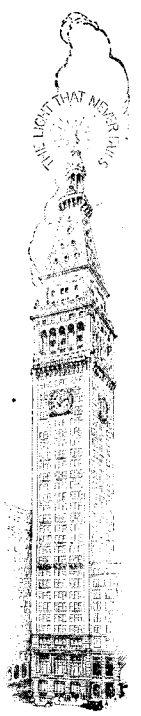
When your boys and girls were ill nothing was left undone to make them as comfortable as possible and to help them to get well. But have you done what you can do to spare them from future illnesses?

Have you guarded against diphtheria, typhoid, smallpox and rickets? Have you had adenoids removed? Teeth, eyes, throats, legs and feet—every part of the body should be examined. Modern medical science teaches us that in order to prevent much needless disease and suffering every child should have a complete physical examination at least once a year.

Make May 1928 a banner month for your children. Have them weighed, measured and examined for known and unknown defects. Give them a fair start toward a happy and useful life.

The Metropolitan has issued a booklet, "Out of Babyhood into Childhood", which gives valuable advice on preventable diseases with helpful suggestions concerning diet, environment and training. Mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Write for it.

Haley Fiske, *President.*



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The Prairie Prince

By W. B. COURTNEY

"Gentlemen, allow me to present to you all the tongues and tenderloins you wish"

© Willey Book Co.

BUFFALO BILL cuts another notch in his gun—The flames of war—Our hero tries his hand at guerrilla warfare—Rides a "sure winner" in a race—His mother dies—In Dixie as a spy—Sweet wedding bells!—Happy, but broke—A guide for Custer—Ruined by real estate—A job as a buffalo hunter—Bill accepts a challenge—Prepares for a buffalo-killing match.

BILL CODY'S heart was sore with dread as he stumbled along a night-cloaked mountain flank in the Western wilderness between the precious pair who were taking him to the torture of the road agents' camp fire. The man leading Bill's horse walked first. Then came Bill. The second bandit brought up the rear—ready to shoot Bill in his tracks at any hint of a breakaway.

As Bill desperately cudgeled his mind for a ruse, two facts dawned upon him: He was still carrying a brace of sage hens, trophies of his afternoon's hunt. And he was still armed with his revolvers, which the cutthroats, either from negligence or from a smug sense of security, had failed to confiscate. Presto!

He dropped one of the sage hens, as if by accident.

"Say," he called softly to the man behind him, "pick up that darned bird as you come along—it's too fat to waste."

The unsuspecting ruffian bent over and groped for the hen.

"Huh! I can't see nuthin' in this dark," he grumbled.

The next instant he was plunged into even greater darkness as Bill's revolver crashed down upon the back of his head. He dropped as if tomahawked.

The crack on his thick skull was loud enough to reach the ears of his pal. Though Bill wheeled in a flash, it was to face the guns of the first man.

Mr. Wild Bill Hickok, a not unsuccessful marksman with live and shooting targets, had taught his disciple to "let 'er go on the up-go" for the split second thus gained: a professional tip that came in handy now. Quick as the road agent was, Bill was quicker—and drilled him through the forehead.

Bill heard the alarmed gang approaching. But he calmly proceeded to search for the sage hen he had dropped.

He found the hen, vaulted into the saddle, and turned his horse down the mountain side—scarcely a full breath ahead of the gang. His lead was not enough; the bandits, being unmounted, made faster time on the rocky slope.

Bullets almost singed Bill's hair. They inspired him to think fast. An old redskin dodge popped into his mind.

Never slackening his horse, Bill swung to the ground, slapped the animal on its way, then crouched in a sage thicket. The gangsters rushed past within inches of him.

The Vengeful Torch

THEREUPON Bill stepped boldly forth and legged it cross-country to Horseshoe Station, where he arrived at sun-up—whistling, and with his sage hens still slung over his shoulder.

Bill roused Slade and reported his adventure. The Killer, swearing that he would have no such bad characters skulking near his division, routed his men from their bunks and rode after the gang. The only result of the chase was the finding of a freshly dug grave on the mountain—confirmation that young Bill had got his man.

This was the first and the only notch in Bill Cody's gun that stood for a white man. Actually it represented something more than a hand-to-hand victory—it was a climax. A curtain was descending upon Bill Cody, the boy hero of the plains, protégé and pal of its hardiest and most reckless characters. It would rise again on Bill Cody, the man; full of new responsibilities, but handsome and dashing and ready to be enthroned as the national folk hero.

Between times social and moral powder kegs, lighted by politics, exploded into the Civil War. The westward tide of the Republic was at slack—had, indeed, turned for the moment and was running east. Bill Cody floated with it, in common with all his friends of the bull trains and war paths.

It washed him home for a brief spell. He was too young for the army, of course—but a lad who, at eleven, had bullied a man's job from the Overland promoters would as lief add a couple of years to his age for the benefit of a federal recruiting officer. His mother, who knew her eaglet, exacted his disconsolate promise not to enlist.

Bill drifted into Leavenworth, which seethed with the hubbub of dispatching troops and supplies southward. It wrenched Bill's heart to salute old mates as they rode by in the dusty pageant of war, while his own shoulder ached vainly for the pressure of a Union rifle. He grew moody, rebellious—and ready for mischief.

An acquaintance furtively sized him up one day. Then:

"Looky here, Bill—Mr. Chandler's gittin' up a company to cross over nights and make war on them danged Missourians. There ain't a one of us kin ride like you—and Chandler wants you to join."

"It doesn't sound regular."

"Sure, it's regular! Ain't we-all agin slavery and fer the Union? And ain't the whole kit and passel of Missourians Secesh? Your ma just asked you-all not to 'list in the army. This's different. Besides—don't you fergit, Bill Cody, them Missourians murdered your pa!"

Bill's face paled: "I'll go!"

In twos and threes Chandler's men slipped across the river o' nights, and met at a rendezvous, whence they scourged the countryside — stealing, burning. With the approach of dawn they would spur lickety-split for the Kansas side, as often as not sped by bullets.

Bill, who for all his rough life had never grown away from the tender tyranny of apron strings, was at elaborate pains to hide his activities from his mother. But in vain. Soon he found himself on the maternal carpet.

Reënter—Wild Bill Hickok

HIS mother branded Chandler's men by their true name. She proudly told Bill that the personal grudge of the Cody clan against proslavers did not justify a Cody's descending to horse stealing.

That ended Bill's connection with the inglorious guerrilla warfare which plagued the border states in Civil War days, victimizing noncombatants—friends and foes alike.

Into Leavenworth Bill wandered again—as restless as penitent.

"Hi there, laddie!"

"Mr. Hickok! Wild Bill!"

"The same—an' lookin' for you, Billy. I'm headin' south with army supplies, and you're a-comin'—but that ain't half. Listen, kid—we'll hit St. Louis in time for the hoss races, and there's lots of jack to be picked outen them tenderfoots. Here's the trick. I've got a sure-fire dark horse. I bin a-trainin' him in secret. Old Mountain's his name, an' he kin outrun a jackass rabbit. You'll ride him in the races—then we'll live in style on the winnin's."

Now every prospect pleased the boy's fancy!

Mr. Hickok turned over his train at

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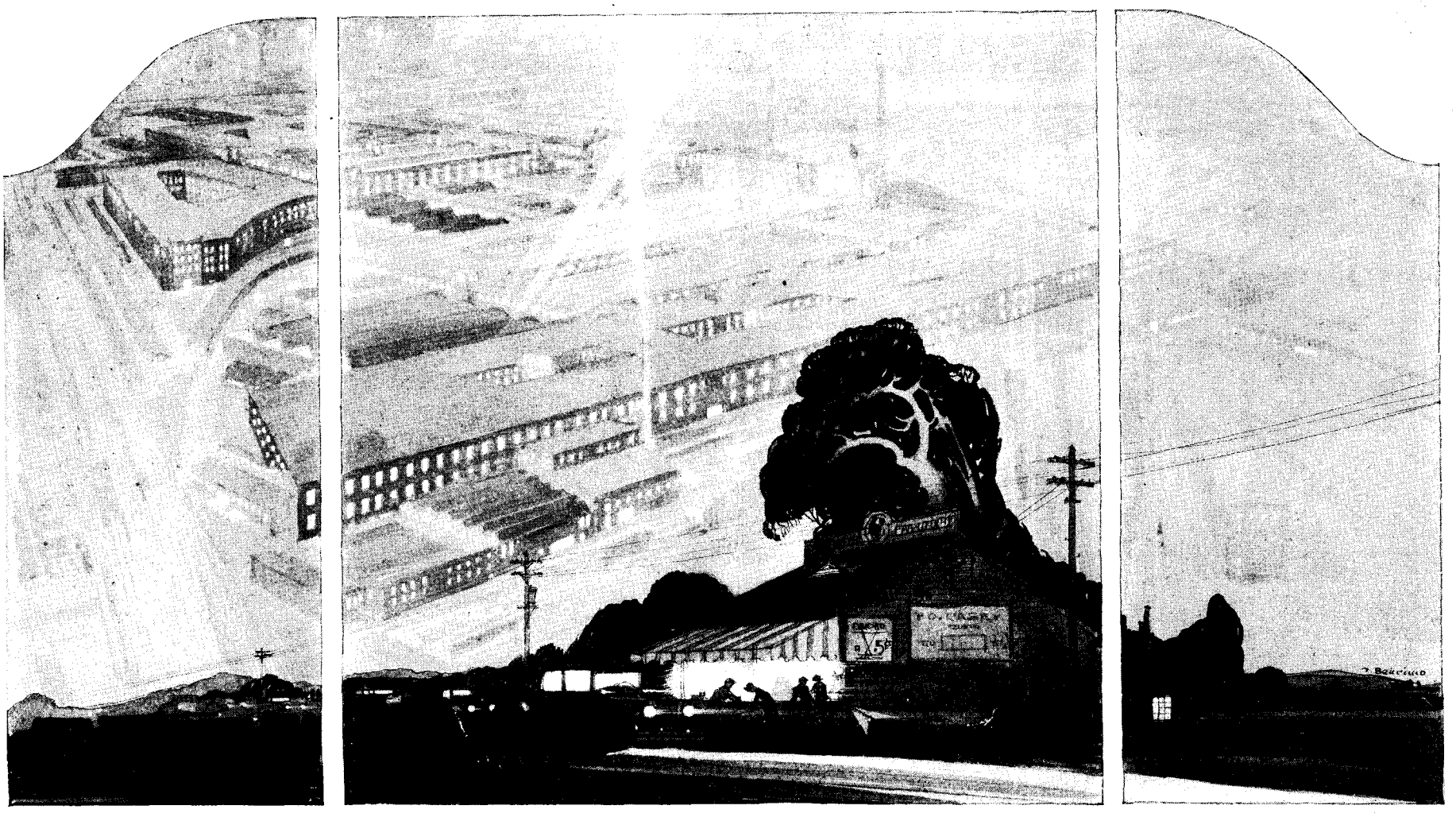

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Rollo, Mo. From there he and Bill hustled to St. Louis with full wages and Old Mountain. Their awe upon entering the biggest city either of them had ever seen was matched only by joyous anticipation of the good fortune that awaited them in it. They happily wagered not only their wages, but their watches, revolvers, trinkets, and even Old Mountain himself.

"*They're off!*"

Bill, pasted to Old Mountain's withers, coaxed forth every spurt of the lightning which Hickok claimed was imprisoned in the horse. The nine other horses in the race convinced Hickok, however, that his faith had been a trifle misplaced. Old Mountain's chief virtue proved to be persistence. He did finish the race—*at* last—and *last*.

A broke and hungry pair of plainsmen walked the streets of the big city all that night. "I'll tell you one thing, kid," Mr. Hickok remarked handsomely. "If Old Mountain was as good a hoss as you is a jockey, we'd be eatin' now."

They turned up at military headquarters in the morning, seeking jobs as scouts. Bill was shooed away—too young. Mr. Hickok, however, was very acceptable, and he immediately showed the thoroughgoing nature of his affection for Bill by borrowing enough money to secure the lad passage and grub on a Missouri River packet back to Leavenworth.

Custer, the most wistful figure that dashed across the country's most romantic page

For two years, while the leanness of boyhood filled out with the brawn of young manhood, Bill knocked around in the saddle—carrying army dispatches, gathering cavalry remounts, guiding, scouting along the old Santa Fe Trail. Late in 1863 came the first sign that he was accepted as a man; he was hired to boss a wagon outfit to Denver. Thus at seventeen he rode proudly in the trail of great bosses he had served—the McCarthy brothers, good old hell-firing Lew Simpson, and the rest of the sulphurous breed.

He reached Denver in apple-pie order. But a bolt struck down the elation of his achievement. There was a letter from home. His mother was dying—and calling for her only boy.

Bill raced back across the prairies in time to fold his mother in his arms as she died on November 22, 1863.

His rock was gone. No longer would a beacon of love light him home from the perils and pains of his boyish wanderings. Lonely, shaken, he drifted.

War and Love

IT WAS February before he could pull himself together. Then he enlisted as a private in the Union cavalry.

His saddle gifts lifted him out of the ranks at once. He was made a mounted spy.

One day, in gray Missouri jeans, Bill ventured deep into enemy country in search of information about the movements of the Confederates under General Price. He rode up to a lone farmhouse, where he was unexpectedly confronted by a Confederate officer.

"You rascal," roared the man, "what are you doing in them Secesh clothes!"

Bill's flesh crawled—his neck could already feel the spy's noose. But suddenly he felt better.

"I might ask you the same, Mr. Hickok!"

And these tested friends, in the fatalistic way of true soldiers of fortune, remarked no more upon their singular meeting, but rode on and scouted together.

Spring of 1865 found Bill on detached service at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. The turning season in the Great Valley seemed vaguely mellow. Hitherto Bill's life had known but one great sentiment—his mother; but one great passion—the saddle. This was a new springtime—and he was nineteen.

Bill's bunkie at the barracks, a young man named MacDonald, was so fetched with the handsome scout who recounted hair-lifting tales of an adventurous youth that he thought his cousin would be equally fetched.

The cousin was the daughter of a St. Louis policeman and lived in the old Frenchtown section. Her name was Louisa Frederici. MacDonald arranged a meeting. And he had so filled his cousin's fair head with descriptions of the dashing scout that she wore herself out primping and fell asleep while awaiting her callers.

Bill, who had faced redskins without quailing but found his knees wobbly at the prospect of scouting a young lady's parlor, peeped in timorously over MacDonald's shoulder. On the sofa, a cloud of crinoline daintiness, dozed the loveliest creature his eyes had ever beheld. Bill stood rooted, entranced.

MacDonald, meantime, whooped in Louisa's ear.

Frightened out of her nap, the girl leaped to her feet and swept a small palm at her cousin's face—he ducked—and she struck Bill Cody squarely on the mouth.

And so they fell in love, and were married—in the spring of 1866.

Bill took his bride to Leavenworth in such style that they faced their married life dead broke. Worse, Bill was not halter-wise. His boy's will had been the wind's will. For eight years the only discipline he had known had been the presence of danger. But he manfully squared his shoulders to the chafing new order of things.

The intermission was over. The grand second act in the history of the West had begun. The building of the first transcontinental railroad was in progress. The pony express had pounded out its short tenure, while the longer course of the stagecoach and the covered wagon creaked toward an end.

On borrowed capital Bill rumbled out for himself as a small-scale freighter. Hardly abroad on the prairies, he was jumped by Indians. He watched from a safe covert while his business venture went up in smoke—and was not overgrateful that he had escaped with his life.

Broken-hearted, he fought his way farther west—to Junction City, Kan. And there on the street:

"Bill, you rascal!"

"Mr. Hickok!"

"A perky pair of bad pennies we is, eh, kid? Allus turnin' up! But say, young 'un, that sour mug ain't like Bill Cody. What's ailin' you?"

Bill somberly related his struggle to make bread meet romance.

"Serves you right," growled Mr. Hickok. "A strappin' galoot like you aimin' yer nose at ordinary grindstones when there's redskins to be scalped and scoutin' to be done. Come on out to Fort Ellsworth with me. I'm scoutin' from there. The government is a-hankerin' for 'uns who know the layout hereabouts liken you do—"

Hickok was right. The army officers at Fort Ellsworth—on the Smoky Hill River, 35 miles west of Saline, and later renamed Fort Harker—eagerly hired Bill as a scout. And Bill's heart grew light as of old when he swung leather beneath him again.

At Fort Hayes one day his commander summoned him:

"Bill, there's a small detachment just arrived, on the way to Larned. That's sixty-five miles over tricky lands, and the hostiles are active. I reckon you're the man to guide 'em."

Bill reported to the officer of the party he was to guide. He saw a leader who might have stepped from a story book, so tall and broad and handsome he was, with a shock of long yellow curls and a grace in the saddle hardly exceeded by Bill's.

It was George Armstrong Custer—the most wistful figure that dashed across the country's most romantic page.

Bill was mounted on a mouse-colored mule. Custer eyed it askance.

"I say, Cody, I want to travel fast."

"My mule will get there as soon as that fine thoroughbred of yours will, General!"

"*History of the American People*," by Woodrow Wilson (Harper and Brothers)

Earliest picture of the buffalo: Gómara's "crook-backed ox" (1553)

Custer Learns from Bill

CUSTER scoffed. But there came a stretch of sand hills. Bill put the persuaders to Long Ears. When Fort Larned was gained only Custer and half his men were within hail of the grinning guide. The rest lagged over the horizon.

Bill's knack in thus suiting the steed to the service was uncanny. But mules, durability aside, could not stand first with a dyed-in-the-mane lover of fast four-leggers. Bill ever had an eye alert for a first-class horse.

One day a Ute Indian rode into the post on an odd-looking animal, dismounted, dropped the reins over the horse's nose to the ground—and waited, saying nothing. This was the plains' invitation to bargain.

"Boys," laughed one of the idling scouts, "look at that poky plug!"

"Poky, nothing! That's a mount for any man or my name's not Bill Cody."

Rome was Built in Thirty Days

TO THE great amusement of his mates, Bill got the horse. He named it Brigham, after the patron saint of Utah, whence the Ute came. Brigham was destined to mean more to him than Bill dreamed; more than vindication of his judgment. Brigham was to become part of his fame.

Bill set about training Brigham. He found that the horse was a born buffalo hunter, while the dust cloud never blew that could keep up with his heels.

There was a baby now, back home in Leavenworth. Brigham—out of the friendly races that were the joy of leisure hours in Western army posts—earned shoes, and more, for that baby.

Much as he enjoyed his return to active scouting, Bill kept sight of his domestic responsibilities. Therefore, when he met William Rose, one of the West's first men of vision, he listened. Listening, he believed. Rose's dream was of a boom town on Big Creek, near Fort Hayes, where the railroad was to cross. The real-estate firm of Rose & Cody was formed.

Bill Cody built as he rode—at a gallop. The young promoters called their town Rome, and it was built in thirty days—several stores, a saloon, a hotel and two hundred frame and log houses.

When Bill wrote that they were worth a quarter of a million already, Louisa took the baby post haste to the new capital of Cody hopes. She found Bill's estimate a paper profit only and a trifle premature.

Louisa was of the soft city breed. The crudeness of plains life terrified her. She wanted to be a lady of quality. She wanted, above all things, to own a horse and carriage.

"You'll have it!" vowed Bill.

Rome boomed. Bill was on the point of ordering a fine carriage from the East. Then, one day, a stranger walked into the office of Rose & Cody.

"You've a flourishing little town, gentlemen. Wouldn't you like a partner?"

"No, thankee! We've got too good a thing to whack up with anybody."

"Well, my business is to locate town sites for the railroad company—"

"Then we've saved you trouble and the company expense. We've got the only suitable site in this immediate locality. And we've got the town well started."

"So far so good," smiled the stranger. "But the company expects to make money selling building lots. If you're not disposed to let us in, I'm afraid we shall have to start another town near here."

The next day word was rife in Rome that the railroad was going to build its shops in Hays City—the name selected for a new town being staked out that very hour a mile away. Word was also current that the company would gladly pay the moving expenses of any Roman who regretted his haste in becoming one.

Built in thirty days—deserted in three.

With the decline of Rome fell Louisa's chance for a horse and buggy. She and baby Arta were bundled off to St. Louis.

Bill and Rose (*Continued on page 44*)

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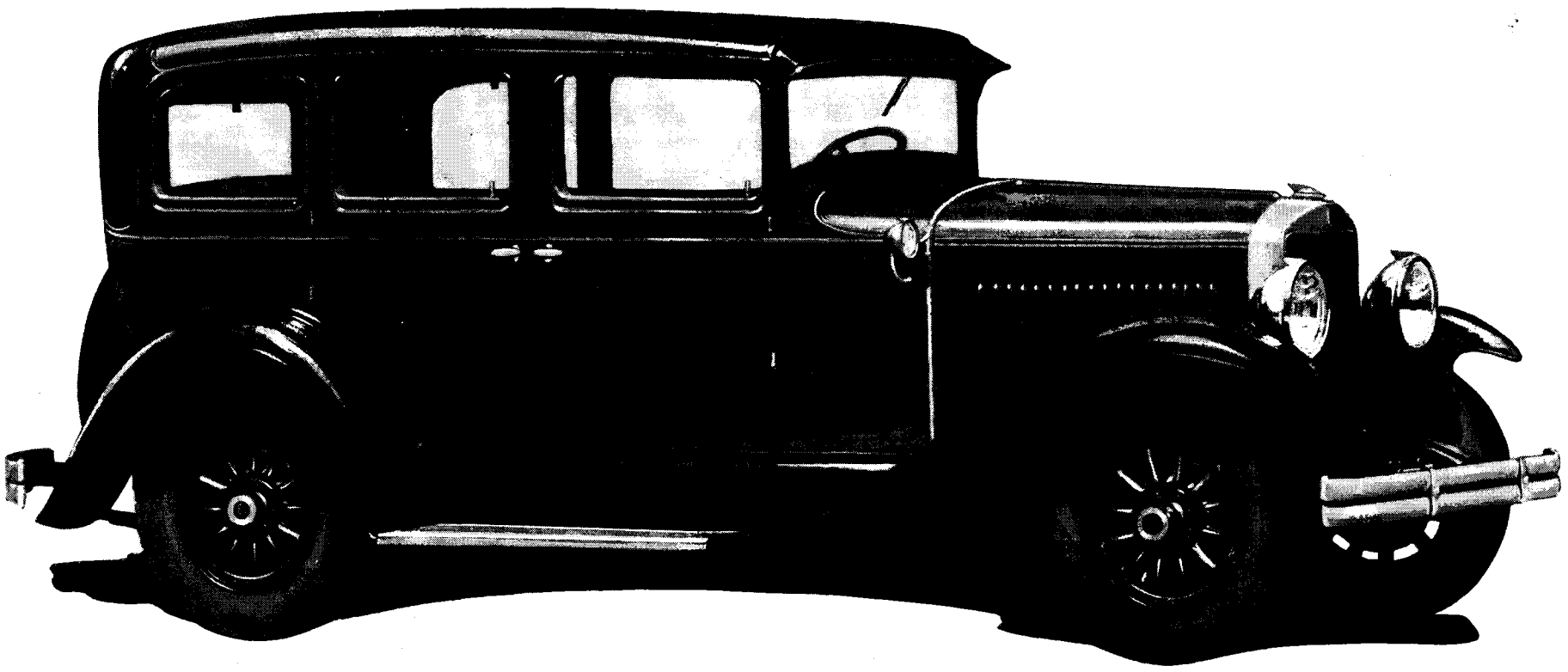

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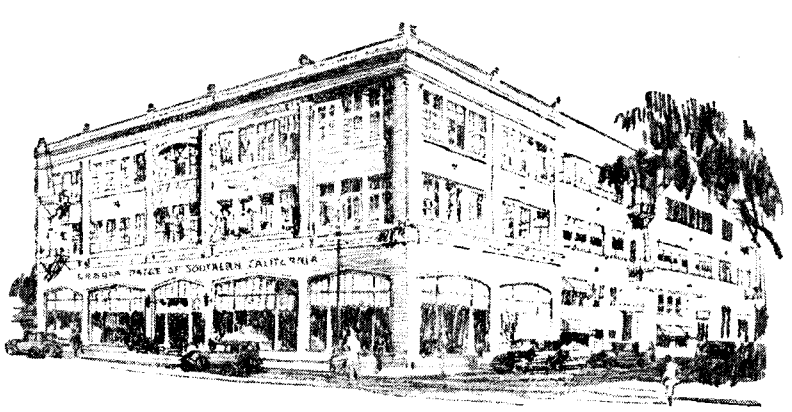

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Money can't Buy it

Keene Fitzpatrick has been a famous trainer for thirty-eight years. Here's what he has to tell you about keeping fit

By GRANTLAND RICE

The man behind the Tiger. Princeton's center gets a few snapping points

International

"I REMEMBER a hot July day," said Keene Fitzpatrick, "when two famous big-league pitchers were working in a close game that went into extra innings. They looked to be unhittable that afternoon. But one of them was taking a big drink of water each time he came in. He faded out of the picture as the other went on to win. Nothing will tire you more quickly than drinking during a contest. Try it some time on a hot day when you are playing golf.

"I am a great believer in drinking a lot of water—but not while you're playing a game—football, baseball, tennis, golf or anything else. It not only tires you quickly, but it won't help your timing or your form. Wait until the battle's over."

Keene Fitzpatrick should need no introduction. He followed Mike Murphy at Yale as trainer and conditioner of Blue teams, and from there went to Michigan, where he put in twelve years. From Michigan he went to Princeton, where he has been a powerful factor in Tiger athletic success ever since.

He is a wise counselor in the matter of strategy and tactics. And he is one of the best physical conditioners any game has ever known. If anyone knows anything about good health and physical fitness, Keene Fitzpatrick does.

He must have taken his own medicine and his own advice, for he hasn't missed a day's work at football, track and field and the rest of it for thirty-eight years. Thirty-eight years keeping others fit, and not a day off for indigestion, lumbago, headache, gout, flu or anything else!

A few veterans may match this record—not enough to make up a football team.

"Not many of us," he continued, "drink enough water. Three or four glasses in the morning after arising will do a lot of good. In spite of the old belief, there is no harm in drinking water during meals or at any other time—except while playing some game or while taking exercise."

"Games and other forms of exercise," I remarked, "are usually beneficial. But they must have their weak side. What is it?"

"One of the worst things," the veteran conditioner said, "is overexercise. It is a big mistake to play any game hard enough to reach exhaustion and staleness. And this is a tendency we have in this sometimes too strenuous country.

"Many youngsters now in preparatory schools and thousands of others who have reached or passed middle age overexercise. Young athletes do it. Business men of fifty or sixty—men who think they can get away with thirty-six holes of golf on Saturday and Sunday—do it. Entirely too many of us do it. Exhaustion, or the border line of exhaustion, is bad for the heart, bad for the nerves, and bad for the entire physical system.

"This is one reason," he continued, why so many ex-college stars die years before they should. They remember their football or crew or track-and-field days and think they can keep at top speed forever.

"One day I was watching one of the greatest athletes I ever knew playing squash until completely exhausted. He had been out of college about twelve years. I warned him he was making a big mistake. But he only laughed. In less than a year he dropped dead shortly after finishing just such a game. And I think he was as fine a physical specimen as I have ever seen.

Diet is All-important

"QUIT before you're stale. Many bad mechanical habits come from that. When you get tired your timing gets off and you begin to scramble up fundamentals. A worn-out football player loses rhythm. A worn-out golfer begins lunging at the ball. You unconsciously get your body in ahead of time, and the fault may grow into a habit.

"A stale athlete is of no use to his team—or to himself. Brain and muscle no longer work together. Tired nerves won't take the messages."

"What do you consider the hardest competitive test?" I asked.

"Rowing," Fitzpatrick replied. "Especially a four-mile race. A tired football player can slow down a minute or two or take out time. A long-distance runner can also slow down if he is becoming exhausted. But in a four-mile race the weaker members of the crew must row up to the stronger. They must row the same stroke. They cannot let down without letting down the others. Even when completely exhausted they must keep going."

"What do you think of Tunney's plan of eating two meals a day?"

"It's right—if he doesn't eat too much in those two meals—and I'm pretty sure he doesn't. But most of those I know who eat only two meals get away with more food than I do in three.

"There are just three things to remember for health and condition: the right food, the right amount, and the right time. There should be the right mixture of vegetables and meat, and of all vegetables there is none that beats spinach for good results.

"I let the football team have coffee once a week only—on Sunday. It is better to drink coffee in the morning than at night. Eggs in the morning are better for you scrambled or boiled than fried.

"Here's another important point: be sure you eat far enough in advance of a competition, and then wait some time after the competition is over before you eat again. For example: I want my football players to finish their lunch (a fairly light one) at least two hours before the game. And after the game I want them to wait fully as long before they eat again—long enough to give their nerves a chance to settle down and become relaxed.

"The great mistake many middle-aged golfers make is playing eighteen holes, gulping down a quick lunch and then starting out again. No wonder a number of them drop dead every year.

"The golfer who finishes a round should relax and take a rest before eating his lunch. After lunch it is important to wait from forty minutes to an hour before starting out again. And between rounds at golf, or between tennis matches, a light lunch should make up the menu."

Keene Fitzpatrick is a very modest man. "Please don't believe," he said, "that I think I know it all."

Well, he has known enough to keep himself fit and ready through thirty-eight years while keeping thousands of college men at Yale, Michigan and Princeton at top form.

"I wish every youngster," he said, "could know what it means to cut out alcohol and smoking, to keep in training, but not to overdo it. It means something more than a better chance to excel in sports and win athletic glory. It means also the foundation of sounder health and fitness for competition later on, whether it be at some game or in some business.

"But the young athlete must be careful not to overtax himself before he has built up his stamina. This applies especially to football, rowing and track-and-field work."

"What are the best methods of taking off weight when one is too fat?" I asked.

"I had one football player," Keene said, "who reported at 250 and said he couldn't take off another pound. I saw that he had plenty of work, and I made him cut out milk with cream in it, potatoes and bread. Within a month he was down to 225, in fine condition.

"If weight is needed milk, potatoes and bread are worth trying. And don't forget spinach and other greens.

The Vital Maxim: "Be Temperate"

"I'LL tell you a great thing," he added, "in the way of a tonic when you are tired or run down. After finishing your bath, when you are still wet, take a double handful of table salt and rub the arms, legs and body. Rub it in thoroughly. I know how it works on our football team. Ask Bill Roper. It makes you feel like jumping over chairs. If you are tired at night and have to go out for dinner, try it."

"Have you any compact suggestions," I asked, "for keeping fit?"

"The best I have," was the answer, "is this: be temperate. It is almost as bad to overeat as it is to overdrink. Overexercise and overwork affect both the mental and physical systems.

"One of the smartest things Gene Tunney does is to eliminate worry as much as possible from his life. Worry is one of the greatest wreckers."

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The Woman Hunters

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Into her voice came a sob: "I hardly knew what I was doing"

Illustrated by R. V. CULTER

The Story Thus Far:

ALLEN GORHAM returns to New York in the midst of a concerted move against him by a rotter named Runyon, and his backer, Calhoun.

Allen is supposed to be in love with Vonny Candace, and Runyon, out after her and her money, wants Gorham out of the way. Allen thinks he himself is still in love with Anita Gorham, who turned him down to marry his cousin, Fred.

As time goes on he realizes, however, that his love for Anita is dead and that he really loves Vonny.

Mack Morgan, a detective friend of Allen's, sticks close to Allen during all the trouble and saves Allen's life.

It turns out that Anita is Calhoun's mistress. Calhoun comes to Allen to tell him to keep off, and Allen, still loyal, threatens to kill him. Calhoun bargains for his life with Vonny's, saying that Vonny has eloped with Runyon. He tells Allen where they are.

As Allen starts out Calhoun turns on him but Allen is too quick. He and his servant, an ex-convict, tie Calhoun up.

Allen and Mack go after the runaway couple. Mack knocks Runyon out and returns to Allen's apartment while Allen takes Vonny home.

Allen then discovers that Vonny loves him but is convinced that he loves Anita, and refuses to marry him.

Vonny's father offers Allen a job, admitting that he has known all along that Allen earns his living at cards.

I STARED at him. "You knew that?" I asked incredulously.

He nodded carelessly. "Sure. And that your cousin, Fred, had accused you of being crooked and your best girl had ditched you and married your cousin. Two days after I met you at Deauville I cabled New York, and forty-eight hours after that I knew more about you than you knew about yourself."

"And you're willing to let Vonny marry a professional gambler?"

This was a man whose manners I censured, whose crudities I rather patronizingly forgave. Certainly his tolerance, his broad understanding, shamed and humiliated me.

"Certainly not," he promptly replied. "The man that marries Vonny has got to work. He may have been anything in the world before he married her, but from the time he's her husband he's got to produce. But we understand each other, son, and we'll fix up everything in due time."

I shook his hand. "When do you want me to go to work?" I asked.

He smiled mischievously.

"Doesn't seem to me I've heard Vonny say she'll marry you," he said.

"I want the job just the same, if you'll give it to me," I told him.

"Son, you get it. Just as soon as we've cleaned up these little matters about Calhoun, you can go to work. And I always find that *now* is a better time to do something than *then*. Let's go over and have a little talk with Mr. Calhoun right now."

I shook my head at this. "We don't know what we'll find at my apartment. Calhoun would have shot me tonight if I hadn't been too quick for him. Friends of his may be in my rooms now, waiting for me. My butler may have lost his nerve. I simply won't have you stepping into it."

"Son, why did you buck Runyon? And why did you slip past Runyon and tackle Jim Calhoun?"

"Because I wasn't going to let anyone interfere with my affairs," I replied.

"Wasn't it because you weren't going to let Vonny make the mistake of marrying Runyon?" he asked. "Listen, son, you went to bat for my girl. What makes you think I won't go to bat for you?"

I looked him over speculatively. For all his kindliness, I suspected that a rough-and-tumble scrap held almost as many attractions for him as it did for Mack Morgan.

I REALIZED that unless I produced weighty arguments, he would insist on going home with me.

"You can't afford to be mixed up in this. Your ambitions would be wrecked if you engaged in any public encounter with Calhoun. Vonny would be hurt by the notoriety."

"Son, you've told me a whole lot, but haven't you left out a lot? There's only one thing in the world that will provoke a man like Jim Calhoun out of his calm. That's the same thing that provokes every kind of man—a woman. Now, I'm taking your word for it, without doubt or quibble, that your relations with Mrs. Gorham were perfectly aboveboard. But did Calhoun think so? Calhoun didn't want to kill you because you were interfering between Runyon and Vonny. But he might have wanted to kill you because he thought you were interfering between Mrs. Gorham and himself. How about it?"

"I couldn't tell you," I replied.

"You mean you won't tell me. But what with her being in your rooms tonight and him pulling a gun on you—"

"The two incidents bear no relation to each other," I said.

"And when a gentleman lies the best thing to do is grant him honorable reason for his lie and drop the subject," said Candace. "Well, this is a lie I don't blame you for telling. If my Vonny can fall in love with you, then I guess some other woman can also."

Somehow I knew that Sam Candace would never mention Anita to me again; I knew, at least, that he would never intimate that there had been an affair between us. And when I reflected on his broad-minded tolerance, the occasional snobbery with which I regarded him took on the dimensions of viciousness on my part.

I shook his hand again and prepared to leave him. He insisted on accompanying me, but now I made my protests stronger. I pointed out to him that if we ever got as far as the night court we would inevitably have to go farther. There was a strong probability that Vonny's abortive elopement with Kenneth Runyon would appear in the newspapers. It was this final argument that prevailed. I left him with the promise that I would get in touch with him in the morning and with his assurance that Vonny would forgive me ringing in my ears.

My taxi man was asleep when I reached the sidewalk, but I awoke him and told him to drive me to the Plaza. I alighted there, preferring to make the rest of the journey on foot. But, though I kept an eye out for Mack Morgan, I did not encounter him.

There had been no signs of Calhoun's henchmen when Morgan and I had left my apartment, and I was but little surprised to find him seated calmly in my living-room smoking a cigar. Opposite him upon a sofa, his hands tied but the gag removed from his mouth, sprawled Calhoun.

"Everything jake?" inquired Morgan.

"A pleasant (*Continued on page 49*)

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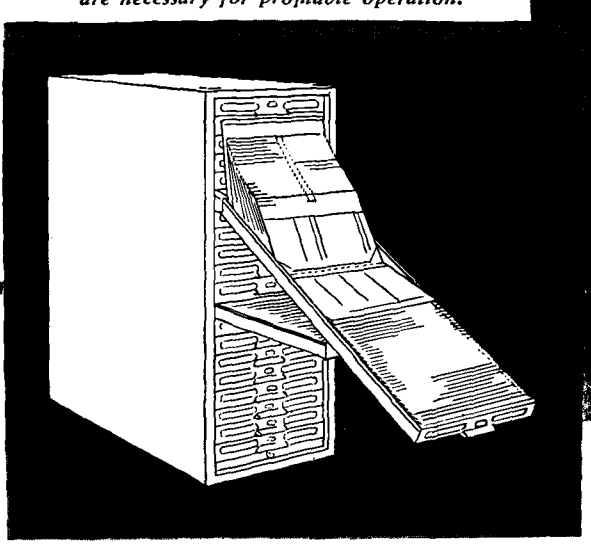

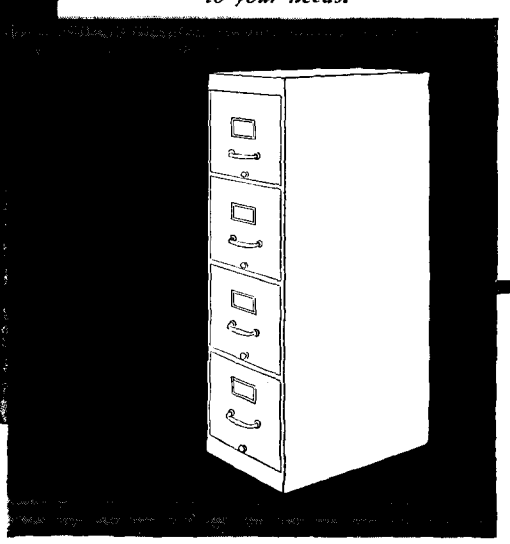

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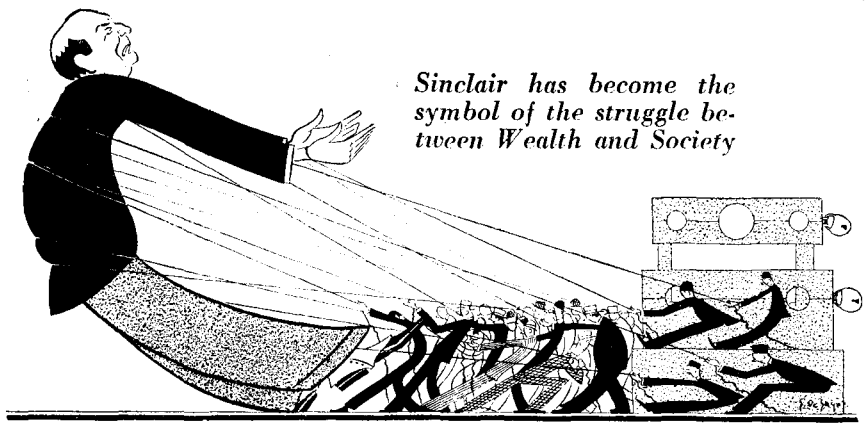

Sinclair has become the symbol of the struggle between Wealth and Society

The People's Choice

By
THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

LET us have a look at this man Sinclair, from whom Will H. Hays unwisely chose to collect $160,000 of campaign funds in 1923. He is headed for jail by three routes. He has been found guilty and sentenced by a trial court for contempt of the United States Senate. He has been found guilty and sentenced for contempt of court by a trial court for maintaining improper espionage of a jury.

If there is no further delay, he will be tried, before this article is printed, for the crime of conspiring to defraud the government of valuable oil reserves. The highest court in the land has condemned as fraudulent, in language extraordinarily severe for the bench, his lease of those oil reserves.

He fights with all the force of many million dollars to keep himself out of jail. One of his lawyers alone will receive half a million dollars for defending him. For four years now the government has striven to punish him, the net drawing ever closer and closer about him. All the other chief participants in the oil frauds seem likely to go unwhipped by justice. Doheny and Fall have been acquitted in one trial.

Fall is an old and broken man. Nobody greatly cares whether he accompanies Sinclair to jail or not. He was a weak man who was tempted by a relatively petty bribe. His conviction would be no such evidence of the power of society to protect itself from marauders as would that of Sinclair.

By the process of elimination Sinclair remains practically the only person on whom the country can effectively vent its moral indignation. If he can defeat justice, then we might as well say that the governmental system has broken down. He is a symbol, then, of the power of law or of the failure of law.

In great scandals involving a long struggle with persons of power and wealth, some one accused man is picked out whose punishment is necessary to restore the community's self-respect.

Guilty Goat—Innocent Grandpa

PUBLIC attention is lax and tires easily of a technical process like the *administration of justice. It cannot* maintain an equal interest in the exact distribution of penalties to all the guilty.

It must concentrate upon some one person who—perhaps by a process of elimination, perhaps for psychological reasons springing from the personality of the accused—is elected as the most abominated of the defendants. Sinclair is thus elected.

Two things have contributed to this election. One is the sense that he affords the last chance for the government to vindicate itself as an effective instrument. Another is the peculiarly defiant attitude of Sinclair himself.

He personifies the challenge to society as no other participants in the oil frauds did. This is his misfortune: if some other defendant had been picked upon as peculiarly contemptuous of law, then he and not Sinclair would have become the symbol of the struggle between Wealth and Society.

But the election of Sinclair was always inevitable. In the first place, he is the one relatively young man among the defendants, in the full vigor of his manhood. Doheny and Fall are old men, near, in any event, to whatever their final reward may be. Their capacity for further damage on this earth is slight. Moreover, there is a certain sympathetic quality about the personality of Doheny which is lacking in the case of Sinclair. He is either a consummate actor or a kindly old Irish grandfather who did wrong without half knowing it. At any rate, he won his acquittal on the one charge on which he has been tried as a witness in his own defense.

He was to a dull jury at least a sympathetic figure.

The Old Oil Will Smell Strongly

THERE is nothing sympathetic about Sinclair. His burly figure signifies force to the eyes of everyone who sees him in the courtroom, the ability to batter down the self-protective system of society. And force, the power of wealth, is the gravamen of the indictment against him. His egotism projects him into the center of the courtroom picture. He conducts his own case.

The last impression he conveys to the eyes of an onlooker is penitence. Here is the ruthless will that nothing has been able to resist and which is still unbroken.

And egotism gets you far in this world, whether on the road to power and wealth or on the road to jail. In a word he is a challenge. He personifies the fight which society must make if it is to preserve itself.

His espionage of the jury which first tried him was characteristic. Doheny appealed to the hearts of his censors. Sinclair makes no appeal. He knows a trick worth a dozen of that. Take it even at his own explanation, that he merely wanted to keep an eye on the jury, and his proceeding was the boldest and most contemptuous defiance of the decencies of a public trail that ever shocked the country. He was a man too big to be content with such safeguards as the law throws around ordinary defendants. He must have his own army of hirelings, his own counterpolice defending him. That tightened the will of the country against him.

And it is precisely from this man, this antisocial symbol, that Will H. Hays chose to take money for his party. The issue is thus strangely simplified. It has none of the complications of the oil issue in the campaign of 1924.

The Sooper Speaking

Continued from page 16

like him. I don't know why: he's very nice and polite, but there's something about him. . . ."

I didn't give her any biographical details. I thought it best to let Mr. Frank Dewsbury do his own excusing.

"You see, Superintendent, what worries me so much is that just now Frank is awfully pinched for money. And, knowing how desperate things are with him, I don't like to feel he's keeping bad company. He missed two engagements with me last week to dine with Mr. Mosker."

I soothed her down, but I was a bit puzzled. Frank Dewsbury was not the kind of fellow that'd get so desperate that he'd take a corner with a man like Mosker.

On the morning of June 18th—that was a few days after I'd spoken with the young lady—Frank Dewsbury asked me if I could see him. I told him to come down to the station, because I was pretty busy, and he arrived in a car packed full of baggage.

HE HAD a little country bungalow within a couple of miles of the sea, and he was going there to write the opening chapters of a book on crime, and he wanted a few facts about the organization of Scotland Yard. About five o'clock that afternoon we got a trunk call through from his cottage asking me how London was cut up for police purposes.

I didn't know, because old man Larmer didn't notify us, that at half past three that afternoon a M. Lacoste arrived from Paris with twenty-four million francs. They were in twelve packages, each containing two thousand mille notes, and M. Lacoste was accompanied by a couple of armed guards. He drove from Victoria to the old man's house, where Elijah and his lawyer were waiting to complete a big land deal. They had a glass of grocery wine together, the old man put the money in his new strongroom and the Frenchman and the lawyer drove away together.

Nobody had seen Jim Mosker or his pal, but nothing is more certain than that they were on the spot and that the party had been watched all the way from Paris to Mr. Larmer's place.

Elijah had a garage of his own, but he had dismissed his chauffeur and sent his car to a local garage proprietor. At half past nine that night a big limousine was driven into Elijah's garage, and the policeman who was standing near thought no more than that it was the old man's car.

A quarter of an hour later a tall policeman called at the front door.

"I've come from the superintendent. He says he hears you've got a lot of money in the house: would you like me inside, sir, or outside?"

Larmer didn't like me, but I guess he was pretty well relieved to see this tall policeman—did I tell you that Dowsy Lightfoot stood six feet two inches in his socks?

"I'm not going to pay any police charges," he said, that being the first thought that occurred to him, but the policeman said there was nothing to pay and that it was a part of police duty, so Larmer let him stay in the kitchen.

Soon after there came a phone call from M. Lacoste. It was very important: could Larmer come at once as the deal might have to be canceled? This touched him on his tender spot. Having the policeman in the house made all the difference, and he went out, first placing the policeman in the little passage that led to the strongroom. Naturally enough, when he got to the Ritz-Carlton he was met by a very nice young man who said that Lacoste had gone out to see the governor of the Bank of England, and he sat the old boy down in the lounge and told him the story of his life.

I heard about the robbery at midnight. At three o'clock in the morning we found Mosker; he was lying on one side of the Chislehurst Road among the grass, and Dowsy was lying on the other. They were both handcuffed, and Dowsy was fit for hospital because, as he told me later, he'd had a beating up that he'd remember all the days of his life.

"No, I haven't got the stuff," said Mosker, when I interviewed him at the local police station. "I've been doubled, Sooper."

He then told me what had happened. The car they used for the job was a fast old limousine, one of the kind that has a luggage space on top and a tarpaulin to keep the baggage dry. They had faked the car so as to look as though it were going on a week-end trip, with cardboard boxes under the waterproof. Jim Mosker was the driver; he went straight into the garage, locked the door, and waited till Dowsy was planted in the house. Once they got rid of old man Larmer, the rest was easy. They cut into the strongroom with the kit that Mosker had brought in the car, got the money, threw it into the limousine, and were out of the house long before the young man who was entertaining Mr. Larmer had got to the place where he was vaccinated.

"We went straight for the coast. I'd arranged for a tug to take us across to Dunkirk," said Jim, "and it looked easy once we shook London astern. We'd got to a lonely sort of common; I don't know the place—Chislehurst, was it?—when I saw a leg come over the side of the car, and I realized that we'd been carrying a passenger on top under the tarpaulin. He must have got into the garage while we were operating.

"Before I could open my mouth he was standing on the running board, and he pushed a gun under my armpit.

"'Stop,' he said. I couldn't see his face, but I could feel the pistol, and thought it best to stop, so I did. The light from the front lamp reflected back from the bushes, and the only thing I could see was that he had a half mask over the top of his face and a black mustache. Until then I thought he was just ordinary police. 'Step down and step lively,' he said, so I did. But Dowsy, who has never yet realized the inevitable, took a running kick at him. I don't know what he did to Dowsy—my poor pal just disappeared, and I didn't see him again till this feller hauled him out of the ditch and put the irons on him. By this time he'd got 'em on me, and Dowsy and I had to sit and watch our good earnings being dumped in a bag. Not that Dowsy saw much—he just laid there and groaned. I don't know what this feller hit him with, but I think it had iron in it. That's all I can tell you, Sooper. I wouldn't have told you so much if you hadn't found our tools in the car."

"You don't know who the man was who robbed you?" I asked.

Mosker shook his head.

"No. It's a bit hard, Sooper. And after the trouble we took to find out all that young Dewsbury knew!"

IT STRUCK me at the time that young Dewsbury might have been doing a little inquiry work himself.

I made a trip to where the car was found, and, examining the road about a hundred yards farther along, I saw wheel marks: the diamond-pattern tire of a light car. But there was no trace of the third man, and that afternoon I drove on to see young Dewsbury. I thought, being an expert on crime, he might give me a theory, besides which I wanted to have a look at the tires of his car.

I found him working away very cheerfully, though he didn't seem to have written much. I think he'd been changing his tires all morning. . . .

I make no accusations against any man. I harbor no unkind thoughts. All I know is that when Mr. Frank Dewsbury was married he went away in his own Rolls. And he's gone back to stockbroking. I think he's found out how to deal with money. And how to get it.

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Eddie Williams
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Siwanoy Country Club, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Willie Klein
La Gorce Golf Club, Miami Beach, Fla.

George McLean
Grassy Sprain Golf Club, Yonkers, N. Y.

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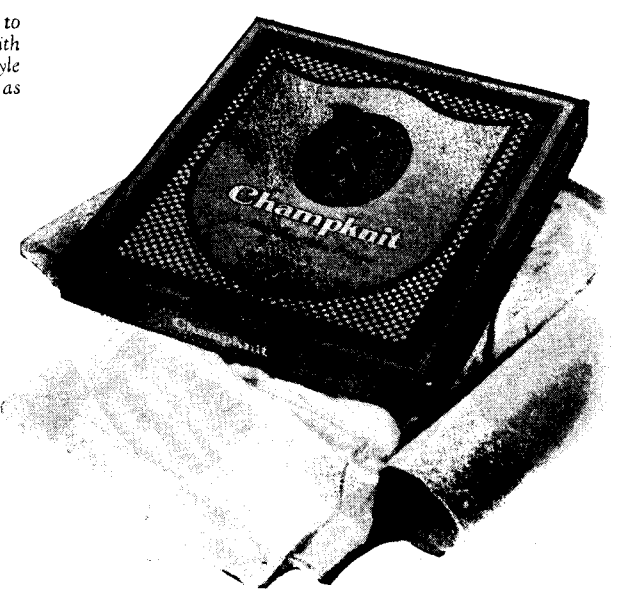

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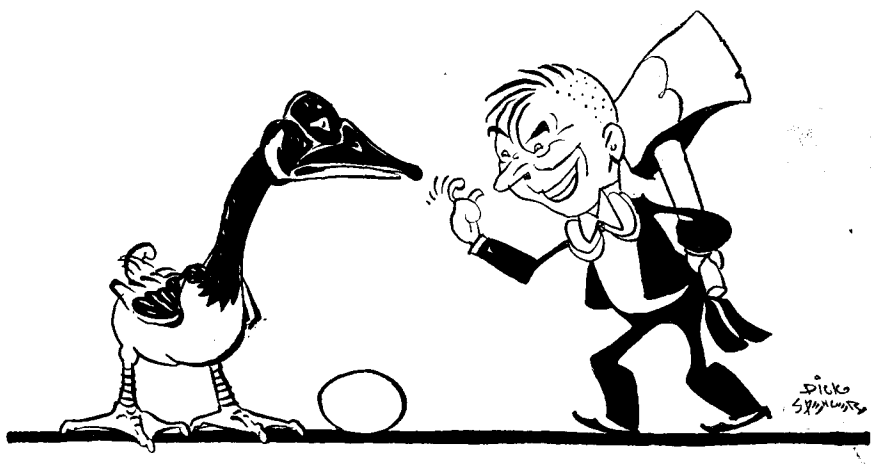
BY JACK BINNS



Killing the Goose

THE job which the Federal Radio Commission has not been able to accomplish may be done by the musicians' unions if the experiment they have undertaken in Chicago spreads to other sections. The union in that city has issued orders that remote control privileges will be denied any station which does not maintain its own regularly employed studio orchestra.

The joker in this order appears in the balance sheet of the unfortunate station that gets the "privileges" in the form of an item of fifty thousand dollars per annum for additional salaries. If enforced nationally it will mean that more than three hundred stations will have to quit for lack of "angels" and many musicians will be seeking jobs for lack of "mikes." Then we'll all be happy.

Striking Keys to Fame

ALEXANDER SEMMLER, one of the pianists who is doing much to make the wave settings of the Columbia Chain stations popular places on the dials of radio sets, came here from Germany four years ago. In discussing his ambitions he says: "I came to America seeking adventure and fame. I have had plenty of adventures and maybe some day fame will come along too."

Well, Alex, this may help you along the road of your choice if you still think the "empty hall" is a desirable destination.

What's Your Wave Length?

ARE human beings vast storehouses of electrical energy? Are their nerves the telegraph wires that carry messages from various parts of their bodies to their brains? Is there some mysterious antenna in our system that occasionally radiates electro-magnetic waves and causes others in a receptive condition to divine events and occurrences they cannot see?

These are intriguing questions which most of us have speculated upon at one time or another. Whatever the answer may be, it is interesting to consider that Dr. A. V. Hill of Cornell is reported to have produced an instrument so delicate that it will respond to changes of electrical current in the order of two trillionths of an ampere, or one ten-millionth of a degree in the centigrade scale of temperature. With this remarkable device he has found that nerve impulses are similar in character to electric current transmissions.

A Job for a Fashion Artist

WHAT is the proper attire for the goddess of the moon? It is impossible for us to say whether the vivid dress that Paula Hemminghaus wore recently when she appeared to take her part as "Maid of the Moon" for the Blue Network was in the proper lunar style. It had a startling effect upon Stefano de Stefano, harpist of the trio that accompanies Paula in the unusual Moon Magic program.

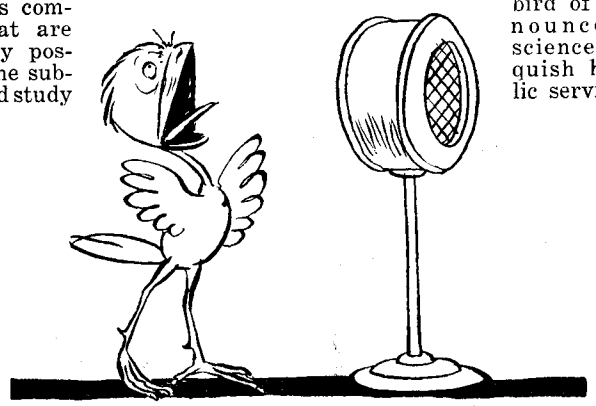
"It's too sunny," he declared, "I can't look at it and keep in the right mood for moon music. I like the gown and suggest that we put on a program in keeping with it."

Whereupon Paula agreed to a compromise whereby she stood before the microphone and Stefano sat back to it, with his eyes on the score and his mind on the dreamy music.

It won't be long now

OVER in a dormitory in Columbia University there is a little finch-like bird, answering the scientific appellation of Serinus Leucopygius, whose trilling throat can juggle seventeen consonants and seven vowels into each of the various combinations that are mathematically possible. He is the subject of care and study for Professor William Morrison Patterson. In addition Serinus is quite a composer and can sing his own songs ranging over several octaves.

With such linguistic and musical accomplishments Serinus would make a bird of a radio announcer. Maybe science will relinquish him to public service.



Pay First—Then Blame

Continued from page 9

on our highways, so estimates show, are wage earners.

About 53 per cent of those injured are wage earners.

Half of those killed or injured, roughly speaking, are likely to have persons dependent upon them for a living, for education and for the comforts and decencies of life.

Within the next ten years, at the present rate of accidents, a quarter of a million people will be killed by our highway transportation machinery. SIX MILLION WILL BE SHUT OFF, BY ACCIDENT, FROM EARNING THEIR LIVING, SOME FOR A FEW WEEKS, SOME FOR LIFE.

"But what about insurance?" you suggest. "Can't insurance companies pay for accidents? Can't drivers carry liability insurance?"

Not 25 per cent of car owners carry such insurance. And, what's more, as records of the courts show, insurance of the liability sort frequently means the same sort of court trial, with the fixing of blame, the delays and uncertainties, that are necessary when you sue an uninsured driver.

No Money in Their Pockets

IT ISN'T liability insurance, carried by every automobile driver, that will settle the problem. Let me explain by going back to factory accidents in the old days. Efforts were made to force all employers to carry employers' liability insurance. This didn't help injured employees. It didn't put money in their pockets at a time when, because of injury, they had ceased earning. It merely forced an injured man either to settle at a few cents on the dollar with the insurance company—which, naturally, always tried to make the payment as little as possible—or go to court.

There's a difference, therefore, between LIABILITY insurance and COMPENSATION insurance.

A. In liability insurance the blame for the accident must be fixed before payment is settled upon. You must prove the other fellow a veritable careless villain and yourself spotlessly blameless before you can collect a cent.

B. In compensation insurance NO BLAME IS FIXED in financially aiding the injured. You are not forced to prove the villainy of anyone. YOU'RE HURT, AND YOU NEED MONEY TO CARRY ON YOUR HOME. That's the No. 1 principle in compensation insurance.

Put down old Massachusetts as the pioneer in compulsory motor-vehicle insurance. It passed the first law in the Union to get common sense into motor-accident cases. Here's what happens in Boston, for instance, when you go to get your annual motor-car license:

(1) You must take out an insurance policy or give a bond or deposit $5,000 in cash or securities.

(2) You are given a certificate showing that you have thus prepared yourself to pay damages to others for injuries or death in the sum of at least $5,000.

(3) Presenting this certificate to the office that issues licenses, you are given a license, subject to usual provisions.

Insurance companies may increase your rates or you may be forced to increase your bond of deposit if your record as a driver is marred by an accident. Thus a bad driver may be permanently kept off the roads by his self-made record for dangerous driving.

Commissioner Monk adds:

"Hazardous types of vehicles have been put off Massachusetts roads. The makeshift car operated by boys has disappeared. THERE ARE A GREAT MANY CARS NOW ON THE JUNK HEAP WHICH WOULD BE OPERATED ON OUR HIGHWAYS WITH ALL THE ATTENDANT RISKS WERE IT NOT FOR THE FACT THAT INSURANCE IS REQUIRED.

"Motor-car accidents are a disease we have not yet learned how to cure," says Commissioner Monk. "We are bound, therefore, to turn to such treatments as will make the suffering as light as possible. And compulsory insurance does this."

Factory insurance drove factory owners to put shields on their machines and protect workmen from injury as much as possible. So, unexpectedly, compulsory insurance is making the highways of Massachusetts safer.

"Our trial, after one year," says Mr. Monk, "HAS DONE MORE TO MAKE CAR OWNERS MORE CAREFUL AND TO CUT DOWN ACCIDENTS THAN ANY SINGLE REMEDY THAT HAS HERETOFORE BEEN SUGGESTED."

Other states are preparing to follow Massachusetts, and, perhaps, go her one better by establishing compensation rather than liability insurance.

A great pool of money in your state from which properly controlled officials will dip forth for you healing financial waters—that's the idea involved in the automobile-accident compensation plans.

How can this pool be filled? How can its gold be dipped out in properly helpful quantities at the right time for the right persons?

Charles Evans Hughes, Henry W. Taft and other eminent jurists, headed by Justice Victor Dowling, met every Tuesday afternoon, from five to seven for almost two years, to study the problem of how to help the blockaded courts keep up with their jobs. They made the discovery that the blockade was caused by the vast number of motor-car accident cases.

"Back in the days before automobile accidents the courts got along well enough," explained one member of the committee.

This committee requested Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York to appoint a commission to study the entire question of automobile compensation insurance. This the governor has done.

"Apply the principle of the Workmen's Compensation Law," is one of the suggestions of the committee to the governor, "to compensation for injuries resulting from motor-vehicle accidents. This would be done by requiring every owner of a motor vehicle, as a condition of obtaining a license, to provide compensation for the disability or death of any person, WITHOUT REGARD TO FAULT AS TO THE CAUSE OF THE INJURY . . . except that due to intoxication or willful intention of the person injured.

"Such compensation would be secured either by the owners insuring the payment of such compensation in a state fund or by procuring the compensation insurance from an insurance company."

So the state of New York is heading toward common sense in the matter of motor-car accidents. Nathan S. Straus, Jr., former state senator of New York, super-champion of motor-car compensation, has estimated that an average payment of $29 annually for every motor car would create a sufficient compensation pool in that state, equaling about $30,000,000.

Make Him Pay

OHIO has a leading pioneer of the idea in the person of Robert S. Marx, judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati. He pleads:

"For example, there are 1,400,000 licensed automobiles in Ohio. If every owner is required to pay a premium of $10 a year, an insurance fund of $14,000,000 will be created . . . an amount sufficient to pay $6,500 to the dependents of every person killed by an automobile and to pay $4 a day during disability to every adult injured, $2 per day to every injured minor and to furnish hospital care and medical attention in all cases and still leave an ample reserve."

Leave the question of fault—except in obvious cases—to the police and the officials who grant licenses. Also if a driver is flagrantly and indisputably at fault, make him pay dearly. That will mean putting the blameworthy driver off the road, perhaps permanently. But pay first; blame afterward.

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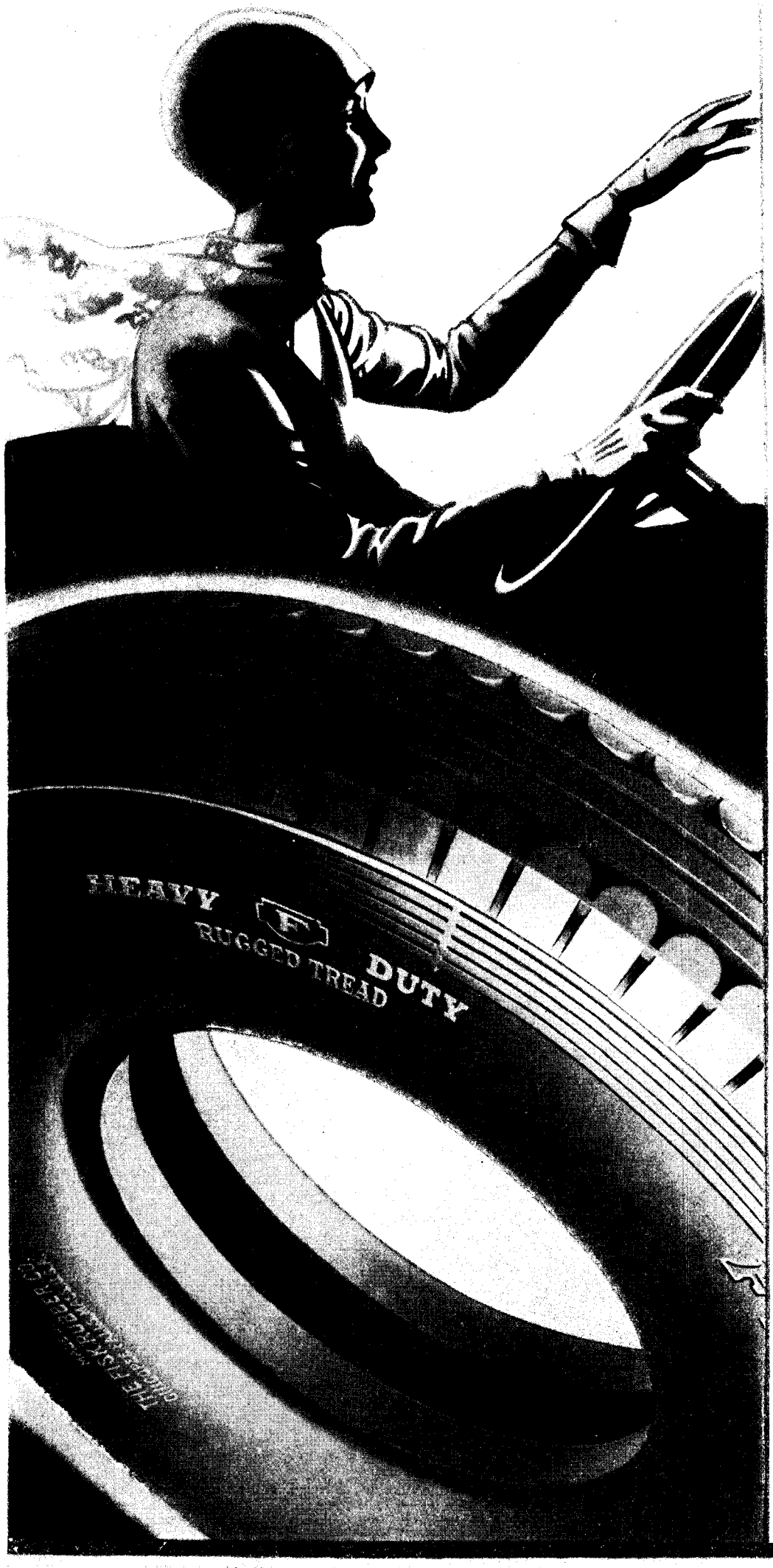

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The comfort, safety and mileage that you want from tires are provided in generous measure by every tire bearing the name Fisk

FISK Balloon Cords, approved by automotive engineers and by the motoring millions, are factory equipment on many popular cars and are the motorists' standard for long, trouble-free service.

To meet the demand for excess service, there is the Fisk Heavy Duty, a special tire in which all the desired qualities of tire service are plus factors.

When it is time to "re-tire" you can be sure of getting what you want from the dealer who features Fisk. He can recommend the most suitable tire for your car and its service, can give you the sort of tire satisfaction the motoring public expects from tires bearing the name Fisk.

Fisk Time-to-Re-Tire Boys broadcast from coast to coast over 36 of the National Broadcasting Company and associated stations, Monday evenings, 10:30 Eastern Standard Time, 9:30 Central and Pacific Coast Time.

"FISK SAYS IT WITH MILEAGE"

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FISK TIRES

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How would You play it?

By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

A CERTAIN quartette of bridge players met on two successive evenings, and it fell to the lot of one of them to handle two situations which were strikingly similar and yet essentially different. During the first evening he was South in Deal A (below), and the next evening he was South in Deal B. In both hands East dealt and bid one No Trump; South overcalled with three Spades and obtained the contract. West's opening lead was the Trey of Hearts on both occasions. I gave the Declarer's twenty-six cards in each of these two deals last week for my readers to study over; here are the fifty-two cards of both deals:

Deal A

North (Dummy)

S. Q-8 D. Q-J-9-6-3
H. 9-7-5 C. 6-3-2

West	*East*
S. 6-5	S. 7-4-2
H. 10-8-6-3	H. K-Q-J
D. 10-7-4-2	D. A-K-5
C. 9-8-7	C. K-J-10-5

South (Cl. Hand)

S. A-K-J-10-9-3 D. 8
H. A-4-2 C. A-Q-4

Deal B

North (Dummy)

S. J-9-7-2 D. Q-J-5-3
H. J-9 C. 9-5-3

West	*East*
S. None	S. 8-5
H. 8-6-5-3-2	H. K-Q-7-4
D. 9-8-6-4	D. A-K-7
C. J-8-6-2	C. K-Q-7-4

South (Cl. Hand)

S. A-K-Q-10-6-4-3 D. 10-2
H. A-10 C. A-10

The description of the play of the two deals follows:

Deal A

BEFORE playing to trick 1, Declarer can see that he is sure to take six Spade tricks, the Ace of Hearts, the Ace of Clubs, and also the Queen of Clubs, if, as the bidding indicates, the King of Clubs is held by East. This makes a total of nine tricks and leaves him one short of game. His only possibility for game lies in establishing and cashing a Diamond in the Dummy Hand.

There being no point in Declarer's holding up the Ace of Hearts, he won trick 1 with it and to trick two led his only Diamond. He was disappointed but not greatly surprised when West played small Diamond, and then the emergency of the hand was reached. West might have the Ace of Diamonds and East the King (if so, game could not be made), but it was more probable that East held both of the high Diamonds and Declarer based his play upon that supposition. He realized that if he should play his Jack of Diamonds from Dummy and have it taken—as *it surely would be*—by East's King, East would run two Hearts and probably follow with a Club lead which Declarer could win. He then could put Dummy in with a trump, but if Dummy led any Diamond but the Queen, East would not be apt to cover with her Ace; so Declarer's best chance for game was to finesse the Nine of Diamonds on trick 2.

The hand, after the finesse of the Nine of Diamonds, developed along normal lines. East won the first Diamond and two Hearts, and then led a Club which Closed Hand won with the Queen, put Dummy in with a Spade and led the Queen of Diamonds. That produced the desired result; East covered the Queen with the Ace, Closed Hand trumped, Dummy was put in a second time with a trump and cashed the Jack of Diamonds, Closed Hand discarding the losing Club. Whether East covered the Queen of Diamonds was immaterial; if she had played small, Closed Hand would have discarded his losing Club on that trick.

Deal B

PLANNING his campaign in this deal, Declarer noted that he was sure of seven trump tricks and his two side Aces.

He needed one more trick for game and making a Diamond was his only chance of obtaining it.

After winning the first Heart trick he led the Ace and King of trumps and then *his Deuce of Diamonds* to trick 4. East won the Diamond, led the good Heart and then a Club; South played the Ace of Clubs and then put Dummy in with a trump and led a small Diamond from Dummy. Dummy being left with a Diamond honor and also with a trump entry, it looked to East as if this were a subtle scheme of the Declarer's to tempt her to play her Ace of Diamonds, which Declarer would ruff and thus make Dummy's Diamond honor the winning Diamond. She drew this natural inference and played a small Diamond on the second round of that suit. Declarer won it with the Ten and made his game.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North

S. 10-8-5-3 D. 9-5-2
H. 10-6-4 C. 10-4-2

West	*East*
S. J-6-4-2	S. A-Q-9-7
H. 9-7-5-3	H. J-8-2
D. Q-10-8-3	D. J-7
C. Q	C. J-8-6-3

South

S. K D. A-K-6-4
H. A-K-Q C. A-K-9-7-5

On Your Toes

Continued from page 10

Black satin slippers of this type are also attractive, and women who wear these can score one on their high-heeled sisters if they know how to make the goal. The easy carriage that is possible because of the wide heel support can give a grace to the woman walking on them as she saunters across the ballroom that her sisters on stilts can seldom achieve. But if she has not learned how to walk she misses her chance.

Many of the large stores have a special department, which is often on a different floor from the general shoe department, devoted to low-heeled shoes. You will find a far greater assortment here than in the regular department.

The Day of Fancy Footwear

THERE are many firms who specialize in practical shoes. Experts have devised different means of giving instep support, and the best plan is to try on shoes from these various houses and keep at it until you have found a last which fits your foot and gives you the support where you need it.

There's much to be said for the rubber heel. The real rubber heel, however, usually seems too businesslike for my shoes, and I content myself with a narrower rubber lift which softens the contact between me and the sidewalk.

This is the day of fancy footwear. A great amount of patience and perseverance is required to find a plain shoe, but it can be done, and women with large, wide feet should summon the necessary patience and perseverance. There will be plenty of slender-footed women who will search them out through choice too.

Apparently it is difficult for some to tell which of the many elaborately cut and trimmed slippers are for gentle, dignified women and which for those who wish to look very gay, for I often see an absurdly elaborate shoe on a conservatively dressed woman who would not purposely make her feet conspicuous. One knows that the clerk had told her, "It is what they are wearing, madam. We are showing none of the plain ones such as you describe."

The most practical method of buying shoes is to study out for yourself which lines are graceful and becoming to your foot and which are not.

For instance, the strap which begins at the base of the instep and follows up over the top of it is very flattering. This strap can be done in a contrasting leather or even a contrasting color, and the shoe will suggest elegance even though the slipper is red and the strap gold. As contrast there comes to my mind a shoe that is built up high over the instep. This is cut out and slashed in a tricky, open pattern and laced together with a cord and tassel. This, even when done in black leather, is offensively ostentatious.

For evening, the very conservative woman wears a one-strap satin shoe dyed to match her gown, but most women with pretty feet like at least one pair of frivolous slippers. We haven't quite reached the place where we wear bells on our toes as well as rings on our fingers but it may yet come in so-called polite society. To date we limit ourselves to jewels on the heels and instep. Buckles may be both elaborate and costly. They may be of very precious or semiprecious stones, colored glass or crystal, gold, silver or steel. Fairylike slippers are created of rich metal brocades, velvets, grosgrain silk, satin, kid of gold and silver hue, or tinted reptile skins. They are embroidered, cut, slashed and interwoven. Some become intricate models of grace, but others a sort of crazy quilt of leather.

When I remind you that a woman's feet are one of the indices of her character, it may make you happy and it may make you sad, but I hope it will make you "choosy."

Don't believe everything the shoe clerk tells you, and don't buy a shoe till you find what you want.

Going Down!

Continued from page 14

minutes and the more disconcerting information that the missing man we had been diving for had been located, dried out and debonair, eating baked beans in a riverside restaurant.

"I hadn't gone down far enough to need decompression, although I thought I had. A diver spends, roughly, time and a half in the decompression chamber for the time spent on the ocean floor. Breathing artificial air down there generates chemical changes in his body, producing nitrogen that would give him a 'bubble' in his blood if he were not very gradually brought back from high to low pressure, to normal breathing of surface air.

"The first few breaths on removing the helmet are harmless, but if he was not slowly decompressed he would suffer the agony of a fish out of water. Especially, if too sudden exposure to fresh natural air resulted in a bubble, he would be afflicted by the bends, the crippling of knee and elbow joints that might disable him for days or weeks, or even for life. Michaels, one of the best divers in the country, got the bends following an accident to his air line while working on the S-51 off Block Island.

"I came out of my first dive chastened by the rebuke of a superior officer.

"'You should be court-martialed for kidding me that you were a diver,' he said.

"But he was good-natured enough to overlook this offense."

Diving, even for an apprentice, meant more money and certainly more distinction than being a gunner's mate. Of divers there is a limited corps whose pay then, and now, compares more than favorably with the pay of a gunner's mate. He'll get his $60 or $75 a month, plus, of course, keep. (The diver rates $1.20 to $12 a day plus 10 cents per foot—in civilian diving—for any dive below 50 feet.) Cabin boys and bosuns, ship's cooks and carpenters regard him with respect. To the diver belongs the grim adventure of the hidden deeps.

Divers have a wide field of operation. When they have had enough of the navy, there is always civilian salvage work to be done where bridges are being built, cable ends being laid or mislaid, ships being raised. And a man can make as much as $90 a week at the job.

"I was examined and passed to the diving corps," he reports.

And he at once proceeded to take a most important dive. He married.

"All of what are called the leading divers," he told me, "are married men—Eadie, Michaels and Kelly, for instance, who starred on the S-4 job. Finally responsibility makes them careful."

A Thousand Hours Under the Sea

DIVERS are sailors in armor and sailors with nothing but their deck-dusters on are born chance takers, but he who dives out of harm's way lives to dive another day.

William Wickwire dived consistently for years in the navy. He was stationed for long periods at various naval ports on the Atlantic seaboard and made fresh-water stops in Great Lakes territory. "All waters," he remarks, "look

(*Continued on page 42*)

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Helen Wainwright
Olympic Champion
LIKES LUCKIES

"We swimmers have to keep in strict training. When I first started, a veteran swimmer advised me that I could smoke Lucky Strikes without affecting my wind or throat. I tried them and found he was right. They're great! They have never affected my throat and they taste fine."

Helen Wainwright

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"I know Tobacco. I have grown it and worked with it and bought it since I was a boy. I am a buyer for The American Tobacco Company. My instructions are to buy the rich, sweet, mellow Tobacco that the Farmer justly terms, 'The Cream of the Crop' for LUCKY STRIKES. It is no wonder to me that LUCKY STRIKE sales continue to increase. The quality I know to be there."

J. M. French
Tobacco Leaf Buyer.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

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LAST year 60,000 people enjoyed the Alpine grandeur of Glacier National Park en route to or from the alluring vacation-lands of the Pacific Northwest. For sixty miles the Oriental Limited passes through the scenic beauties of the Rocky Mountains that make up the charm of Glacier National Park.

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Please send me free book, "The Scenic Northwest." I am interested in trip to ☐ Pacific Northwest ☐ Glacier National Park.

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Going Down!

Continued from page 40

alike to me—and every other diver. There's no difference between salt and fresh when you're entirely surrounded by one of them without being able to taste it."

Diving jobs on the Atlantic seaboard were routine for years—a sailor, stumbling overboard here or there and being returned to sail no more; underwater repair jobs to ships' screws and keels; or naval dredging work. Nothing spectacular until the grim challenge to daring and endurance of the submarine disasters.

He became base diver at Coco Solo in the Canal Zone, passed several years there, with occasional trips elsewhere on emergency jobs, and thus was graduated from the navy into the Naval Reserve and civilian life.

"I've spent, in all, more than one thousand hours on the ocean floor," says he.

That's a medium-sized career for a deep-sea diver. Some chemical quirk in what science would call his metabolism seems to make him immune to "bubbles."

Down in the warm waters of the southern Atlantic he and others were raising a government contract freighter that had sprung a leak and gone to the bottom. It was in 80-odd feet of water. Wickwire and another diver named Tibbet worked ninety minutes at the bottom, tunneling rods for the pontoon chains. It was an unusually long time, but the water was not so cold as to be uncomfortable. When he came up, Wickwire's comrade trudged to a water cooler and gulped a dipperful. An hour later he was dead in the decompression chamber from acute depression.

"Two or three cases like that," says Wickwire, "made the navy insist that a doctor be present at all times to protect the divers. Physicians supervise food and drink from the moment a diver reports for duty, and they particularly insist on plenty of sleep. A diver must be in perfect physical condition to withstand the chemical changes through varying air pressures on his system. Water is the diver's worst enemy when he's through with a stretch below. Whisky's his best friend."

It's the custom to give the men a dram or two in the decompression chamber, where they must sit sometimes for eight hours at a stretch, getting back to normal respiration.

"We play cards, read newspapers, if any, and eat our meals—so the tank stretch isn't as monotonous as it sounds."

Lurid tales of underwater strife between divers and monsters have a basis in fact.

No Treasure Hunters

"OFF the Panama Canal octopi are plentiful," Wickwire says. "And they're mean. A swordfish sounds warlike, but to my knowledge never tackles a diver. Yet I've known of a swordfish being harpooned and coming right back and piercing a fishing boat. An octopus will twine about your air and guide lines and mess you up if you're not on guard. In those waters we carry a six-clawed harpoon as an offensive weapon. When the octopus comes floating, his feelers reaching out to grasp the slack lines, a tap at the chin valve gives the diver terrific projectile force.

"A big fellow came out of a mud hole at me one afternoon while I was making a survey for a dredging operation. I cut off three of his tentacles with my harpoon and signaled to rise, and as I was hoisted out of the mud the beast was dragged up with me. Perhaps it was fancy, but a choking sensation overcame me. He was squeezing me with the force of a bear. In desperation I struck the chin valve and swam away. He followed, but the distance gave me a chance to poise the harpoon for another thrust. The hook went clear into an eye. I expected the beast to bellow. It was uncanny to see him just squirm noiselessly, uncurl his coiled tentacles and slowly sink.

"The wise diver spends five minutes on each resting stage on the way up from the bottom, not like a sunken statue, but using the stage rail like a handlebar. Turning, stretching, touching toes and going through routine calisthenics. That's the best way of livening up the lungs and muscles."

Romance portrays the deep-sea diver as a hunter of treasure in the holds of buried ships. Wickwire has never had such an assignment, and he doesn't know a diver who has. When great ships like the Titanic and the Lusitania go down in hundreds of feet of water the diver's art is useless.

Their Bitterest Job

THE S-4 wreck is something Wickwire is reluctant to talk about.

"I thought the S-51 was the worst wreck I'd ever seen," he states. "My first dive down I had to thread myself through the gunnery hatch, which was jagged and blade sharp from the rip made by the City of Rome.

"Stalking through water in the submarine's mid-compartment, my air line caught on an iron angle. This tautened it, and through the lap of water I heard the sharp edges of the rip nipping the hose. If ever a man scurried to get out of a hole, I did. One false step and that hose would have been snipped like a rubber band between sharp shears. Luck was with me. I actually hit the center of the torn hatch and got out to safety."

Jovial as this romper of the ocean's floor may be by nature, his fresh, muscular face clouds when he speaks of the last terrible tragedy which he and his brave comrades attended as revealers of the grim aftermath.

"The S-51 was a boneheaded mishap," he states with salty firmness. "A submarine caught awash by a liner in charge of an experienced skipper. Forget that, if we can, although the survivors of the forty dead sailors cannot. The S-4 was an unavoidable tragedy."

Nearly a month Wickwire and a valorous company of divers spent in the icy water off the neck of Cape Cod, standing hopelessly by for much of the time, unable to descend into the swelling seas which dragged the 1,200-ton rescue ship from her moorings.

"It was the bitterest job any of us ever tackled. At one time down there 102 feet below water and six feet in freezing ooze, our hose shot out icicles. Eadie, the hero of the job, who rescued diver Michaels when Michaels' air line got twisted about the hull rip, was blue with cold when he brought his comrade to the surface. It was simply impossible for the divers to make headway in the storms that broke on the Monday following the Saturday when the S-4 sank. Before that Monday I don't know what could have been done. I wasn't there.

Trying to Forget

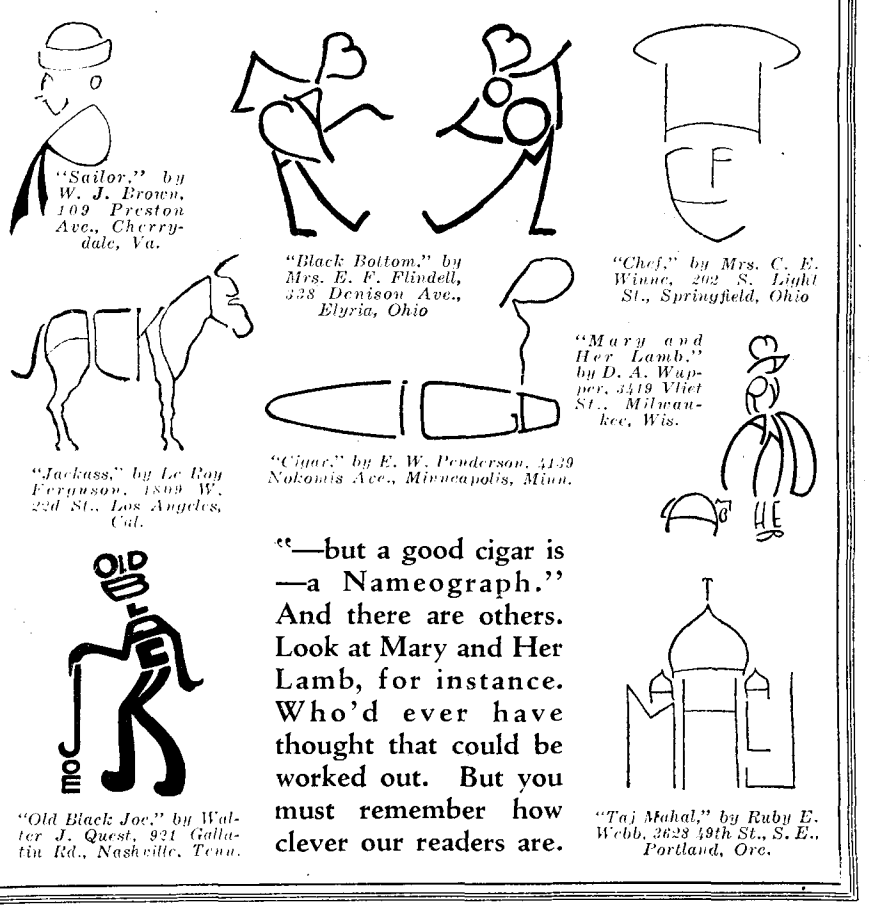
"LIFE during those days at Provincetown was a frozen purgatory.

"One good diving day would have saved the living men on the S-4 easily, and the ironic fact is that almost at the hour when it was mathematically impossible for the men to be alive the sea stopped rolling.

"It was a black hell of slime down there in Provincetown. Now that it's over, I'm trying to forget it.

"But if you want to know how to prevent submarine disasters in future, there's only one answer: abolish the submarines." And, he added with a cocky little shoulder shrug: "I'm safer below sea than my wife is crossing a traffic-stuffed street."

Nameographs


"Sailor," by W. J. Brown, 109 Preston Ave., Cherrydale, Va.
"Black Bottom," by Mrs. E. F. Flindell, 538 Denison Ave., Elyria, Ohio
"Chef," by Mrs. C. E. Winne, 202 S. Light St., Springfield, Ohio
"Jackass," by Le Roy Ferguson, 1809 W. 22d St., Los Angeles, Cal.
"Cigar," by E. W. Penderson, 4139 Nokomis Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
"Mary and Her Lamb," by D. A. Wupper, 3419 Vliet St., Milwaukee, Wis.
"Old Black Joe," by Walter J. Quest, 921 Gallatin Rd., Nashville, Tenn.
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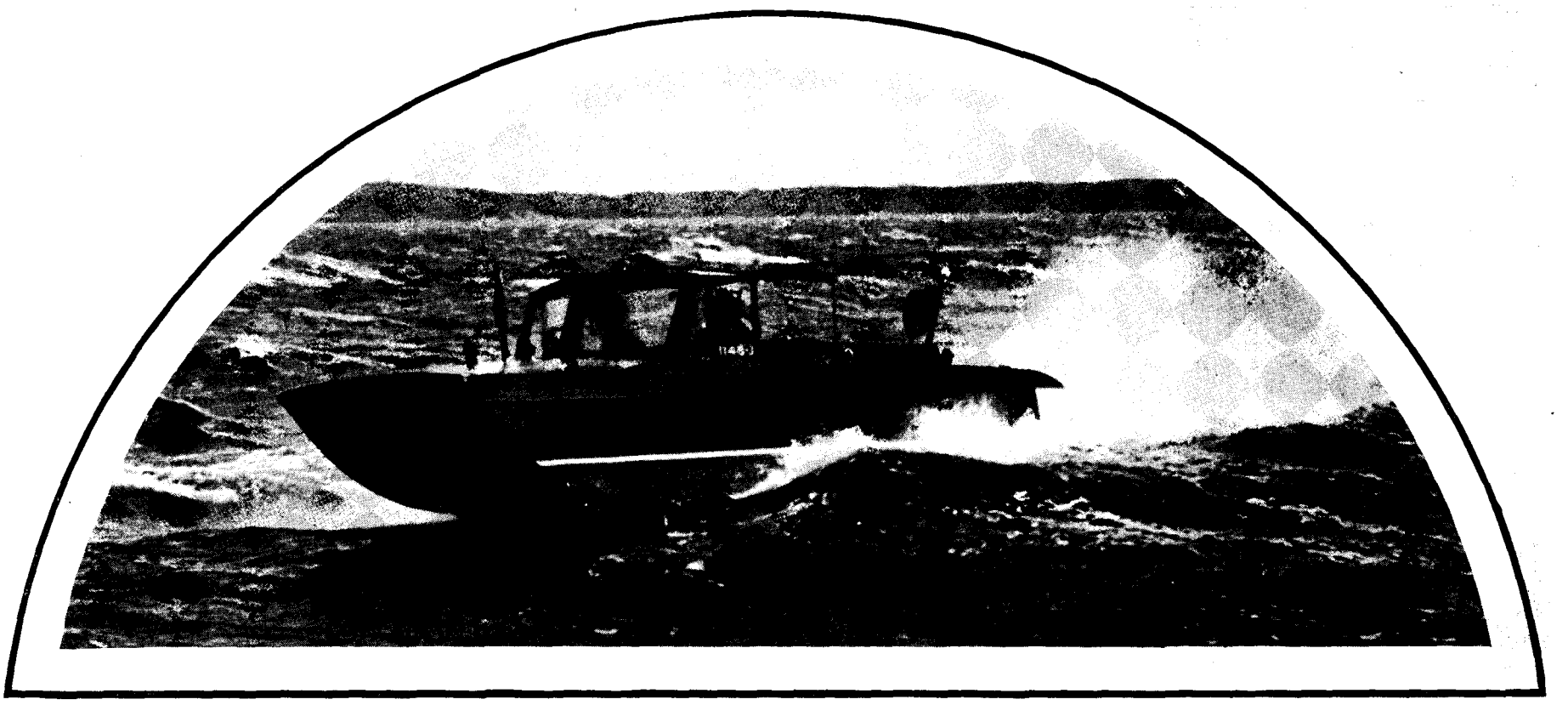


She is competent to bring you home from almost anywhere in any weather—with easy gait—dry water line—comfort and safety.

Model 23—*Afraid of Nothing*

SOME of the most notable qualities of Sea Sled superiority stick like cobbler's wax to Model 23.

She has comfort, dryness, speed and safety, which are characteristic of Sea Sleds, and for men who want a staunch craft in an emergency, she has no equals.

In addition, she is not too large and not too expensive. She is husky enough to stand the gaff and she is powerful enough to maintain a 25-mile cruising speed.

Only a few years ago most power boats followed a set pattern of design, and were bought by people who had been interested in boats and boating most of their lives.

Naturally preferences, prejudices and requirements took old traditional lines. It seemed impossible for such seafarers to be happy in any craft that wasn't orthodox and conventional.

Now there is a big addition to the boat buying public. People buy boats the way they buy automobiles. They want to go somewhere and be comfortable while they are going. They want to be safe while they are going somewhere. Old notions don't mean anything in their lives. What they want is *performance.*

It was a shock to some of the old timers to find that a new type of craft had been developed that would do things better and surer than the models they had always loved and admired and insisted upon.

It is interesting to note that many even of the "diehards" and the holders of old boating traditions, are coming to recognize that a new type of craft has been invented and worked out that will do things their old friends couldn't do.

And among up and coming folk the fashion and vogue of Sea Sleds can best be realized by a check-up of the people who are buying Sea Sleds right now.

For example, Zane Grey, famous author and sportsman, has just bought a Model 23 for big game fishing on the Pacific.

As a dealer proposition Sea Sleds are getting a sincere and enthusiastic reception wherever they go.

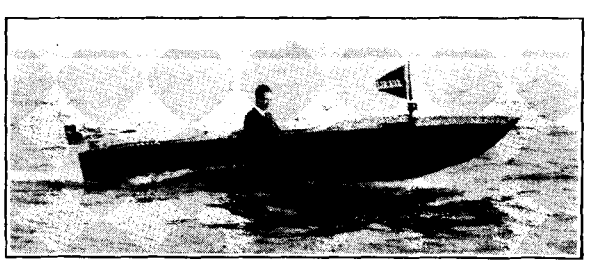
Model 16 is a fast outboard runabout, all mahogany full deck, double cockpits, double-planked bottom, and complete equipment with the exception of motor.

List Price $475

Exclusive features

Dependable as a fine car
Will not roll
Will not stick her nose under
Planes on her own spray
Does not drag aft
Navigates shallow water
Safe and dry at speed in rough water

Model 28—200 H.P.
Sedan Top - - $8,500



Model 16—Does 21 miles and meets the swells like a lady

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SPEED · · WITH COMFORT AND · · SAFETY

Model 13 was the only hull to finish out of 38 in the Catalina Ocean Sweepstakes. All mahogany hull, double-planked bottom, the ablest thing of her size afloat.

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Play Safe—
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TIRE GAUGE
A FRONT tire several pounds under the specified pressure—steering a trifle hard—a rut—a fraction of a second's delay in turning—result, a costly, perhaps dangerous accident!
Under-inflation is the worst enemy of balloon tires. Regular use of a U. S. GAUGE enables you to check up the inflation and to easily maintain the recommended pressure. This assures longer life for your tires, results in fewer punctures, lessens body sway and makes steering easier and safer.
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UNITED STATES GAUGE CO.
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Makers of Pressure and Vacuum Gauges
All Sizes and Types for Every Purpose
U.S. GAUGE
for testing
TIRES

The Prairie Prince

Continued from page 26

got a subcontract for grading five miles of railroad track bed westward from Big Creek, and they went back to work. It was bad enough for Bill—this descent from millionaire-in-prospect to common laborer. But the real sufferer in pride was Brigham—whose lightning was now harnessed between the shafts of a lowly road scraper.

When each day's work was done the pals, man and mount, found solace on the open prairie—Brigham matching strides with the plunging buffaloes, while Bill limbered up the new rifle he had obtained from the government—an improved breechloader. As a result of these frolics Bill's workmen were the envy of the construction camps. They never wanted for hearty helpings of prime buffalo meat—equal to the best corn-fed beef.

One evening Bill met a small party of army officers.

Evidently they were greatly amused by Bill's outfit; his rough working clothes; the blind bridle which stamped Brigham a work horse, his master a green hand.

"Do you expect to catch buffaloes on that steed?" laughed the senior, a captain. "It takes a fast horse."

"Does it?" asked Bill innocently.

"Yes, but come along. As we are going to kill merely for sport, we'll just take the tongues and a bit of the tenderloin. You may have what's left."

They were nearing a herd. Bill yanked the work bridle off Brigham, who instantly knew what was up and stretched his long neck and twinkling legs after the buffaloes. He passed the officers and their thoroughbreds as though they were park statues.

Brigham ranged alongside the tail buffalo. Bill killed it. Brigham moved up one. Bill killed that too. In jig time the herd of eleven was prongs down.

The astonished officers caught up as Bill was leisurely examining his last kill.

"Gentlemen," grinned Bill, "allow me to present to you all the tongues and tenderloins you wish from these buffaloes."

"Well," panted the captain, "I never saw anything like that before. Who under the sun are you, anyhow?"

"My name is Cody."

"Why," cried one of the lieutenants, "you must be Bill Cody, the scout."

Whatever peevishness the officers felt at not getting a single shot was offset by the exhibition they had seen. Bill discounted their praises.

"Oh, it takes three of us to do the stunt, you know," he smiled: "me, Brigham and Lucretia."

"Who's Brigham?" the captain asked.

No Buffalo—Good-by Indian

BILL patted his whinnying pal. "He knows more about buffalo hunting than I do," he explained. "If I had twenty bridles on him, they'd be of no use. All he expects me to do is the shooting. He'll stop if the buffalo doesn't fall at the first shot, so as to give me a second chance. But if I don't kill the buffalo with the second bullet he'll look around at me as if to say, 'You're no good, and I'll not fool away my time by giving you more than two shots'—and then he'll run on."

"Then who," asked the grinning officers, "may Lucretia be?"

"Lucretia is my rifle. Lucretia Borgia is her full name. I've been reading about an old gal by that name who was sure pizen to the galoots she aimed at."

The fame of Bill and Brigham and Lucretia became the talk of the construction camps and army posts. It reached the ears of the food-supply contractors, who promptly hired Bill as a buffalo hunter at $500 a month—big wages in those days.

But the work would be exceedingly dangerous. The Indians of the central plains, thoroughly alarmed as the railroad pushed into the heart of the once inviolate domains, had become savage and cunning. They avoided pitched battles with the soldiery in favor of raids upon food supplies coming from the East—and upon the buffalo hunters.

The red men recognized their real enemy in these buffalo slayers, who did more to drive them back than all the President's horses and all the President's men. Government bullets and broken treaties only struck the surface; the wastage of the buffalo struck at the very roots of Indian existence.

The Shaggy Prairie Hurricanes

FOR the buffalo was the mainstay of the plains' aborigines. Its flesh was their chief food. Its hide served for lodges, winter clothing, boats. Its dung, or "chips," was the fuel of the plains. Its bones, horns, even its sinews, had uses.

Spanish adventurers, a hundred years before the Mayflower touched Plymouth, observed the "crook-backed" oxen. Early travelers on the prairies went for days without losing sight of them. Steamboats on the upper Missouri were halted by swimming herds.

Anciently the bison had ranged west of the Rockies, south of the Rio Grande, east all through the country drained by the Ohio, and even across the Alleghenies into the uplands of the Carolinas. Purely a grazing animal, it had not ventured into those parts of the country which were primevally forested. In Bill Cody's day it was concentrated on the dry Mid-Western prairies: its numbers were, roundly, fifteen million.

Characterized by massive forequarters, a great hump rearing above a powerful neck, these shaggy, short-tailed nomads formed into large bands and marched in files. To this day "buffalo trails" are discernible upon the prairies. Indian tribes migrated on the heels of the herds, within traditional boundaries. Natural enemies followed them too. Wolf packs, pumas, bears. But only the grizzly was mighty enough sometimes to conquer a bull in single combat.

The bulls averaged 2,000 pounds. The females, even when full-grown and fat, only touched 1,200—a disparity in bison sexes balanced by a wonderful instinct which led the herds, when attacked by famine-driven enemies, to assume a regular fighting formation—the bulls ranging themselves, with lowered horns, flank to flank, in a defensive circle around the entire mass of cows and calves.

Bill's contract called for twelve buffaloes a day—twenty-four hindquarters, twelve humps, with the tongues as choice morsels, to be cut up on the spot by the butcher who followed him in a light wagon. This was child's play for Bill.

Stories filtered back from the butchers that Bill Cody was greater than any other man who galloped on the flanks of the shaggy hurricanes. Another thing the butchers talked about—something they could peculiarly appreciate. That was Bill's method of riding down a herd so that he could drop the buffaloes in a circle, not ten yards apart, thus making life easy for the butchers.

Soon a ditty began to go along the transcontinental. It originated with a copper-throated cook:

Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bill,
Never missed and never will;
Always aims and shoots to kill,
And the company pays his buffalo bill.

Thus was born the magically alliterative nickname that made plain Bill Cody into a new character—Buffalo Bill, a household word throughout the land.

Day after day Bill piled up his score and his fame. The Indians, who of old feared him as a fighter, now hated him as a buffalo destroyer and set out in earnest to kill him. Time and time again he saved himself and his butcher by the fleetness of Brigham and the deadly accuracy of Lucretia.

Counterfeit Buffalo Bills

SO SWIFTLY and widely did Bill's reputation spread that there arose, quite naturally, pretenders to his throne; various "Buffalo Bills"—or Joes or Johns. One in particular was a serious claimant—Billy Comstock, chief of scouts at Fort Wallace.

The officers there, proud of Comstock, challenged Bill Cody to meet him in a buffalo-killing match. Bill quickly accepted.

Far and wide the contest was advertised. Posters appeared in railroad stations. An excursion train was run out to the scene of the hunt.

The frontier was in a furor as windbitten plainsmen dug into money belts and put up stakes on their favorite.

Bill Cody's right to his name and his fame was about to be tested.

(To be continued next week)

"Well, can yuh beat that! Just as I'm knockin' off the first sleep in t'ree days youse guys gotta come along and wanta be captured! Well, yez kin all go back home!"

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9 Secrets of Success in Running a Drug Store

JOHN K. THOMPSON runs the Pendleton Drug Co. in Pendleton, Ore. And he is doing a sales volume today that averages around $5,000 a month. Yet his store is located in a town of only 7,500 population—and in a county that has only 30,000 population, although its area is nearly three times that of the state of Rhode Island.

And in spite of the fact that Mr. Thompson's store is a night's ride from Portland, people in that distant city know about him and about his business. He's that kind of a retailer.

He Tells Farm & Fireside

Farm & Fireside heard about his merchandising methods and went out to get the story of his success.

And he has modestly and generously given Farm & Fireside the details of his experience as a successful small-city druggist in an interview which is now published in a folder—a copy of which any dealer can obtain by returning the attached coupon.

His Merchandising Secrets

You'll want to know, for instance — What John K. Thompson's important *first* rule is that he lays down for his clerks — Why he carries 5 complete lines of toilet goods — Why he never cuts prices on nationally advertised goods—What he has found out about window display and local newspaper advertising tie-up—What he has discovered about the right way to run a kodak department—What it costs him to sell from a stock that includes over 5,600 items—What turnover he gets in his various departments—Why 90 per cent of his cosmetic sales are made to the wives and daughters of farmers—And so on.

Doubling Candy Sales

Also, if you sell candy you'll get a valuable tip about a radical change Mr. Thompson made in his candy department.

This department had been proving troublesome. Moreover, it wasn't paying a profit. Then a sharp change was decided on and carried through—and not only was the trouble stopped, but the department began showing a good profit. Since then its sales have *more than doubled* and are steadily increasing. These are just a few of the high spots in his general retail experience that he tells about in his Farm & Fireside interview—information that is interesting to any dealer in any line, regardless of what he sells.

John K. Thompson, Successful Druggist of Pendleton, Ore., Tells Farm & Fireside What He Has Done to Make His Business Grow

Rendering Vital Service

Another interesting point in his interview is where he tells how and why he tries to render service that's vital to the needs of his community:

"Every small-city store owes an obligation to the community that supports it," he says. "And we have tried from the first to make our store so indispensable to the people living within a radius of 60 miles *that they wouldn't want to be without the kind of service we give.*"

As an example of this service—learn how The Pendleton Drug Co. is prepared to meet any emergency that may arise in connection with contagious disease epidemics.

Another instance — when the ranchers of Umatilla County were losing thousands of dollars worth of wheat each year due to the ravages of a fungous disease that injured the grain—this progressive drug store kept in constant communication with Government experimental stations. And when word was flashed that a cure had been found, it was only a matter of hours before the store started trucks out through the ranch country loaded with the necessary chemical. And wheat was made disease-proof for seeding over 250,000 acres of land.

Send for this Folder

Send the attached coupon for the folder carrying John K. Thompson's interesting story of his successful business methods. Every small-city dealer is welcome to a copy. You assume no obligation in asking for it. It is free.

Farm & Fireside's Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in Farm & Fireside's series — which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service Farm & Fireside renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing more than 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-*personal* magazine—edited straight to the *individual*—and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in Farm & Fireside—and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Kindly send me the free folder carrying Farm & Fireside's interview with John K. Thompson, successful druggist of Pendleton, Ore.

Name _____

Address _____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

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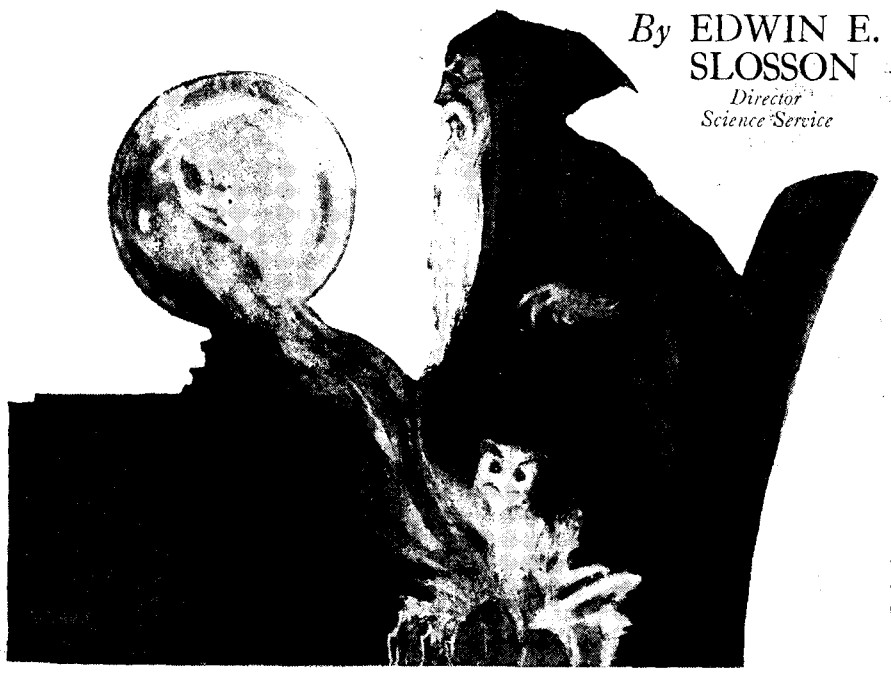


By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director Science Service

Be your own Seer

SUDDEN deaths are twice as apt to occur when many spots on the sun are visible as when they are absent. So Dr. Maurice Faure reports to the French Academy of Medicine. He has also found that acute crises in chronic diseases are likely to coincide with the passages of sunspots.

This adds another to the many attempts to establish a connection between these solar cyclones and human affairs. Curves of more or less convincing character have been drawn to prove that sunspots have an effect on various earthly happenings, such as magnetic storms or brainstorms, northern lights or commercial crises, earthquake shocks or volcanic eruptions, political revolutions or radio reception, erratic weather and crop failures. It is easy to hatch up a theory of the influence of solar disturbances and almost any kind of recurrent occurrences on earth, and one can always find some striking coincidences to support his theory, but it is difficult to establish indisputable proof, since both the solar and the earthly cycles are rather irregular.

The most fun is to invent a sunspot theory for yourself, make prophecies accordingly and then watch to see your forecasts verified or refuted—by events. Watch the sunspots and read the newspapers day by day. Sunspots are unusually frequent just now. The big ones are visible with a small telescope or even a pair of prism binoculars. But don't look directly at the sun unless you want your eyes burned blind. Point the telescope at the sun and focus the image of several inches in diameter as large and sharp as you can on a smooth, white sheet of cardboard. If you see a dark speck or a bunch of specks draw it on an outline of the solar circle, and next day you will find that it has moved a little way along on the sun's equator. After a few days it will disappear around the edge of the sun's disk, but if it lasts long enough you see it reappear on the other side and again pass across the face of the sun. A spot takes about twenty-seven days to make a complete revolution.

Then when you get your pet theory established to your own satisfaction, and your neighbor says, "I see by the papers that Krakatoa is in eruption again," or, "There was a flurry in Wall Street yesterday," you can smile with satisfaction and reply: "I was expecting something of the sort. I saw a whopper on the sun yesterday."

The spots big enough for you to see with a small telescope are large enough to swallow up several worlds like ours, if dropped into the abyss; great solar cyclones they are, caused by the eruption of incandescent calcium and other elements in gaseous state, rising from the interior of the sun, where the temperature is several million degrees, to the surface, where the gases are cooled down by their expansion to several thousand degrees, and so seem dark in comparison with the hotter area about them.

The electrical and magnetic waves and the electron streams from these gigantic turbulences radiate off into space and reach the earth, where they undoubtedly affect atmospheric conditions: we do not yet know altogether how.

This year 1928 will probably mark a peak period of sunspot frequency, as William G. Shepherd pointed out in an article in Collier's not so very long ago. After that point is passed they will rapidly decline in number until in five or six years from now they will be few and far between. Then they will begin again gradually to increase. The sunspot cycle is about eleven years from maximum to maximum and minimum to minimum.

Food and Affection

THE more vitamins are studied the more far-reaching are found to be their effects. These minute and mysterious constituents of our food influence not only our health and looks but also our manners and morals. A slight and imperceptible change in diet may be the cause of a conspicuous and inexplicable alteration in conduct.

Professor Barnett Sure of the University of Arkansas reports some experiments in point. A mother rat on normal diet will nurse her young, warm them with her body on cold nights and fight for them if necessary.

But if her diet is changed to another which is just as abundant, just as appetizing and apparently just as nutritious, but which is lacking in either of those still unseen substances known as Vitamins E and B, her attitude suddenly changes to indifference and even hostility. She kicks them out of the nest to die in the cold or else she eats them up. This marvelous transformation from maternal care to cannibalism is accomplished by a chemical compound too minute to be measured, and indistinguishable by taste, smell or sight.

That human beings are also subject to dietary influences is an obvious observation. I have known a mother to slap her child because her morning dose of coffee had been too long delayed, and I have known a man to beat his wife because he had taken a dose of alcohol. Some day we may have a science of normal dietetics.

Great Grief!

Continued from page 21

you would have married him," Vicky replied. "It was an experience not to be missed when it offered."

The four women were sitting on the edge of their chairs breathing a little faster than normal. They weren't pitying her now: she was dashing, enviable Vicky Bond again.

"When's he coming here?" Glory Fisk asked.

"Oh, he'll never come here. It's quite possible I may never see him again. We quarreled like fury. He's not exactly comfortable as a husband. I don't know that I care for husbands, anyway."

"Oh, Vixie, they can be so nice!" Zona Lee said, thinking about her Nat.

"You can't have given him much of a chance, Vicky," Helen Vaughn protested, "if you were only married on shipboard."

"If you knew Clovis!" Vicky smiled mysteriously. "It's like speaking about having given a chance to a typhoon from which one happens to have escaped by the greatest luck, or to a black panther—"

"He sounds just a little like Walter Viereck," Edith tried feebly to edge in on romance. "Walter could be fascinating, you know."

Vicky shook her head.

"With Clovis," she announced, "one would never dream of remembering anything so paltry as mere finger prints on one's arm."

"What do you mean?"

Vicky was spared the trouble of answering by the entrance of Edith Viereck's maid.

"What is it, Mary?" Edith demanded crossly.

"I thought," Mary replied, holding out the evening's copy of the Chatfield Observer, "that you might be interested, Mrs. Viereck. I heard that you was talking about it earlier."

Headlines announced that Mr. William Tillinghast had married Miss Myrna Foster at sea.

Bill and not Dolly! It appeared that the mistake on the bulletin board was due to the fact that the first dispatch had been copied down "A Tillinghast married at sea." Naturally this had been mistaken for "A. Tillinghast."

"What an extraordinary coincidence!" Helen Vaughn said. "Two marriages at sea!"

"And we'd never have learned about Vicky's," Zona Lee burbled, "if it hadn't been for this. Oh, I'm so glad it happened."

Vicky was so drunkenly happy with the news that she couldn't regret her lie very much. It was a joke she wanted to tell Dolly immediately.

"I probably would have told you about my beautiful devil, anyway," she said; "only do remember that it's a secret between us."

Then Zona Lee, who had a mind like a glass beehive, managed to tilt over all her pleasure.

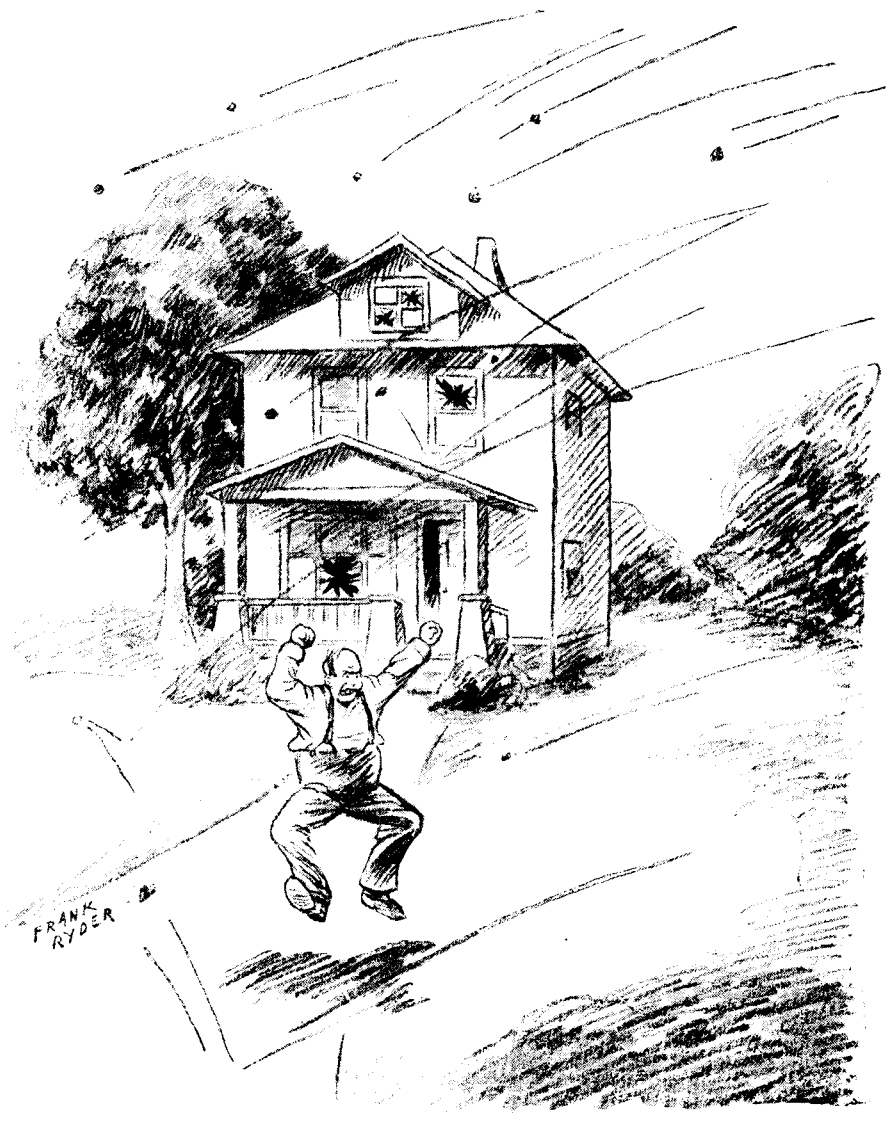
"Vicky married," she said to Edith Viereck—"and by the time Dolly Tillinghast gets back I suppose your divorce will be final!"

CONSIDERING her injunctions and the promises which had been made her, it was annoying to Vicky to have Zona Lee call up that evening and say:

"Nat wonders whether you made any arrangement about your property before—what happened on the ship. The French laws on the subject are terrible, he says. Everything goes to the husband."

"But, Zona, I asked you not to mention what I told you."

"I didn't think you meant Nat. I tell Nat everything.



The man who lived within a stone's throw of a schoolhouse

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"I wish you'd talk this over with him," she said. "Not that I'm trying to get him business. He's such a wonderful lawyer. It's too wicked his being penned up here. He ought to hold some big office in the state."

"Well, Heaven help the state if it had any secrets and you got hold of them," Vicky commented, a little tartly.

"Oh, Vixie! You're not cross with me?"

"Not exactly, but I don't want this thing to go any farther."

Next morning Donald Galligan called up to ask for an appointment. Donald was the son of old Mrs. Galligan, who had done plain sewing for Vicky's aunt Jessie occasionally. He was on the local paper.

"What for, Donald?" Vicky asked. She really couldn't call him Mr. Galligan when she remembered fishing him out of the swimming hole, all nude and blue, one year when he'd gone in too early and she'd been the first person reached by his companions.

Jingles in the Rough

Full many a dub of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed bunkers hide from view;
Full many a nut is born to lift his bean
And tie a bow knot in his "follow through."

He worked seven years on his slice
With instructor and tipster and book;
He finally cured it, only to get
Into more bunkers still from a hook.

If it is true that poetry is born of suffering and travail of the spirit, how many Byrons and Longfellows, to say nothing of incipient Eddie Guests, are toiling today behind the bunkers of America's golf courses?

We don't know. We're asking *you*.

Why not pour your sorrows into a four-line jingle and send it to Collier's.

The author of each "Jingle in the Rough" printed in Collier's will receive a beautiful gold pocket piece. The initial of the author will be engraved, handsomely of course, and if it doesn't bring luck you might as well burn your clubs.

Address
"Jingles in the Rough"
Collier's, The National Weekly,
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"There's a rumor around that you're married. We want to run the right story."

"Come up as soon as you can."

She had the time until he arrived to do some intensive thinking. She was infinitely glad for the swimming hole incident which had left Donald rather abjectly devoted to her.

"Well, is it true, Miss Bond!" Donald asked, as she put down his hat.

"Between you and me," Vicky said with an enchanting smile, "it is. As far as the rest of the world is concerned it's an absolute secret. I want you to help me."

"The trouble is it isn't a secret now, Miss Bond," Donald said. "I heard it on the street twice before ten o'clock; and, gee, I'm glad I did! I can write the account for the Press Association, and that'll be an awful help to me."

"But I don't want there to be any account. The thing is entirely unimportant, and it's not to be made public."

"Your marriage unimportant, Miss Bond! Why, that's front-page stuff all over the country, with your family so prominent, and everything that's been written about you."

"But it's such a casual marriage! I'm going to keep my own name. We parted as soon as the boat docked, and I don't know when we'll see each other again—"

"Kind of Fannie Hurst marriage?"

"There's no use thinking up descriptive phrases: it's not to be published. If you're not going to be charming about it, I'll call up Mr. Margate and tell him so."

Mr. Margate owned and edited the Chatfield Observer.

"You know, I'd do anything in the world for you, Miss Bond, and if Mr. Margate could stop the thing I'd be the first one to tell you to telephone him, but, gee, it's gone too far already! Mr. Margate might kill it here, but the Press Association is on to it, and if you don't talk to me they'll send down a lot of men, and if you don't talk to them they'll make inquiries on the ship, and it will all come out after a while, only in a mean way."

"Great Guns!" Vicky said. "Is that really what would happen? I certainly don't want that."

"What's the harm of having it in the papers, anyway?"

As a last-line defense Vicky had thought up a lie for that question—a lie that would appeal to practical people.

"Because of the nature of my husband's business," she said.

"What's that?"

"Well, Donald, I'll tell you in absolute confidence. There's no use giving it a pretty name. He's a bootlegger, an awfully important one, and of course any kind of publicity would be the absolute end of him."

"Whew! I get that all right," Donald said.

"I was sure you would."

"You know you can trust me, Miss Bond. Do you mind telling me his name?"

"Clovis d'Auvergnat."

"I looked up the list of passengers before I came," Donald said. "I don't remember any name like that."

He extracted from his pocket a long, narrow clipping.

"Of course he doesn't travel under his own name," Vicky explained, and held out her hand for the list. Donald put it between her fingers without question. One glance was enough.

"Frederick Brown was his incognito," she said. "There it is!"

"Now, what's the best thing we can do about this?" Donald questioned.

"Kill the story entirely," she said.

"Nope. Honestly, that can't be done. But suppose we were just to give the bridegroom's name as Frederick Brown?"

"That, of course, and make it so dull the big papers won't think of printing it."

"You bet."

He was a nice, reassuring boy, and Vicky knew she'd done the wise thing in enlisting his interest. As soon as he'd left she telephoned Helen Vaughn, Glory Fisk, Zona Lee and Edith Viereck and summoned them to come over to luncheon.

AS NONE of them had breathed a word to a human being, "except Nat, of course," Zona admitted, they were not only distressed but mystified by the information about Donald Galligan.

Vicky, knowing the futility of recriminations, omitted them.

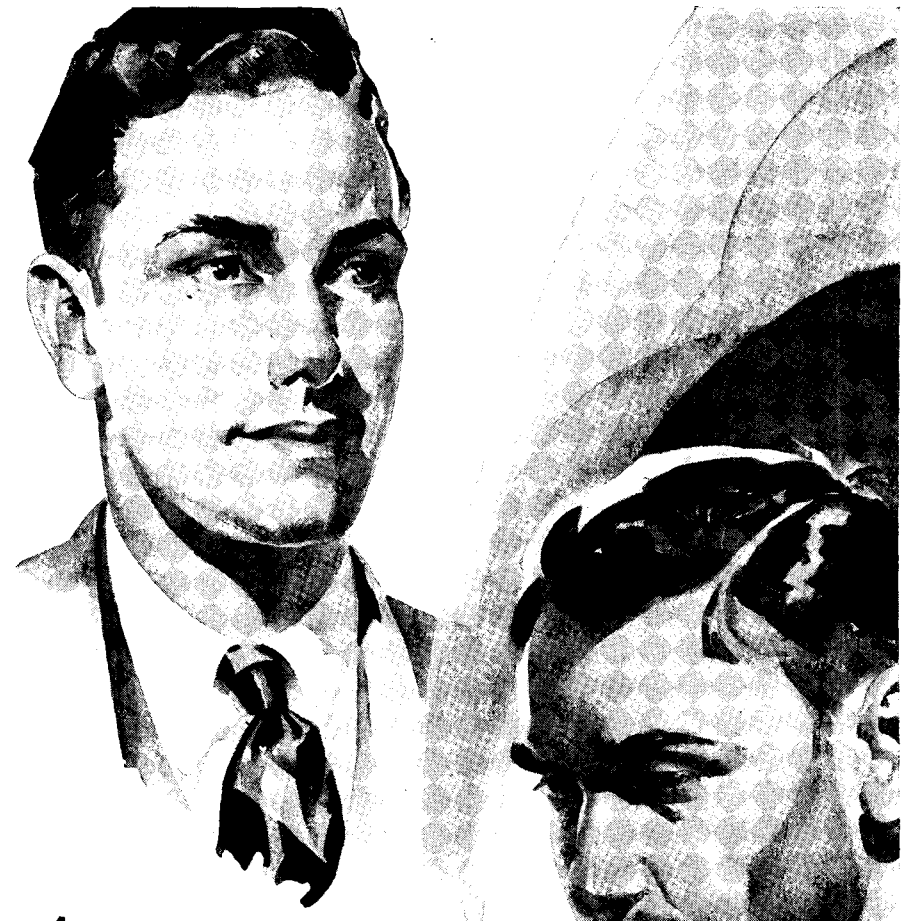
"The reason I've convoked you," she said, "is because I didn't really tell you the whole truth about Clovis yesterday and for you to understand what will appear in the paper you'll have to know it."

She then went, and after scanning the hall in both directions shut the door of the drawing-room.

Four women waited breathless.

"Clovis d'Auvergnat," Vicky announced to them, "is not really working for the French Government. The 'extension of French commerce' phrase I

(*Continued on page 48*)



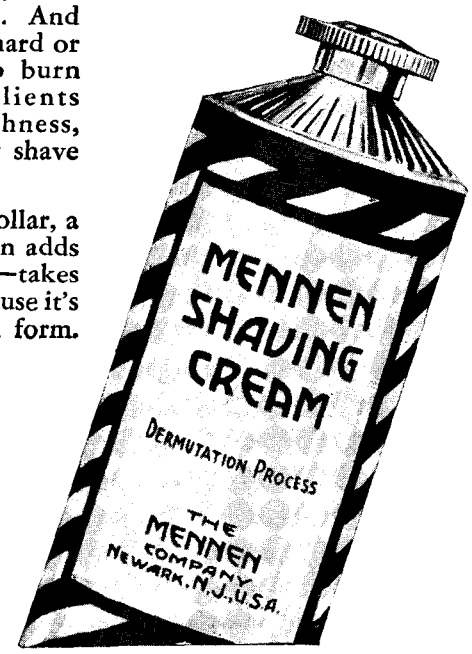
Are you Dr. Jekyll *in the morning—*

and Mr. Hyde *in the evening?*

Many a face that starts out bright and smooth and fair each day sneaks home in the evening like a shadow of its morning self. Unless you cut your beard off square and close at the skin surface, you're going through the motions of a shave without the desired results. Within a few hours you look as if you hadn't shaved.

The reason Mennen shavers are so immediately noticeable is *dermutation. Dermutation* instantly does the work of beard-softening that many try to achieve with several minutes of needless, mussy finger rubbing. *Dermutation* is built into the snowy bank of dense, moist, compact lather which you roll up with your brush. It is working the instant the cream and water touch your face, softening completely the toughest beard that grows. *Dermutation* levels the minute skin mounds around the hairs, smoothing the way so the razor cuts the softened beard clean and square at the skin surface. No nicking. No scraping. No raw, burning feeling when you're through. And *dermutation* works in any water—hard or soft, hot or cold. No caustic to burn or smart. Five soothing emollients preserve that early morning freshness, that smooth delight of the perfect shave all day.

When you're ready for your collar, a sprinkle of Mennen Talcum for Men adds the final touch to this perfect shave—takes away face shine—doesn't show because it's a neutral tint. Also made in stick form.



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Great Grief!

Continued from page 47

used was a euphuism. He's one of the new corsairs, an admiral among them. He is the brains of most of the bootlegging which goes on between France and America."

"Vicky Bond!" Helen Vaughn said. "I thought at least he was a gentleman!"

"Only technically," Vicky replied.

"Why, Helen," Edith Viereck said, in a creamy voice, "lots of nice people who don't approve of the Volstead Act have taken up bootlegging!"

It was evident that Edith was pleased to have the romantic Clovis d'Auvergnat brought down to earth.

"Lord!" Vicky exclaimed. "Did I say anything yesterday to give the impression that there was anything 'nice' about Clovis? It was inevitable that Clovis should do the most perilous, maddest, most lawless thing possible to his generation. He's that rare thing, a savage Frenchman. He's an apache who happens to have been born in the Faubourg Saint-Germain and who also happens to be gloriously beautiful."

"It was just a little of a shock at first," Helen Vaughn apologized for her gasp.

"Everything about Clovis is," Vicky assured her. "Being married to Clovis was like having a tropical fever. It was all strange chills and incredible temperatures."

"I'd like to have a fever like that," Glory Fisk almost groaned.

"One's hair is apt to come out," Vicky told her cryptically.

"It sounds awfully frightening," Zona Lee ventured, but one could see that not even the wife of the dependable Nat was deaf to the charms of it.

"I wouldn't go through with it again," Vicky said, "but I wouldn't have missed it for all the humdrum lovers in the world."

"You're resigned to its being all over, then?" Helen Vaughn asked.

"I'm not heartless enough to really want to keep a wild creature in a cage," Vicky answered; then, feeling that perhaps she was being even a little sillier than the occasion warranted, she went on: "The reason I've told you this is so that you'll confirm to the outside world the press account that the man I've married is a perfectly uninteresting Frederick Brown. Can I rely on you?"

"But if we said anything else it might get him in awful trouble," Helen Vaughn said. "I wouldn't do that for anything in the world."

"Neither would I."

"Nor I."

"And just as an added precaution I've put the family Bible on this little table. Will you please each take an oath to keep what I've told you a complete secret? Then we'll go to luncheon."

One by one they repeated the words which Vicky dictated rather shamefacedly.

Then Zona Lee said: "I should think you'd be so worried about him. He must be in such danger."

For a second time Zona Lee's words suggested something to Vicky, but this time the suggestion was far from unpleasant.

"Yes," she agreed, "in almost constant danger."

In the drawing-room she resumed her rôle as Scheherazade.

DONALD GALLIGAN had been entirely honest in his assurances to Vicky that he would observe her wishes as strictly as possible. Unfortunately, however, he had entirely failed to comprehend the main point of Vicky's desire and concentrated all his effort on what seemed to him the important thing, the suppression of Clovis d'Auvergnat. To that end he threw all his emphasis on Vicky's side of the marriage. The result was an invisible groom but a highly sensational bride.

GRANDDAUGHTER OF U. S. SUPREME COURT JUDGE BOND ADMITS MARRIAGE

Miss Victoria Bond, Wed at Sea, Dubs Ceremony Unimportant. Will Retain Name. Marriage of Fannie Hurst Type.

It was bad enough to read those headlines in the Chatfield Observer but when, next morning, the New York Star was delivered at her door with an almost identical paragraph it gave Vicky a very strange feeling indeed.

She had begun a letter to Dolly Tillinghast giving a very high-spirited account of the whole ridiculous business, but when she read those newspaper accounts she tore it up. Suddenly she loathed the affair.

Vicky sent a word to Hester:

"Everything all right. Stay where you are. Be discreet."

She also sent one to Gennery Bond:

"Will explain. When I see you."

That wouldn't have satisfied anyone else, but it would do for Gennery.

After several attempts she decided not to wire Dolly.

He was out of the country, thank Heavens! She must be on the dock when he came back to explain in person, and rather gravely.

But Vicky had counted without the far-flung activities of the Press Association. She went into the village and bought a copy of every paper the newsstand carried, because it was silly not to know the worst, and when she got home there was a cablegram lying on the hall table.

With prescient and trembling fingers Vicky tore open the envelope.

The message was the first line of her favorite poem. Dolly had sent it, for the signature was Tillinghast, and it came from Cuba. Nothing else he could have said would have hurt Vicky so much or made her feel so incalculably cheap.

It was not like your great and gracious ways.

"Oh, Dolly, my dear, Dolly, my dear!" Vicky cried out silently when she read it, "I hope you'll think so when you know. I hope you won't think it was just a revelation of what a shoddy thing I could do to save my pride."

She was crying by then, right enough.

Everything was as wrong as possible. She'd built a real barrier between herself and Dolly. She couldn't meet him on the dock now. So far as he knew, she was a married woman, a bride.

At last, to still her misery, came the memory of those words of Zona Lee's about Clovis d'Auvergnat which she had thought of, when they were spoken, as merely an eventual solution.

"He must be in such danger."

Vicky began to lay her plans. This time she must lie magnificently: for one thing, she thought, she owed it to herself. She was getting out of the amateur class.

ON MONDAY morning when she woke she hesitated over the powder box, but decided against a too noticeable pallor and merely put on a chartreuse-colored negligee which had always made her look interestingly wan. She was going to be subtle this time or nothing.

She tried her lie first on Lizzie, who brought up her breakfast tray.

Lizzie wheeled in with the uncouth grin which made her look like an old horse eating a bad ear of corn.

"I don't know whether I got everything you want, Miss Bond."

Lizzie could never be troubled with mere greetings.

"Lizzie," Vicky said gravely, "I had bad news in the night. My husband is dead."

"Aw, Miss Bond!" Throwing up both hands, Lizzie dropped the breakfast tray.

While Lizzie was getting a second tray Vicky telephoned to Helen Vaughn.

"Helen, my dear, could you come over today? I've had some rather shocking news. Clovis is dead."

"Oh, Vicky!" Helen's voice sounded as though she couldn't bear it. "He's not!"

"Yes."

"I'll be over instantly."

(*To be continued next week*)

SHOP TALK

Bouquet

DEAR ED:

Just as I'm getting to think that the trouble with the golfers and squash players who run Collier's is that they don't think a story can be a story unless it is at least seven yards long, I run across "No More Parties" by Lon Marquis or Don Chaney or somebody. It is all told on one page, allowing three pounds and a quarter for illustrations, and if it isn't the best story that has appeared in any magazine since Lee's surrender, I'll eat your hat, which I don't have to tell you would poison anybody.

I have always argued that no story should run more than a page, even when submitting fables that would require over $4,500,000 worth of white paper to print. But not until now have I ever seen my contention upheld. How did you ever come to accept such a fine story, told so snappily, and with so little striving for yardage? Is this fair to the boys who write on for hours and hours and miles and miles and say nothing?

I am so pleased with "No More Parties" that, as treasurer of the International Soup Bone Corporation, I invite your advertising man to call on me. I would like to take three pages an issue—if Don Marquis pulls a story like that in that much space in each issue.

Yours, H. I. PHILLIPS.

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The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 33

time was had by all," I replied. "Did you tell our friend what happened to Runyon?"

Morgan grinned at me. "He wouldn't believe me at first, but then I offered to show him just how I'd put Runyon to sleep, and you wouldn't believe how he quieted down. When I took the gag out of his mouth he was fuller of words than a congressman, but he's been quiet ever since. Too quiet, in fact. I think it's my idea that a man as important as our boy friend here must know lots of interesting things. And I think I could find a way to make him talk. A little touch of an amateur third degree ought to make your tongue wag, eh, Calhoun?"

Our captive ignored Morgan, but spoke to me.

"Don't you think it's about time you came to your senses and let me out of here?" he demanded.

HIS waxy-white skin bore blotches of red now. Although I think any medical man would have said that apoplexy was impossible to one of his type, his blood pressure must nevertheless have been many degrees above normal.

"You weren't asked here," I reminded him. "You came on your own affairs; I think it's only fair that you should remain here if my affairs require it."

He eyed me coolly. And I was beginning to understand. Inflexible will had carried him upward to power, and I have frequently found that tremendous will is accompanied by tremendous passion. This man, aroused to a jealous frenzy, would not delegate to another the task of removing me. He had preferred to do it himself and had come alone in order that no accomplice could later blackmail him.

He sneered faintly: "You don't imagine, with your somewhat gross friend here, that I can be forced to talk, to make admissions that presumably would be of interest to you?"

I looked at Morgan, who made a grimace.

"You and me, pal, do things differently. I suppose you're all against bouncing a few knuckles off his chin? Well," he sighed, "I had him alone here and ought to have used my own judgment."

"I might send for an officer. Attempted murder is rather a serious charge, Calhoun," I said.

He smiled contemptuously. "Go ahead, Gorham."

Morgan laughed. "We're liable to do a sucker trick like that, aren't we? With every bull in the city knowing who you are! Why, we'd land in the cooler while you were having a chat with the captain at the desk."

Calhoun's expression became triumphant.

"It seems to me, Gorham, that you're in the position of the man who caught the bear and was afraid to let go."

I stared at him. He was right. Napoleon used to say that God was on the side which possessed the heaviest artillery, and any Napoleon of finance will tell you, in his garrulous moments, that nowadays God is on the side of the heaviest banker.

It seemed to me that, so far as Calhoun was concerned, I had achieved nothing tonight save centering his enmity definitely upon me. True, I had rescued Vonny permanently from whatever fascinations Kenneth Runyon possessed, and I had reason to believe that ire toward me would wear itself out in time, but I also had reason to believe that before that time came Calhoun would have found ways and means of suppressing me.

And then Mack Morgan came to my rescue. From beneath a chair he took out apparatus which soon resolved itself into a tripod and a camera.

"Had an idea, pal, that you might prove to have a weak stomach. But you certainly can't object to my taking a picture or two."

Calhoun leaped from the couch, but Morgan none too gently forced him back upon it.

"Mr. Gorham may not let me slug you to make you talk, but he'll certainly let me slug you to keep you quiet," he stated. "How about it, pal?"

"What's the reason?" I asked.

"We've got to have *something* on this bird, haven't we?" he demanded. "Suppose we have pictures of him all tied up in your apartment? Any newspaper reporter will be able to compare the picture with the furnishings of this room and know damn' well that Calhoun was here. Calhoun, you're a big guy in this town, but there's one or two newspapers that aren't afraid of you, and will print the pictures I'm going to take of you.

"Then you try and tell them a nice believable reason for your being here—try to explain to them why your hands were tied. I'm not saying you won't be able to do it, but I am saying that the papers that print your explanation will also print our side of the story. You may be able to say that we're a couple of liars, but just the same this photograph will require a lot of explanation. Prop him up, pull his head back so that I can get a good snap of him," he said to me.

Calhoun yielded to the inevitable.

When Morgan had finished I untied our prisoner's hands.

"Now get out," I said to him.

Morgan shook his head. "Not until I've had ten minutes' head start," he objected. "Every copper in town will be on the lookout for me two minutes after Calhoun gets out of here. But with a little start I can get to a photographer who will develop these plates for me, and keep them safe until we want them."

Calhoun's sullen resignation left him.

"There's been nothing but argument and threat tonight," he said. "I know when I'm beaten, and I'm always ready to admit it. I won't bother with any more threats. I think I can make them good, but I don't seem able to convince you gentlemen of that fact. How about a compromise?"

"I seem to remember something about a compromise earlier tonight, and that you violated the terms of the agreement," I told him.

"I won't violate this one," he said. "I take it that it's your intention to publish these pictures?"

"It wasn't hard to guess that one, considering I just told you so," Morgan derided him.

"But the only reason you'd do that would be because you wanted definitely to injure me," said Calhoun.

"WHAT makes you think we don't want to injure you?" jeered Morgan. "You've tried to murder my pal here. I've got the word, and got it straight, that my license is to be revoked. What do you think we are, a couple of lambs that don't want our wool, anyway, and are grateful to the guy that clips us?"

"But so long as you have those pictures—and I assure you that I do not want them printed—you have a means of protecting yourselves against any attack from me. I give you gentlemen my solemn word that I will see to it that you are both left alone. Mr. Runyon—I rather imagine that you've dealt with him fairly successfully tonight—will be assured that he need expect no aid from me in his feud with you, Gorham."

"And how are you going to protect yourself from Runyon's resentment?" I demanded.

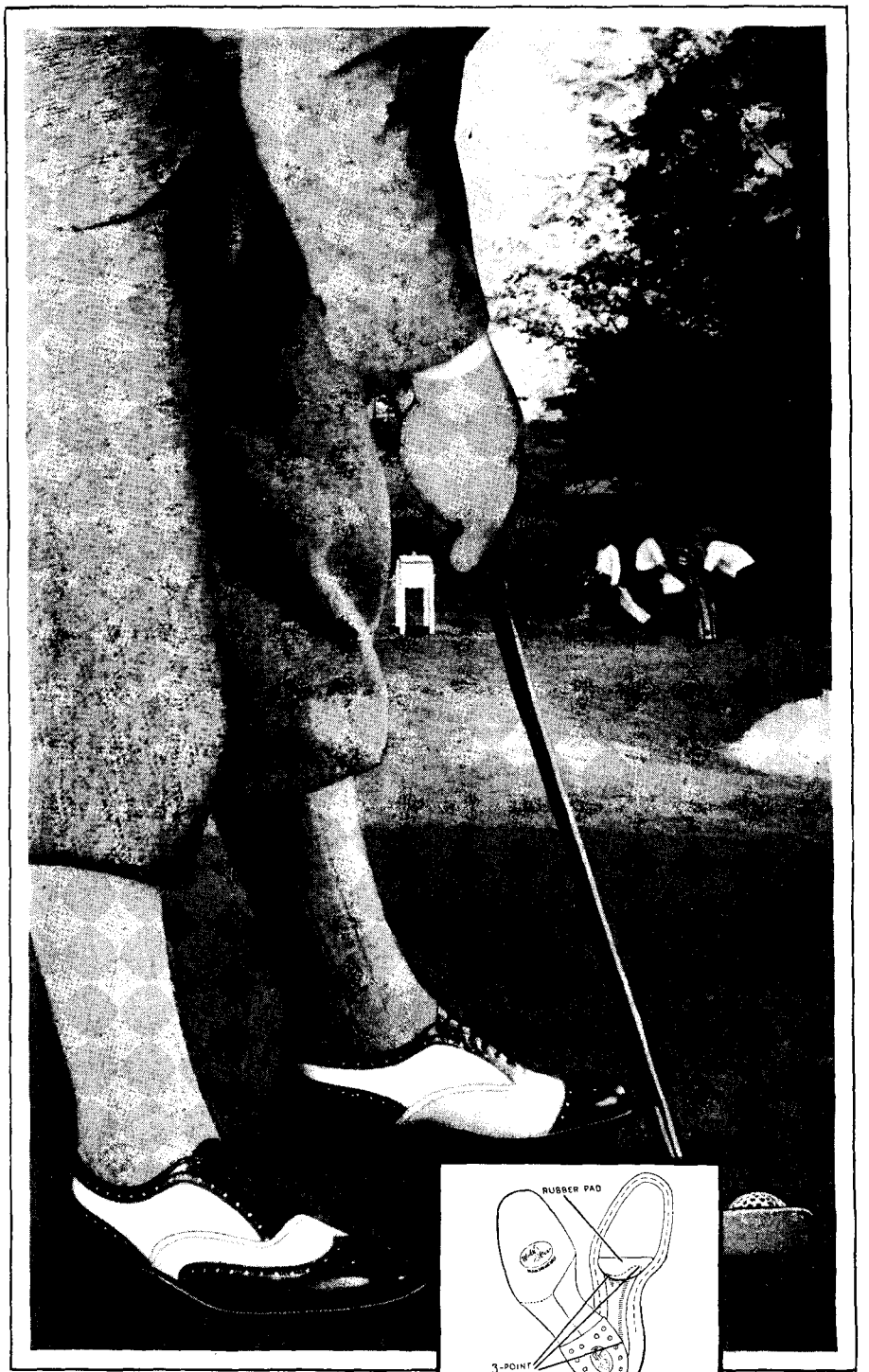
His smile was icy cold. "After all, I take it that you're not deeply concerned over the fact that Runyon may cause me trouble. So we'll not bother about that. The question is, will you accept my word, backed as it is by my self-interest?"

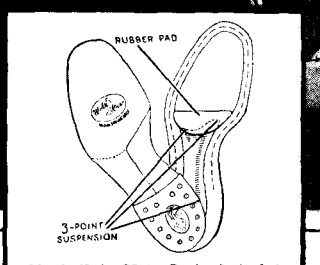
I stared at him. I hesitated. But then I suddenly felt that Calhoun was a public menace who should be destroyed.

"Run along, Morgan," I said. "I'll

(*Continued on page 50*)

WALK-OVER SHOES





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ONTARIO CANADA

The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 49

detain our friend for half an hour."

"It isn't peace, then?" inquired Calhoun.

I didn't answer him in words; I merely shook my head.

A gleam of approval shone in Morgan's eyes. He grinned at me, shook my hand, and drew me to the door.

"No use telling you to watch your step. You'll do that," he said. "I'll give you a ring in the morning." He looked me squarely in the eye. "Pal, if you'd bargained with Calhoun I wouldn't have blamed you. But I wouldn't have loved you like a brother."

With that he left me, taking with him his camera and folded tripod, looking for all the world like a house-to-house canvasser taking away his box of samples. Only the hour was inconsistent with that idea. Perhaps, with his hard eyes and aggressive walk, he might have looked more like a burglar slipping away with his loot. I only hoped that no prowling policeman would take it into his head to stop, question and examine my friend. But his credentials and his own quick wit would, I trusted, carry him through any emergency like that.

AS THE door closed behind him, it occurred to me that Harney had been strangely unobtrusive during the past half hour. I locked the door and pocketed the key, lest Calhoun take it into his head to attempt flight. Then I went through the dining-room to that chamber where I had discovered Harney earlier tonight.

The light was on, and he was sitting, fully dressed, on the edge of his bed. He looked up at me inquiringly.

"Do I wear a diamond ring or steel bracelets?" he asked.

I smiled at his outward coolness, a coolness that could only mask tremendous anxiety.

"You have a big bet running both ways," I said to him. "But if you want to withdraw from the game, I think it can be fixed up."

"Just how?" he asked. "According to this Calhoun man, you're in this game on a busted flush. You've got nothing in the world but plenty nerve. How come I have a chance to win anything backing your hand?"

"I'm not sure that you have," I frankly told him. "But you can get out. There are early trains out of the city. I have enough cash in my pocket to take you a few thousand miles and keep you a few dozen weeks. What do you say?"

He grinned at me. "Calhoun's first offer was a lot more than that, and he made it stronger every time he opened his mouth. No, Mr. Gorham, I like nerve. Something else too: I'm going straight, and the race I'd run with Calhoun would be around too many corners. I'd rather stick with you. I don't need the ins and outs of your racket, but it looks square because you look square. All I want, from now on, is an honest job with honest people. You wouldn't be bucking Calhoun unless you had some sort of a chance to win. I'd rather play that chance, even if it's a hundred to one, than play a sure thing with Calhoun."

Loyalty, after all, is only thinly disguised self-interest, but if we examine into every quality with too analytical an eye we rob ourselves of much of the sweetness of life. Harney stuck with me because he had tired of venality, but the point was that he had stuck, and that it took courage to do so.

"You've got that job," I assured him, "and I hope it's with honest people. You'd better go to bed, for I think the fireworks are over."

With that I left him and returned to the living-room. Calhoun was still seated, and his gaze seemed hardly interested.

"A few minutes more and I'll be glad to see the last of you," I said to him.

He made no reply, but surveyed me, in a preoccupied fashion, beneath lowered lids. I smoked a couple of cigarettes while the minutes passed. I had nothing to say to him, and if he had nothing to say to me, that made it so much easier. And finally I decided that Mack Morgan had had time to spare to accomplish whatever was necessary. I released Calhoun, unlocked the door and ushered him out. There had been drama enough between us two tonight, but the curtain rang down on this act without further incident. He went silently through the door, and I heard his light footsteps on the stairs. I smiled at this; evidently he had no more wish to be noticed by the elevator operator than had I.

I went to my bedroom, noted that Harney, despite the events of the crowded evening, had thought to turn down my bed and lay out my pajamas, and in less than three minutes I had crawled between the sheets. So exhausted was I that I fell asleep almost instantly. It may indicate an unimaginative nature that I seldom carry my troubles to bed with me, but I am not sorry for my lack.

But when I awoke in the morning, I found my troubles beside me on the pillow: Runyon, Calhoun, Anita and Vonny. But if the last of these could be classified as among my troubles, she was also their palliative. Somehow I could not believe that Vonny's distrust in me would continue long. She loved me, had admitted her love, and with love must come faith. After all, pique had made her go to Runyon, and I could not expect a jealousy that had led her to such lengths to expire instantly.

And I must admit that the fact that Vonny had been jealous was not without its pleasure to me. For it indicated that she cared for me, and no matter how certain we are of another's love, every added proof is a joy, provided we also love.

Bathed and shaved, I was nearly dressed when the telephone rang.

"Everything O. K., son?" Sam Candace's voice was almost cheery.

"So far this sector is quiet," I told him.

"Same here," he said. "I've just been in to see Vonny."

There was an intonation in his voice that I did not quite understand. It was as though he was tentatively advancing a proposition as to whose reception he was doubtful.

"I hope she's all right," I said.

He lowered his voice as though fearful of being overheard.

"A little bit ashamed of herself, and kind of unhappy, and mighty stubborn," he replied with a laugh that held little mirth but considerable embarrassment. "Women are funny creatures, son."

I HEARD this profound philosophic utterance without too much surprise.

"What is she stubborn about?" I asked.

"You, son. Never wants to see your face again or hear your name mentioned."

I tried to laugh, but the effort was a complete failure.

"Is this your idea of starting my day right?"I inquired.

"No, but I thought I ought to tell you not to telephone or try to see her for a while. When a woman's in love you can sometimes go faster by going slow."

"She didn't give three rousing cheers when you told her what a wonderful man I was, eh?" I asked.

"Now how did you guess I told her that?" he demanded surprisedly.

I made no answer to this.

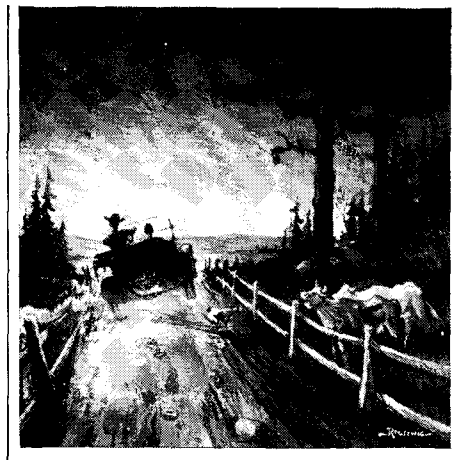
"I think Calhoun will watch his step," I said.

"What happened?" He permitted me to shift the subject.

"I'd rather tell you face to face," I replied.

"Can you come to my office in an hour? Or shall I drop in to see you?" he asked.

"I'll go to see you," I told him. "And meanwhile, if you don't mind, just don't mention me to Vonny."



Tom Masson Says

President Coolidge says he got his hand-shaking grip from milking cows when a boy. Most boys get theirs from steering wheels.

After looking over some of those old pictures of how women used to dress and then looking out of the window, you involuntarily shut your eyes—if you are a liar.

As a people we are sufficient unto ourselves. We even print our own Scotch whisky labels.

Some wives teach their husbands to drive so they can put the car in nights.

It takes more than a sheik with a new cigar lighter to set the world on fire.

✥

Song of the college flapper: All coonskin coats look alike to me.

Electing Mr. Mellon President might be regarded as a capital offense.

There seems to be some hope that the churches of the future may unite. The next thing will be to get the members of each church to be friendly with one another.

There's nothing like being on speaking terms with your wife, except when she does all the speaking.

What is home without a winter in Florida, a tour of Europe and a Mediterranean cruise?

How the grapefruit industry has grown! It only goes to show what you can do if you catch people in the eye.

"The only blood relatives I have in America," says Sir Thomas Lipton, "are some Jersey mosquitoes." What more do you want? They stick to one through thick and thin.

Here's to the best man at the wedding—he wins!

The girl all of us would like to acknowledge as a member of the dominant sex is Lady Luck.

Don't forget this is leap year. Boys can propose to girls.

Every fat girl will testify that the reformer has a hard time.

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"Maybe you're right. You probably can fix things up yourself better than anyone else. But you know how I love that girl of mine. And it don't make me exactly happy to know that she's miserable. She's been a little fool; I've got to admit that, but she's the sweetest girl that ever lived, just the same."

"I won't quarrel with you over that statement," I laughed.

"A day or so to think it over; that's all she needs. See you in an hour." With that he rang off, and I proceeded to finish my dressing.

I was looking at my watch, winding it, and noting that the hour was almost eleven, when the doorbell rang. Harney came racing in from the kitchen, divesting himself of an apron as he came. He held up a warning hand to me.

"Let me put the chain on, boss," he whispered.

HIS apprehension revived in me a caution that had been dormant this morning. Then I laughed at him. In the broad light of day events that were possible at night became incredible. Even Runyon, outraged as he undoubtedly was by Morgan's actions last night, would hesitate to attempt violence now. Furthermore, a certain stubborn pride prevented me from evincing signs of fear. I took the precaution of seeing that the weapon which Morgan had procured me a license to carry was snugly in my pocket and then nodded to Harney to open the door.

For a moment, so unprepossessing were the faces of the two men who entered the room and so truculent were their attitudes, that I thought them agents of Runyon. And I could tell by the wary manner of Harney that he agreed with me.

"Allen Gorham?" said the taller of the two.

Harney advanced pugnaciously.

"*Mr.* Allen Gorham," he corrected the man.

"He can be Duke Gorham or King Gorham, so long as his first name is Allen," said the intruder.

"What do you want?" I asked.

He thrust a folded paper toward me.

"Just a summons in the divorce suit of Frederick Gorham against his wife," grinned the man.

I stared at him incredulously.

"But why am I being served?" I asked.

"It's just a custom of the New York courts," he leered, "to notify the co-respondent."

I could hardly credit my own hearing. Anita had repeatedly assured me that there was only one method whereby her husband could be made to release her, and that method involved her living in open scandal with me. But she had not done this. Furthermore, Fred Gorham had been in Boston yesterday, could not possibly have arrived in New York until this morning. What had he been told since his arrival that could possibly urge him to such incredible lengths.

I restrained Harney's ire, got rid of the two men, and called up Anita.

"I've just been served in a summons for divorce. Fred is suing you and naming me," I told her.

"I knew that he would," she replied. "He came into the house half an hour ago, told me that he knew everything about us, that he had had detectives watching us and knew of my visit to your rooms last night."

"But couldn't you convince him that he was wrong?" I asked.

"I tried to, but he was out of his mind with rage. He left the house saying that he was never coming back, and threatening that he would make this the biggest scandal in years."

"But he can't," I protested. "After all, I had a servant in the house who will swear—"

"What difference does it make what anyone swears? He knows that I love you. He made me admit it in front of the servants here."

"Made you admit it?" I was incredulous.

"I couldn't help it. He carried on so. Allen, what are we going to do?"

"Why," I cried, "we'll fight the case!"

"That will only make the scandal worse. Have the newspapers come to you yet?"

"Good Lord, no," I answered.

"They've been here," she said. "Fred must have called up the papers, for he'd hardly left the house when reporters arrived."

"But you didn't see them?" I gasped.

"N-no," she replied.

Last night I had lost faith in her, detected a falsity that up until then I had not dreamed existed in a character that I had thought flawless. Now, sickeningly, I realized that she was lying.

"Anita, what did you say to them?" I asked.

Into her voice came a sob:

"I was so bewildered, so overcome, that I didn't realize. I didn't mean to see them, but I hardly knew what I was doing."

"What did you say to them?" I reiterated.

"I don't know. Oh, Allen, what are we going to do?"

Unseeingly I stared at the blank wall against which the telephone instrument was fastened. This was the end of everything. Bitterly I reflected that twenty-four hours ago I would have jubilantly assured myself that this was the beginning of everything. But my heart had changed. Rather, while my heart had not changed, my knowledge of my heart had increased. Instead of loving the flesh and blood which was Anita, I had loved a memory. And that memory had become supplanted by something infinitely lovelier than even the memory had been.

And now I must renounce forever that lovely thing which had come into my life. Vonny had told me last night, even as she confessed she cared, that this was the end. Her attitude toward me, according to her father, had not changed with the coming of the morning.

But I had not felt that her feelings were insurmountable obstacles. A little time, a little patience, a little pleading, and she would be convinced that she had done me an injustice.

But now, unless I completely misjudged Anita, it was not Vonny who would refuse to marry me, but I who must refuse to marry Vonny. After all, there are certain decencies which cannot be avoided or evaded.

The afternoon papers would tell a leering world that Fred Gorham had discovered that his wife was my mistress. That leering world would look toward me, awaiting that response which decency must force from me. Had Anita vehemently denied her husband's charge, a chivalrous gesture might not be expected of me.

But I knew perfectly well that Anita had not made that vehement denial. Her unsaid words were more destructive to my hopes and happiness than her utterances.

IF SHE had admitted to Fred that she loved me, and confessed that admission to me, what admissions did she fail to confess to me? If she lied at first about the newspaper men, how much credence could I place in her statement that she didn't remember what she had said to them?

Her reputation was inevitably blackened. But its complexion would be materially whitened, in these days of laxity toward divorce, if I married her, and if it were known, from the outset of the case, that we intended marriage.

Far-fetched though my conclusions were, I nevertheless knew that they were correct. Anita had deliberately put me in a position from which I could extract whatever slight honor could be extracted from such a position only by marrying her. A man can deny a charge against a woman's virtue only when she also denies it.

And I knew that Vonny, with her rigid outlook, would never take me now. Indeed, she would despise me even more if I failed to make what the world calls the decent gesture. I'd always laughed at stories of men trapped by women. Now I realized that women didn't trap them as often as the silly thing called honor did.

"Why, Anita," I said, "we'll be married when Fred gets his divorce."

(To be concluded next week)

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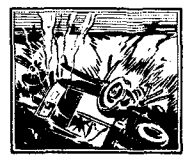

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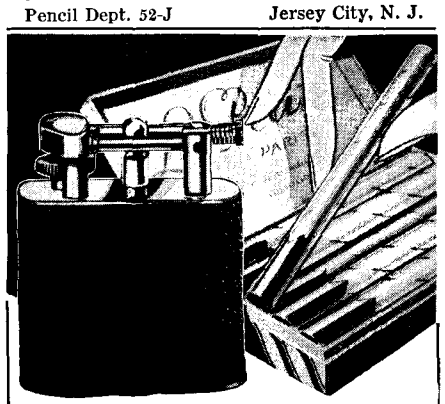

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The Lighter with the Lifetime Guarantee
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Buried Treasure

Continued from page 7

firm downtown, briefly requesting Arnold W. Murchison, Esq., to call at his convenience.

The law office of Boswell, McKinley & Boswell might have impressed a lesser man—stretching as it did over two spacious floors which overlooked Trinity churchyard, but when a pale youth presently told him "Mr. Boswell will see you as soon as he's disengaged; take a seat over there," the commodore made a majestic gesture with his stick and replied: "My compliments to Mr. Boswell, and tell him, please, that I can wait only two minutes. I have other—ah—important matters awaiting my attention."

Whether or not this had anything to do with it, in not more than half the specified time the commodore was ushered into one of those private offices which are hall-marked with oil paintings and a fireplace, and in front of this fireplace stood a gray-haired man whose cutaway coat and striped trousers immediately won the commodore's grudging approval.

"You are Mr. Murchison?"

"My name, sir," bowed the commodore. "And yours?"

"I understand you want to see Mrs. Scrymser—something about an important paper."

"And I understand," said the commodore, bridling, "that I ahsked you your name, sir."

"My name is Boswell," said the other, raising his voice a little, "if it makes any difference."

"Not the least difference in the world, sir," said the commodore, raising his still more, "except that a gentleman likes to know with whom he is dealing. And if my question, or anything in my—ah—manner or attitude is distasteful to you, please signify by saying so at once, sir, and I will retire. It is only upon your invitation that I am here."

At this Mr. Boswell stared still more.

"Sit down, Mr. Murchison," he said. "And thank you for coming. You say in your letter that you have a valuable paper closely concerning Mr. Scrymser's family. Will you be good enough to tell me what it is?"

The commodore seated himself and crossed his knees in the grand manner.

"I will gladly tell you what it is, sir," he replied; "it is a sealed envelope—a long linen envelope—purporting to contain the last will and testament of Cortlandt Scrymser."

IF THE other was at all astonished at this, he certainly failed to show it.

"Do you mind telling me how this envelope came into your possession?" he asked.

"Not at all, sir. I—er—chahnced to be in the old Scrymser residence one evening—the house, as you know, is in process of—er—demolition—when I accidentally dropped my glahsses. They fell between two boards in the study floor, and in prying up the boards to recover my glahsses I came to a long tin box which contained the will."

"Have you read this so-called will?"

"I think I told you, sir, that the envelope was sealed. Need I add that the seals are still intact?"

"Have you the envelope with you?" Mr. Boswell asked carelessly.

"Ah-ha!" thought the commodore. But, preserving his outward dignity, he said, "I thought I made it clear in my letter to Mrs. Scrymser that I must place the document in her own hands."

"But I am her attorney. Why can't you do this business through me?"

The commodore waved his stick with a gesture which wasn't far from grandeur.

"It is not a matter of business, sir," he said. "Neither is any question of law involved. It is simply a—er—social amenity between a very gracious lady on one side, and I think I may add—a gentleman on the other. Not altogether unknown to a previous generation, sir! Commodore Vanderbilt—you may have heard of him—I had the pleasure of his friendship for many yeahs. And the senior Morgan, sir—a splendid type of American gentleman—and one who was not above ahsking my advice on troubled questions. And—er—I believe I happen to have a letterhead from the late Colonel Astor. Ah, yes, 'Dear Murchison,' he wrote. . . . But heah—you may read it for yourself, sir."

MR. BOSWELL read it and then he looked at the dignified figure seated at the corner of his desk—his glance resting for a moment on the threadbare taping of the old cutaway coat, on the scissored edge of the high stand-up collar.

"You have read the letter, sir?" asked the commodore, beginning to bridle again.

"Yes," said Mr. Boswell.

"And you still question my—ah—bona fides? You still wonder whether I am—ah—contemplating blackmail in any shape or manner? Because if you are, sir," he said, arising and picking up his hat, "all I can say is, 'Good day and be damned to you,' for I am wasting—"

"One moment, Mr. Murchison," said the other quickly. "Allow me to tell you that I do not question your good faith in the slightest. Sit down again, please. I am honored by your visit. When would you like to call on Mrs. Scrymser? What hour and day would be most convenient to you?"

"I wonder if you would care to do me a very great service, sir?" asked the commodore after a few moments' silent consideration; and, emboldened by his increasing sense of power, he continued, "I wonder if you could possibly arrange that Mrs. Scrymser should call upon me?"

"But in your letter—"

"Yes, yes, I know. And I am perfectly willing to stand by my letter, sir—make no mistake about that. But, as I think you have probably guessed—I—er—have met reverses in recent yeahs—"

"It's coming. . . ." Mr. Boswell's expression seemed to say.

"—Reverses," continued the commodore grandly, "which I trust I have met as a gentleman should. I have even become reduced to a boarding house—a most respectable place, I hasten to assure you, which any lady might visit without the least—er—loss of caste—a small sitting-room, you understand, next to the dining-room—and with whatever chaperon she pleases. But this is the point, sir: Lately I have found that my fellow guests are inclined to scoff at my—ah—ah—shall I say pahst social connections? They smile at me, I find, behind my back. But if a lady of the undoubted social standing of Mrs. Cortlandt Scrymser should deign to ring the bell and ahsk for me—and give her name, you understand, to the menial who answers the door—"

Mr. Boswell hastily arose.

"No, no, Mr. Murchison," he said, his voice somewhat muffled as he gently pressed his hands on the commodore's shoulders. "Don't get up, I beg of you. I'm going to telephone Mrs. Scrymser, and we'll see what she says. I'll be back in a minute or two. . . ."

AT HALF past twelve on Sunday noon Mrs. Crossley said, "All right, Leila," and Leila opened the door and rang the bell.

Miss Hannis and Mr. Heeby entered first, running in laughingly and each sitting in the other's chair—an exuberant effect to which they added by seizing each other's napkins and playing tug-of-war.

"Children! children!" said Mrs. Crossley chidingly.

The rest of the company assembled, minus, however, two of its customary members.

Presently Mrs. Fitzpatrick came in, wearing a hat of purple velvet—a hat which might have been made to order to suit her silvery hair and the pinkness of her cheeks.

"I was afraid I'd be the last," she said in her comfortable way, "but I see the commodore isn't here yet."

"Perhaps he's having lunch with the Goulds today," said Mr. Berkoff.

"Heavens! What have I done?"

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"Sh!" said Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

They were all looking innocently at their plates when the commodore entered, but it didn't take them long to change the direction of their glances. And indeed the commodore was well worth seeing that noon as he advanced to his chair between Mrs. Crossley and Mrs. Fitzpatrick. He was sporting a new cutaway.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitzpatrick. "You do look scrumptious!"

The commodore graciously inclined his head.

"A beautiful day," he said. "I thought I might take a stroll this ahfternoon. The only thing that troubles me is the question of where to go. Twenty-five yeahs ago the answer would have been simple. One took one's Sunday stroll upon the avenue. Youth, Beauty and Fashion—one always found them there. One met one's friends—the—ah—the Astors, for instance, the—ah—ah—"

IF THEY had thought it over, it might have struck them as strange that the commodore should be at a loss for a name.

"The Morgans," slyly suggested Mr. Heeby.

"The Morgans, yes—"

"The Vanderbilts," suggested Mr. Berkoff.

"Oh, inevitably—"

"The Schermerhorns and the Scrymsers," said Mr. Heeby.

Miss Hannis simply couldn't stand it any longer, and although she tried to pretend that she was coughing, there was no mistaking the earlier symptoms. . . .

The commodore got to his feet, and the symptoms subsided.

"I am pleased you all find it amusing," he said with chilly dignity.

"Not 'all,'" said Mrs. Fitzpatrick in a low voice. "You mustn't say 'all,' Commodore."

The commodore was giving her a thankful glance when the doorbell rang, and if you had been there it might not have escaped your notice that the commodore squared his shoulders a little and adjusted his cuffs so that an immaculate half inch showed below each sleeve of his coat. Leila had gone to answer the bell, and she now returned, visibly giggling, and hurried to the commodore's side.

"Mrs. Cortlandt Scrymser says give you her compliments and could she see you for a few minutes?"

Leila whispered this, but the commodore's voice, though low, was clear enough.

"Mrs. Cortlandt Scrymser?" he repeated. "Great heavens! Did she walk over heah?"

"No, sir. At least I don't think she did. They's a big limousine out front and two men in uniform on the front seat."

"Ah! Then show her into the sitting-room, Leila, and give her my compliments, please, and tell her that I will join her immediately."

He turned first to Mrs. Crossley and Mrs. Fitzpatrick with a polite, "You will excuse me, please?" and made his way to the sitting-room.

"Ah, there you are," said Mrs. Scrymser in a deep voice, evidently recognizing him from Mr. Boswell's description.

"Mrs. Scrymser. . . ." said the commodore, bowing low. "So you have found me at lahst—in my poor diggings."

"What else could I do?" she continued, still evidently following Mr. Boswell's coaching. "When my friends won't come to see me, I must go to see them."

"You are very kind, dear madam," said the commodore, his voice not far from trembling slightly with emotion. "And I am all the more pleased to see you—however unconventional the manner—because I have something upstairs which I had meant to send you for several days now. Do you mind if I fetch it?"

"No; I'd be pleased to see what it is," she said in her hearty voice. The commodore disappeared upstairs and returned with the tin box under his arm.

"Perhaps we had better close this door," he said, "or we may disturb a very excellent dinner."

Then gently but firmly, as the novelists say, he closed the door to the dining-room and opened the box.

"The sealed envelope which I mentioned to Mr. Boswell, madam," he said, producing it.

"This is the will that we looked for for nearly a month," she said in a lower voice, "and I don't mind telling you that it's much more generous to me than the one we found."

"I am very happy, madam—er—er—to be the instrument of its return. The remaining contents of the box are not so interesting. . . . This check book . . . and this money. . . . Four hundred dollars, although the binder says five. Mr. Scrymser must have used a hundred dollars and then placed the balance in the box."

Mrs. Scrymser nodded.

"He always disliked to carry much money," she said. "But this $400. I hardly know what to do with it. Is it mine, for instance? Or should it go into the estate? I wish you would solve the problem by simply keeping it."

The commodore stiffened his neck.

"As much as I would like to please you, madam—" he began.

"Yes, yes," she said in her brisk manner. "Then let's put it this way: I'll take the will and the check book, but I'll leave you the box with the money in it. As a trust, you understand. But if at any time you know of anyone in need, please use the money exactly as you see fit."

The commodore bowed.

"At least I will consider your request, madam," he said.

"One more thing," she continued. "Mr. Boswell tells me you've had reverses. You're to see him again tomorrow. He has a lot of influence, and you—with your character—your—your personality—"

Again the commodore bowed—lower than before—touched, as you have probably guessed, to the bottom of his heart.

"You are very kind, madam," he said, and this time there was no mistaking the uncertainty of his voice.

"Not if I keep you longer from your dinner." She walked to the door which led to the dining-room and partly opened it, and you could almost feel the breathless tension of those inside.

"Now don't let me keep you any longer," she said. "And do come and see me soon. It's hardly fair that you should stay away so long that I am obliged to look you up myself—"

He knew this was part of his payment, but it was all he could do to keep the tears of gratitude from his eyes.

"Good-by."

"Er—good-by," he said. "I will see you to the door, of course."

FROM the dining-room the others heard the front door open and shut; and, first making sure that the coast was clear, Mrs. Wardwell hurried to her window to see the car. Guessing her purpose, Miss Hannis and Mrs. Siemens hastily followed, and when the latter called back in the unmistakable excitement, "Oh, come here, everybody! Come and see!" the only one who didn't leave the dining-room was Mrs. Fitzpatrick. The commodore joined her there, his eyes and heart both bright with victory.

"I'm glad she called," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick in her comfortable voice.

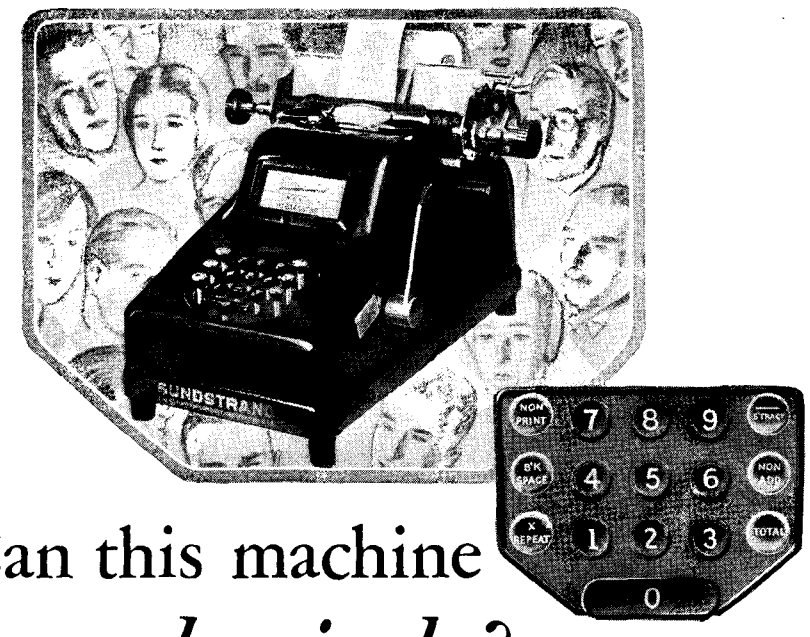
"That, madam," said the commodore, considering, "is because you are a true friend." And, considering still further as he noted her smart appearance, to say nothing of her pink cheeks and smiling eyes, he gallantly added, "I wonder if you would care to have dinner with me this evening—somewhere away from all this—"

"I'd love to," she told him, her color deepening a little.

The others began filing back then—and found the commodore pretending to eat his dinner as though nothing at all remarkable had happened.

"Well!" they exclaimed, looking at him and speaking unconsciously in chorus.

"Well?" demanded the commodore, looking at them grandly over the points of his collar. "Isn't it time you lahffed?"



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Continued from page 13

Luella Embury, from the chaise longue, lifted a face in which there was a little more amazement than rebuke.

"Breakfast!" she said. "We were waiting for you."

"How perfectly darling of you!" said Sally.

"Well," Luella said a little sharply, "aren't you going to get it?"

Sally made a little movement of her shoulders that set her peach-colored negligee swinging. "How can I in this?" she asked. "I'll get it all dirty over the gas stove."

"Take it off," said Luella.

"My dear," said Sally gently, "don't be vulgar. What do you suppose I have on underneath?"

IT WAS at this point that Thomas Rogers Brandon definitely laid aside his paper and gave all his attention to the young person in the doorway.

Sally Boyd looked straight at Thomas Brandon. Thomas Brandon looked straight at Sally—and he grinned.

"What's come over you, anyway?" asked Kate sharply. "Have you found a million dollars?"

"Not dollars," said Sally flippantly. "Just sense."

Kate looked as if she thought that Sally had lost her mind, and Luella looked that way too. But Thomas Brandon didn't.

"I could help you," he suggested.

"You could help me pick some flowers for the table while Sally's getting breakfast," agreed Luella.

Sally let it go at that. It was no part of her scheme to have Thomas help her with the breakfast. Not yet, anyhow. She shut herself carefully into the kitchen and closed the windows tight and put a plug in the keyhole.

Sally's preparations for breakfast were really very simple. She cut a number of fat, crooked slices of bread and spread them all over the gas stove with the burners turned high; she put on the coffeepot and broke a jar of marmalade into the sink. After that she gathered up a large cassaba melon and a long knife and trailed into the dining-room.

"We'll have our fruit while the coffee's percolating," she said. "I'll put the melon here on the table, and everyone can cut his own piece; I hate cutting it myself; it's all so slippery inside."

It was slippery inside, and there was a great deal of spillage of seeds, and the table cover got to be rather a mess, but the melon itself was very good, and Sally told such a funny story while they were eating it—about thinking she heard a burglar in the night and getting up and shooting five holes through her Aunt Sarah's new spring hat—that nobody noticed anything else much until the smoke began to come out under the kitchen door.

"The toast must be done," said Sally.

The toast was very thoroughly done indeed. So was the coffee. The percolator had a charred handle, and its copper under things showed unashamed right through its melted plating; when they touched it, the spout came straight off in a pool of solder. Sally examined this phenomenon carefully.

"I think I know what made it do that," she said finally. "I didn't put in any water."

In the end they all got breakfast together. It was served promptly at 1:30, and it consisted of eggs, very hard-boiled, so that they rolled merrily round and round the plates together with slabs of cold bread and butter, pickles, honey, and pistachio ice cream from the corner drug store.

"Who's going to wash the dishes?" asked Kate practically.

"Goodness, we don't need to wash dishes *yet*," cried Sally. "Why, there must be enough out there in the cupboard to last for two or three days." She added, "Let's go swimming instead."

The swimming suggestion was not a complete success. Kate said it was too soon after eating, and Frank said he should be scared to death to go swimming with one of those eggs in him, because he'd sink like a rock. Luella said she'd rather go walking, and as long as Thomas had had one swim he might go walking with her; and Dot and Andy Carpenter did not say anything, because they were busy holding hands under the table and had not heard a word.

Sally's red head went up. "I'm going to swim, anyhow," she said.

"I—I don't mind swimming twice a day," said Thomas.

"I'm going to take you to Jevons Head," said Luella firmly, "and let you see the view."

That was the way it was settled. And it was certainly by the most complete coincidence that Sally should have swum right across the cove by herself and landed at Jevons Head—which is a long walk around by land and an absurdly short distance by water—and climbed out on Bigot's Rock just as Luella and Thomas had established themselves on a picturesque but uncomfortable big root on the bank. It was obvious that Sally did not know that Thomas and Luella were there, because she did not even look in their direction. She stood poised on the tip edge of the rock, with her hands flung up for diving. A poet would have thought of one of those Grecian ladies that everybody worshiped, and a theatrical manager would have thought of a seaside chorus in wet black bathing suits and wet red curls, and Thomas Brandon thought . . .

"I beg your pardon," said Thomas Brandon to Luella. "I didn't quite catch what you were saying."

And at that moment Sally lifted to her dive, and showed a clean pair of heels off the top of Bigot's Rock.

"Pretty," said Thomas involuntarily.

FOR a time Sally swam lazily. For a time she lay on her back and studied the pattern of a blue sky with smoke rings blown against it. And then—just, as it happened, when Luella and Thomas were getting up to go—she made suddenly a great splash and disappeared.

At the bottom Sally laid hold of a rock to keep herself from rising, and blew several very convincing bubbles upward to the surface. After that she waited. It seemed a long time. Indeed, Sally had just decided that she must either burst or give it up, when there was a great churning in the water overhead, and something of the consistency of rather flexible iron closed tightly round her.

When Sally's head came out of water she was on her back, and her face was about three inches from Thomas Brandon's face. His hand was firm behind her head to keep it above water, and as he swam her face was pressed closer and closer into the curve of his neck. Sally wished that she had chosen a rock quite a lot farther out.

But in almost no time after that they were on shore again. Thomas was shaking Sally a little without seeming to know it and keeping one arm close about her without seeming to know that either.

"Well, for goodness' sakes, Sally," Luella greeted them, "I thought that you could *swim*."

"How'd it happen?" asked Thomas. He had never looked half as tall before as he looked now in his streaming clothes, and his gray eyes were suddenly black in a thin face.

Sally could not quite look up at him. "It's—hard to say," she faltered. "I—something seemed to come over me."

"Cramp," Thomas diagnosed it.

She noticed suddenly that he was trembling. "Why, you're cold."

The Thunder God

By PETER B. KYNE

Begins in next week's COLLIER'S

Thomas Rogers Brandon, D. S. O., winner of the Croix de Guerre with palms, hunter, explorer, aviator, mountaineer, shook his head ruefully. "I'm scared," he admitted. "I—I thought I couldn't find you."

SALLY didn't look up—couldn't look up then. She felt waves of color rushing to her face. "Oh, I'm sorry," she burst out. "I didn't mean any harm. . . ." Suddenly Sally was crying into something very wet, that must have been the front of Thomas Brandon's shirt.

"You need looking after, young woman," Thomas Brandon was saying. And he picked Sally right up and strode off home with her as if she were no bigger than a minute. He carried her all the way, and it did not seem to tire him at all. Luella walked back by herself and told Kate that of course a man like that had to have a good deal of endurance.

After that Sally Boyd needed a lot of looking after, and Thomas Brandon seemed to have appointed himself to do it. There were times when Sally thought that Thomas rather—liked her. She used to number these times on her fingers and was terribly annoyed at herself for doing it—and did not stop. Always Thomas was pleasant and kind and thoughtful. But somehow there was something not quite satisfactory about it. Everything went merrily up to a point, and then somehow . . . there was never any point.

There was the time, for instance, when she and Thomas had slipped away from a noisy party, and he had paddled her far down the lake to Great Bend, where the trees march to the water.

"This reminds me of the Kampar Kanan," he said. "I went down in a canoe, mostly at night because of the heat, and there was a moon."

"O-o," breathed Sally. She was sud-

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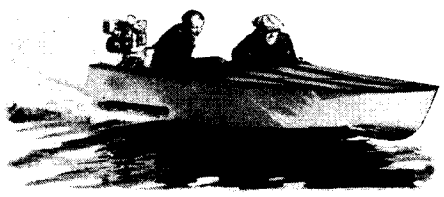

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denly thousands of miles away, floating down a river between columns of red teak. . . . She was in the tiger country above Tarantang. . . . Next year, he told her, he was going to Kenya to try to get pictures of the truce ceremony between the Elgeyo and their Kamasia neighbors across the Ndo River.

"Rather a lonesome job," he ended. He had spoken eagerly, but now the eagerness all dropped out of his voice like a weight.

Sally leaned a little forward there in the half darkness. "I'd just love to—travel," said Sally.

"When you travel," said Thomas Brandon, "you ought to go on the Ile de France, and have a personal maid and a courier." He dipped his paddle down deep, and in a provokingly short time they were back at the landing.

THERE were the times too when they danced together—like that last night. Sally was popular that night—for habits are contagious. And the habit of seeing Thomas Rogers Brandon bearing down on Sally with that long, light stride of his, and taking her away from somebody else as if he had a better right to her than most, spread through the crowded ballroom. Even Frank cut in more than once and told Sally that she didn't look half bad in that green thing she had on.

She and Thomas slipped away finally. They stood in a crook of the stairs behind palms that the decoration committee had been at pains to borrow; Thomas' arm was still about her from their last dance, and he tightened it a little so that she swung half round to face him.

Sally thought that he was going to kiss her.

But he didn't.

They went outside instead and sat on a little hard wooden bench that overlooked the water.

Thomas broke sharply across the silence. "Do you believe in love at first sight?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, *yes*," breathed Sally. Everything inside her seemed to give one great throb—and stop still. "Do—do you?"

"No," said Thomas. "Yes. Oh, I don't know whether I do or not."

And that, if you'll believe it, was just simply—all.

"You're cold," Thomas said, after a maddening silence. "Shivering. I'll go and get you a wrap."

"I don't want you to—go," said Sally in a small voice.

"Then I'll put my arm round you, and that will keep you warm," said Thomas.

Sally jerked away. She did not want Thomas Brandon to put his arm round her for purely utilitarian reasons.

"That won't be enough," she said shortly. "Let's go in."

So they went in.

The next day was the last of Luella's house party, and Luella planned a final picnic of some elaboration. They were to take the afternoon boat down the lake, and have a moonlight sail all the way to Bambridge. Thomas could catch a late train to the city, and the others would return to Linfield. Sally, of course, was invited just as much as anybody.

Luella certainly did not say right out that she hoped Sally would not go—just that she hoped it wasn't going to be awkward for her, being an odd person. She did not say that Sally had not done what was expected of her on this party and the sooner she disappeared the better—just that she supposed they *could* buy some sandwiches on the boat, as long as nobody seemed to feel like putting up a lunch; and if there *had* been anyone who wanted to go right back to Linfield, she could have taken the car. Nobody said that Sally wouldn't see much of Thomas if she went. But Kate remarked that, though she wouldn't monopolize Thomas for the world, she did have a lot of family matters to talk over with him.

If Thomas himself had seemed enthusiastic about her going, things would have been different. But he said he wondered if, after all, Sally wouldn't find it a pretty tiresome trip.

And Sally, whose hard young muscles would have carried her on foot to Bambridge without undue fatigue, gave it up at that and said she was afraid she should find it—rather tiresome. "I'll stay right here," she said, "and do my packing and drive up in the car tonight."

"Well, of course," said Luella, "if that's what you really want to do, I don't feel as if I ought to urge you."

"Of course we'd be glad to have you use the car," said Kate, "if that really makes it easier."

"Sure you can drive?" asked Thomas.

Sally Boyd did not answer.

She said good-by to them all lightly, and did not look at Thomas very much; she felt she could not bear once more seeing that little merry twist of smile that turned one corner of his mouth before it touched the other. He was distressingly casual—as if he was not leaving her forever.

"Well, so long," he said. "See you again some time."

Sally trailed back again through the empty, disordered house, feeling chill and dreary. It was all over. And the thing hadn't worked.

You couldn't blame Thomas—Thomas, who had seen the world and all its lovely ladies. He had always been pleasant and kind. But he had treated Sally as if she were something fragile and beautiful that would go all to pieces in his fingers if he touched it. Sally did not want to be something fragile and beautiful. She wanted to be—human.

Too restless to be still, she moved about the house setting things to rights. Then she went to pack.

Sally packed hastily. She rolled a satin breakfast coat, with a little froth of ruffles, round a pair of satin mules with feathers on the toes, and crammed them into the bottom of her bag. She rolled a plain black bathing suit into a wad and thrust it down beside them. She tumbled in the green thing of Saturday night. And then from the back of her closet Sally pulled out the frivol of white and gold, the extravagance of gold slippers, that she had worn a week ago, when she was young, for Thomas Brandon. Sally had not worn the dress since. She had been saving it for a special occasion. And the occasion had not come.

Sally stood in front of the mirror and held the white and golden gown up before her; she didn't have color enough tonight, she thought, to look well in anything; even the orchid linen, put on for the drive to town, made her seem pale. Perhaps she'd better make herself some coffee. Automatically Sally pulled out from her bag a rumpled old apron, stained with fruit juice, and slid her arms into it; the apron had a round little collar that buttoned under her chin.

SHE was just going down to the kitchen when the front door opened. "Why, *Tom*," she cried. "It's *you*."

"You too, I notice," said Thomas.

He came in and stood looking down at Sally. And suddenly there was color enough in Sally's face to make any costume becoming—even a tumbled old apron buttoned under her chin.

"I went ashore at White's and missed the boat," Thomas explained. And thus briefly he summed up an incident of which several versions were bruited about in Linfield. Kate had called out to him to jump—the boat had barely started, and Tom was a wonderful jumper. Luella had called out to him to swim—everybody knew how well he could swim, because of that day he rescued Sally. But Thomas had neither swum nor jumped. There were always those afterward to say that he missed the boat on purpose.

If they could have seen the way he grinned at Sally now, the rumor would have been confirmed. "I thought you'd need looking after," he said. "So I came back. I'm going to get supper."

Sally laughed. "*You're* going to get supper!"

"You forget yourself, young woman," said Thomas teasingly. "Haven't I kept house a million miles from nowhere with nothing but two wet matches and a tin of beans?"

Sally perched on the set tubs and kicked her heels and watched him.

(*Continued on page 56*)

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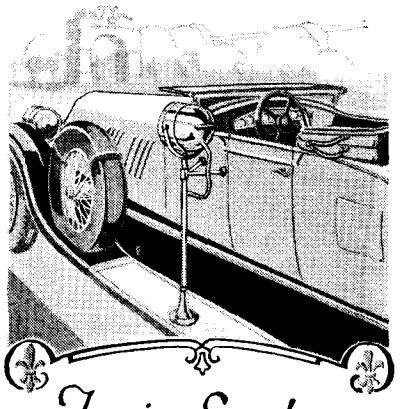

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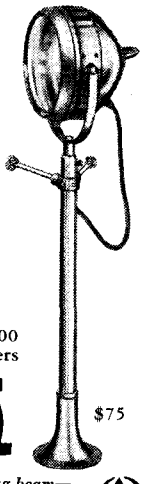

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Sally in an Apron

Continued from page 55

In his business Thomas Rogers Brandon was known as an accomplished and resourceful young man who would take a fearful lot of killing before he would say die. He could rub two sticks together and make a fire when all the matches had been lost overboard—but he certainly did have the devil of a time with that gas stove. He could roast native roots in the ashes of his African camp fire, and eat them too, but it is another thing altogether to make cream of tomato soup that doesn't have lumps in it, no matter in how large type the recipe is printed on the can. He read it out several times in quite a loud voice, and it didn't affect the soup at all. Thomas could do anything in reason with a coconut—but a peach, stark bare, is a tricky thing and likely to get away from you and slide all over the floor.

SALLY slipped down finally from the set tubs. "I'll just put the table cover on while you're finishing," she said.

Sally didn't seem to be doing anything, much. Just sort of setting the table. But presently Thomas noticed that the lumps were gone out of the soup, and the peaches were lying in beds of lettuce on clear green glass plates, and in the peaches were little molds of cream cheese with cherries on the top. There seemed to be hot biscuits in the oven. Thomas didn't remember anything about making hot biscuits.

"I say," said Thomas. "Who got this supper, anyway? You or I?"

"You," said Sally.

She looked up at Thomas across the small white kitchen table—and the look in her blue eyes was about seven times too innocent to be true. Before her was the red and yellow of cut fruit in a blue bowl. Above her head the light from an electric bulb blazed down on her blazing hair. It struck them both at the same time that it had been like this exactly that they had first met; even the long apron was the same, buttoned under Sally's chin.

"Say, look here," said Thomas severely. "You've been spoofing me."

"Yes," said Sally. "This is the real me—in an apron."

"It's the real you that I've been looking for," said Thomas, "ever since that first night."

He was coming round the table toward her—that was why she had to blurt it out so fast: "Oh, Thomas—wait a minute. Stop. You don't understand. I . . . Why—I wasn't even *drowning*."

It was a perfectly horrible confession to have made—but the queer thing about it was that Thomas Brandon did not even seem to notice. He kept right on coming. "I was certainly scared that day," he said. "But not half as scared as I am now."

"Now?" said Sally faintly.

"Because now," said Thomas, "I'm trying to get up courage to tell you that I love you."

"*You* love *me?*" said Sally, very faintly indeed.

She didn't say anything else for quite a long time, because Thomas Brandon had got all the way round to her side of the table. He didn't act the least bit as if he was afraid that she might break if he touched her. "Do you suppose you could ever love me too?" he kept saying. "Could you? Could you?"

Sally caught a deep breath. "Prob'ly I could," said Sally. "I've always had a reputation for being capable."

Songs for the Stump

Continued from page 11

SENATOR FESS *(backed by the Slaves of the Big Yes-Yes):*

Only a word!
A word inspired
To say a third
Term is desired.
Oh! We implore,
Be not so retail.
Go into dee-tail—
Tell us some more!

W. H. S. *(with many a quick clickety-click):*

We wish to say to all the Nation
Our Business Administration
Has justified our expectation.
(Flutters a neat typewritten sheet.)
Success is blazoned on our banner,
Prosperity's our red bandanner—

(Invisible radio whirrs overhead, "Wall Street's depressed and the Stock Market's dead. Steel's going down; to increase the enjoyment two million workers are out of employment . . . brrrrrrrrrr.")

W. H. S. *(whose mechanical ear refuses to hear):*

Economy has been our gravy;
So, to reduce each costly navy
We went, as pure as Little Eva,
And met the Britons at Geneva—

(The Navy Department by telephone hollers, "Hurry! Appropriate three billion dollars. We've got to build ships at a furious pace to compete in the World-wide Disarmament Race.")

W. H. S. *(voice augmented, head undented):*

To Teapot Dome we've brought the cleaning ewer;
Our purpose to rebuke the evildoer.
For every million Sinclair has hornswoggled
He'll serve a day in jail—

SENATOR REED *(aloud, from a cloud)*
Well, I'll be joggled!

CHORUS
Let's not heed
The empty din—
Jimmy Reed
Is listening in.

I am the brother of Ask Me Another

W. H. S. *(placidly, if acidly)*

The wicked League of Nations scorning greatly
A Pan-American League we've wooed sedately.
With Lindbergh's luck and Hughes' hair our juba-
Lee spirit thrills from Argentine to Cuba.
Our peace has kissed the sunlit regions balmy
South of the Rio Grandy and Miami. . . .

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(Pr-pr-prop-pop-ping! ! Bullets sing. Distant Nicaraguan swear-words interrupt the speaker's fair-words.)

MAYOR THOMPSON

Whatever the battles may be
It sounds like Chicago to me.
But in spite of the gat
The mayorial hat
Remains upon William Hale T.

NATIONAL COMMITTEEMAN HILLES *(ranting and chanting):*

Be of good cheer, my people.
What the Mystic Spokesman has just said
Justifies me,
Backs me up,
Encourages me in my constant prediction
That Our Business President, Our Lodestone of Prosperity,
Our Silent Keeper of the Key of Success

ALL *(agitato con tomato)*

Intends! ! !

SENATOR BORAH *(bursts in with a screech and a typewritten speech):*

Listen a minute, my sweeties.
Harken an instant, my dears!
Off all this large question the meat is
Something important. (*Loud cheers.*)
I'm taking a census on candidates
Who wish to improve their condition.
My question is grand: "How do you stand,
How do you stand on Pro—

ENSEMBLE
—HIBITION"

BORAH *(oratorio)*

How-wow-wow-do-oo-oo-oo you stand
On Pro—
Hibishun? ? ?

NEW ENGLAND VOICE *(his words sound cold behind the velvet fold):*

Spokesman, that'll do for this evening.

(Grand transformation, magic still. The Mystic Curtains fade. The White House Spokesman with a shrill, low cry is lost in shade. The senators and governors like specters are withdrawn, and only moonlight seems to play upon the White House lawn.)

(But lo! in the murk two dim figures lurk—Committeeman Hilles, disguised as a Turk, and Senator Norris, a government clerk.)

NORRIS

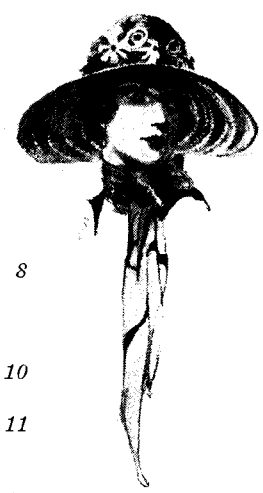
The White House!
Though its walls be thin,
I see no hope of breaking in.

HILLES

Full many a wight
Has felt your plight
While looking from the outside in.

(The pair withdraw with frozen feet. An echo mocking down the street, "How Dry I Am! How Dry I Am!" hits Norris with a deadly jolt, hits Hilles like a thunderbolt; for by the noise they know full plain that Herbert Hoover's out again.) CURTAIN

In this Issue



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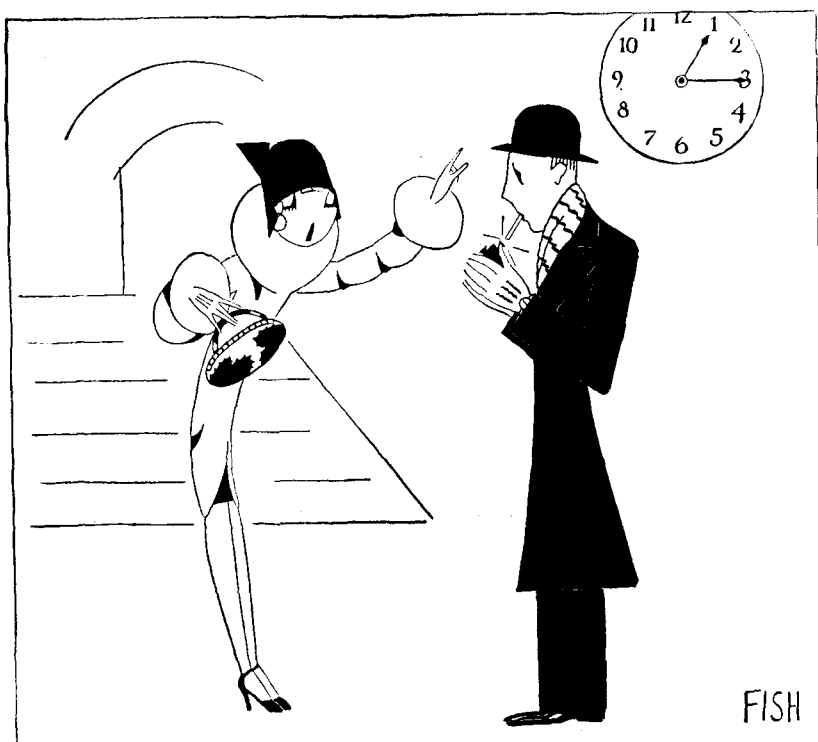

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you take your fiancee, who lives forty miles from the city, to the theatre and a supper club, and then miss the last train that you assured her she'd be sure to make, *be nonchalant*, light a MURAD Cigarette.

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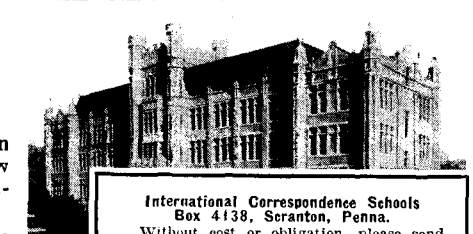
STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Collier's, The National Weekly, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for April 1st, 1928. State of New York, County of New York,—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Thomas H. Beck, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers of Collier's, The National Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, P. F. Collier & Son Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Thomas H. Beck, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Kapock Corporation, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is——(This information is required from daily publications only.) Thomas H. Beck, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1928. (Seal.) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30th, 1929.)

NOTE.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

GO TO HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME



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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, Editorial Director
William L. Chenery, Editor
Charles Colebaugh, Managing Editor

All in the Same Boat

IF YOU think that any man lives to himself alone read this message from the Department of Commerce explaining our growing trade with the Orient:

"Higher standards of living, combined with a greater degree of prosperity, are stimulating a steady demand in the Far Eastern area for both raw and manufactured materials which the United States is well able to supply."

There you have the new economics and the modern wisdom in a nutshell. They are revolutionizing the world.

We used to think that the world must be divided into rich and poor, rich men and poor men, rich nations and poor nations, Dives and Lazarus. We said that if the poor were raised the rich inevitably would be lowered and all would be ruined. For centuries men believed this foolishness to be true.

Henry Ford's father told him to keep out of the automobile business because only a few people could afford motors.

The automobile manufacturers began to be really prosperous when they learned that every man was a potential car owner. Prosperity, like the loaves and fishes of Testament history, grew as it was consumed.

Hart-Parr Company

Australia's bush bows to the American tractor

Everybody, or everybody except the mossbacks incapable of learning, knows now that as prosperity is passed around from class to class, so the country grows forward. The workman in a motor car is no longer a joke; on the contrary, he is a national prosperity insurance policy.

Now we are beginning to learn that what was true for us is true for the world. All nations are tied together by bonds of common interest.

As the Chinese laborer gets money to buy there is more work for the cotton grower in Mississippi or the mechanic in Detroit. Our prosperity depends in part on our exports. Our exports depend on the buying power of foreigners. The more they have the more they can buy from us. The more they buy from us the more we are able to buy for ourselves. The world is round and there is no break in the circle of human relationships.

You would have difficulty in finding a land so remote as not to be connected in some way with your own fortunes.

Remember reading of the Cannibal Islands? We do an important business with them. Do you know where Dahomey is? Some of our customers live there.

The common man is being lifted up the world over and as he rises countries which were commercially insignificant are becoming important. You can't trade with monkeys or with men who live like monkeys. But as men become civilized they want more and produce more. They make and spend and they enable you to live better.

The Assassin Tribe on the Asiatic uplands lived meanly and killed to keep themselves alive. They are remembered only for a name synonymous with murderer. Their neighbors lived better and produced carpets which are still prized wherever men care for beauty.

Since the war our exports to Asia have increased 350 per cent and that is a fair measure of the rapid economic progress of the Orient.

Every section of the United States is benefited by this business. The South sends its cotton, the Southwest its oil, the industrial belt its machinery, motor cars and tobacco, the Pacific Coast its lumber and its shipping. What you are able to enjoy depends on this trade. Your standard of living is thus related to the scale of life enjoyed in Asia.

As we understand our dependence on foreigners and their dependence on us, the ancient barriers break down. Through trade relations we are united into one family. The market place always has been the cradle of civilization.

Man on Horseback

EVERY time the President, the Secretary of War, or the Secretary of the Navy clamps the gag rule on a high-ranking national defense officer who shoots over the Administration's head in an effort to sway the political judgment of the people, there is a small but vigorous protest with many allusions to free speech. Then the admirals and generals subside and the government goes serenely on its way.

Lately Marshal Foch, France's super-hero and probably the most loved man in the country, enlivened his speeches upon public occasions with heavy bursts of verbal machine-gun fire aimed at Communists and all other left-wing politicians.

The minister of war, Paul Painlevé, came back with a gag order—which, if it hadn't been written in French, might have been called typically American—forbidding all army officers from expressing any political views whatever.

Is this wise? Let us see.

Deep in the heart of every free man is joy in the fact that through his chosen governors he orders the soldiery around as he pleases.

He's safe from the blandishments and cruelty of professional warmakers looking for business.

His ancestors bore military tyranny until they preferred death. They died by millions to rule the military, and today's men do not like to be reminded of how easily their forefathers were bluffed.

Tall Talk from Texas

ON MARCH 16, 1928, Dr. C. C. Selecman of the Southern Methodist University, told a political meeting in Dallas:

"If you want to turn every Protestant pulpit in the state of Texas into a belching volcano nominate Al Smith. . . . Nominate Smith and watch every Southern state become doubtful. There isn't money enough in Tammany Hall to stop one single Methodist circuit rider from doing his duty."

Of course there isn't money enough in Tammany to do that. But happily there is sense enough and decency enough to stop the great majority of circuit riders from preaching hate instead of Christian charity, whoever is nominated by whatever party.

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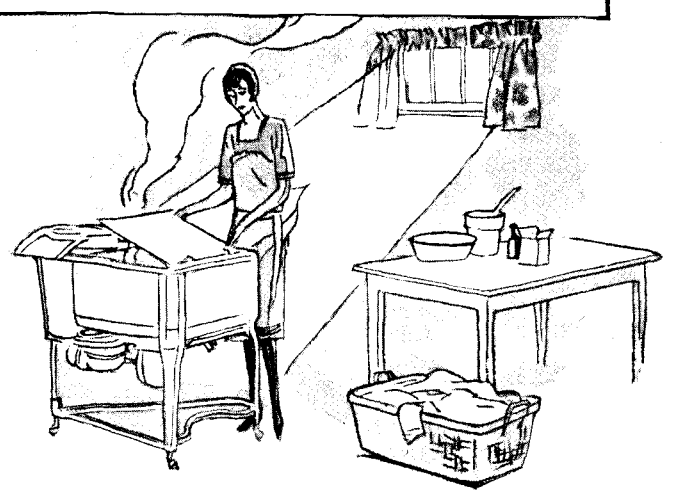
PORCELAIN ENAMEL ON TRADE MARK ARMCO REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. RESISTS RUST INGOT IRON

The day of drab kitchens is past. Beauty shines from modern kitchen equipment of porcelain enamel. It also helps to make the laundry a pleasanter, easier place to work.



New Beauty in today's kitchen with gleaming porcelain surfaces

And it will be* LASTING BEAUTY *if you look for this famous label when you buy

THERE'S a new idea in outfitting today's kitchen. Women are bringing *beauty* into this important room. It shines from cooking utensils, ranges, refrigerators and tabletops of gleaming porcelain enamel. In immaculate white or gay colors, this modern kitchen equipment reflects both good taste and good judgment.

For porcelain enamel is so easy to keep *clean*. A few light strokes of a sudsy cloth take the place of hours of scraping and scrubbing and polishing.

This better kitchen equipment is inexpensive . . . easy to own. Buying a few pieces at a time will soon transform your workroom. And most dealers sell the larger items on plans to meet your weekly or monthly budget.

But when you buy, remember that there are great differences in the qualities of porcelain enamel products.

How to be sure of quality . . .

Your investment in kitchen beauty will be a more *lasting* one if you look for the Armco Label when you buy. *Armco* ingot iron has played a big part in making possible the beautiful porcelain enamel products of today. No other metal takes and *holds* a porcelain enamel covering like *Armco* ingot iron. The manufacturers who put the famous Armco Label on their products are offering you the best material-value that money can buy.

It will also pay you to insist on *Armco* ingot iron wherever metal is apt to rust. This iron is so *pure* that it outlasts ordinary steel and other irons by long years of service.

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Export—The Armco International Corp.
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FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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